

The ARENA

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We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them.—HEINE.

FEBRUARY, 1897

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BOSTON: ARENA PUBLISHING COMPANY { PIERCE BUILDING
COPLEY SQUARE

AGENTS: PARIS { Brentano's, 17 Rue de l'Opera
Librairie Galignani, 224 Rue de Rivoli

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Single Numbers, 25 cts.

[Vol. XVII, No. 3.]

Per Annum, \$3.00



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L. D. Harris

THE ARENA.

No. LXXXVII.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

THE NEW EDUCATION.

BY HON. WILLIAM T. HARRIS, PH. D., LL. D.

United States Commissioner of Education.

There are four fundamental institutions in civilized society, namely, the family, industrial society, the political state, and the church. Progress and enlightenment begin in the highest term of this series.

Religion, which gives us our ideals of civilization, furnishes us the principles of morals, our views of the relation of man to man and of man to nature, and makes possible or impossible free scientific inquiry and free change of vocations, and free application of scientific discoveries through inventions. We may lump all these spiritual functions under the head of religion, which certainly furnishes the fundamental idea, the idea that moves at the bottom of our civilization; or we may subdivide its functions and speak of art and literature, or the æsthetic side of spiritual culture, of religion proper, as connected with creeds and ceremonies; and lastly, of science, including under that head, natural science, the sciences of human institutions, and the *a priori* sciences — logic, metaphysics, and ontology.

Philosophy and science arise out of religion, partially, it is true, by reaction, but mainly by a new struggle of the soul to rise into a higher freedom by means of reflection; the soul wishes to reflect upon the beliefs and ceremonial observances which are inculcated in its religion. It desires to see the inherent necessity in the view of the world which is taught it by religion. It gets by science into a form free from authority, and yet retains the infinite good revealed in the religious ideal.

Literature, inspired directly as well as by reaction from the

religious view, presents its picture of human nature as a whole, showing its trend toward the divine and its deviations or stray movements from the good of the whole. It shows how the seven mortal sins strike against the institutions of civilization and thereby bring pain and suffering to individuals.

This threefold function of the spiritual institution of man thus described as religion, philosophy and science, and literature and art, leads first to the ethical union of man with man, and thus to the political organization of society — the state — improved from age to age, rising through its gamut from the patriarchal state wherein one despotic will swallows up all individual wills, up to the free democratic constitution more or less realized in the United States, Great Britain, Switzerland, Mexico, and the South American republics, all of them distinctly prompted by the ideal of a free state in which the people ruled are also the appointers of their rulers, and the makers of their own laws. For, as Hegel has shown, the trend of history is from the state in which one person only is free and self-governed, to the state in which all are free and self-governed. This is the unailing norm by which to measure the ideals of progress, not only political, but also religious ideals.

The ideal of a nation of people passively obedient to the rule of one, even the highest and most rational of rulers (an ideal apparently held by the great Thomas Carlyle), is undoubtedly a lower ideal than that which so acts that the central power helps the individual everywhere to help himself; helps him to free industry and the conquest of nature; helps him to master the science which reveals the structure of nature; helps him to think the thought of the general view of the world and see for himself the truth of the religious or philosophical theory held by his fellow-men.

So, too, a religion which, like that of Buddhism or Brahmanism, tends to the annihilation of the individual, or, if you please, merely to a practical absorption of the individual in the highest being, is distinctly a world-view inferior to that view which holds that the world-process tends to produce free and independent individuals, individuals knowing in and for themselves the true, the good, and the beautiful, and each one working to realize these divine things by original means and methods, by new devices that will enable his fellow-men to conquer nature; or to make universal the edu-

cation and self-culture of all men; or to promote original discoveries in science or philosophy. In other words, religions can be measured by this ideal, and they rise in a scale from that lowest one which makes the Divine Being a jealous and all-excluding one who absorbs his creatures into himself, up to that divinest religion, which is founded on infinite altruism, the Divine which seeks in an infinite world of time and space to bring into existence and immortal growth through loving-kindness a perpetual stream of new individualities, rational beings free and immortal. That lowest idea, that of pantheism, makes time and space into a creative illusion, an illusion which causes the soul to fall into the error of attributing independent existence and individuality to a world of material and spiritual beings. The highest religion makes time and space a veritable cradle for the culture and education of individuals. All the way from the lowest forms of matter up to the highest organic being, everywhere a growth through struggle for survival, a conquest of nature by means of pure will, the evolution of intellect, the building of human institutions in order to render perfect the individual.

Thus it is that our Home Congress is fully possessed of this spirit of evolution which appears in human history. It strives to make available to the family life the highest that is discovered in science and philosophy, or found in the inspirations of religion, literature, and art. It is to bring home by multifarious devices the benefits of human growth in different provinces.

And especially it will avail itself of what has been done in the second institution, that of society as an industrial community, dividing its labor and specializing its vocations, and reaping the benefit of the simplification of human labor by useful mechanic inventions. For in the earlier stages of industry invention is impossible because of the complexity of each employment. When by means of vast combinations the work of each individual becomes so simple as to be executed by one stroke of the hand or by one movement of the foot, it is easy to invent a machine moved by a power of nature that can perform this labor. The simple and monotonous movement of a pump, it was seen by Watt, could be accomplished by a simple form of the steam engine, which he accordingly invented. After the machines of the first order are invented, all of them simple mechanical movements,

begins the era of the combination of simple machines into complex machines. This second epoch of invention is far more potent for the emancipation of labor than the first epoch, for the combination of simple machines into a complex machine brings us to the stage wherein there is a great discount in the physical strength required to manage machinery. This manifests itself in the fact that with the advent of the second order of machines, complex machines, woman comes in side by side with man as supervisor and director of the instruments of productive industry.

This brings us to the point of view in which we see in all its fulness the significance of the movement to which the Home Congress belongs. For this same movement in the complexity of machinery emancipates us not only from the tyrannies of sex and brute strength, but it emancipates us also from the exclusive domination of the great mill or workshop, with its mechanical reactions upon life, its frightful suppression of the fresh instincts of the heart, its war against the freedom of the soul which seeks an atmosphere of recreation, of pleasure and amusement. The soul must not place itself too long in the clamp of productive industry, it must not bend and subordinate its will to an outer necessity for too protracted intervals. The soul must recover its feeling of spontaneity, the feeling of its power to throw off any and all of its external conditions and make its own conditions moment by moment as the necessity arises.

This will suggest the chief danger of the great industrial movement which has prevailed for a hundred years in civilization and has placed a sort of stamp upon its laborers. The freedom of caprice which sweetens toil is not found in the laborer in the cotton mill or the iron mill. As Charles Reade describes for us the knife-grinders of Sheffield, the tensivity of the alert and vigilant will-power necessary in their trade sharpens their faces into a peculiar species of human animal, acts disastrously upon their view of the spiritual world, and produces people who belong to a new round of the Inferno, such as Dante had never dreamed of. This enthrallment which comes from the first period of mechanic inventions is destined to be removed by the social results and effects of the second epoch; for the second epoch requires more and more intellect, alertness, and culture, and less and less of mere abstract mechanical attention and persistence. More and more it happens now that mechanical power is

brought home to the farmer and into the private house, and awaits the need of the individual householder. To a large extent the better class of people withdraw from the mill and bring home with them into the family the machinery which multiplies their industry.

We have all occupied our minds with the recent spectacle of electricity distributing power to an indefinite number of machines in the home. The mills will doubtless increase in number and in the immensity of their productions, but their province is to be constantly invaded by the invention of complex machines which bring within the power of the single individual and the family the possibility of producing the staple according to the needs and wants of the family circle.

The rate of progress of this most modern movement in industries is conditioned by the enlightenment of the individuals in the community. Illiterate families cannot keep up with the progress of the world. For it is the printed page which makes accessible the wisdom of the race to the individual. The school is making a reading population of well-nigh the whole people in this country, and not merely in this country, but in all countries of Europe and America. The cheapening of the products of the printing-press is making possible everywhere the family library. It is creating a public spirit in the towns, and causing public libraries to arise in towns and villages. We are just on the eve of an era of home reading such as has never before been witnessed in the world. The managers and directors of the schools everywhere hear the prophetic voice announcing this new era and proclaiming a new education which shall not only attend to the disciplinary studies of the school and to the acquirement of the conventional arts of reading and writing, the notation of numbers, the construction of maps and charts, and such semi-mechanical matters, but make its incursions into the most useful of arts for the home. The child in the school shall in his seventh or eighth year take lessons in cookery and learn those most valuable devices which will economize the raw materials of food and assist the vital forces by furnishing more palatable and more easily digested viands. One of the greatest wastes in the community will be lessened by this movement — a waste in precious articles of food and a waste in still more precious human strength. The school gives only an initiation in this important matter of the preparation of food. It does much, however, to provide a class of people

for the next generation fully educated not only theoretically in the science of food materials, but practically in the best devices for their preparation for consumption.

But the school must be improved by adding to it what is called school extension. We have seen enthusiastic people urging upon our universities the adoption of what has been called University Extension. No one doubts that it is a good thing for the higher institutions of learning to take charge of the education of the people at large, to put as many of the people as possible into the process of self-education. But it is more important than this that the elementary school shall make itself a greater and greater power in the community by its influence upon pupils who have left school, and through the pupils who are in school upon the parents and other members of the family at home. The ideal of the new education demands that the country school shall see to it that something is done to direct the attention of its pupils upon the problems of practical life which concern agriculture and other rural arts. The wise man now feels it his duty to make a book and put his most useful discoveries into such form that the people may read it and learn to practise them. Professor Atwater has shown us the popular use that can be made of the most scientific insights into the processes by which food products are raised and by which they are fitted for consumption.

Shall we not have agriculture reduced to a pedagogical form so that its fundamental principles may be taught in school in progressive lessons, just as the art of cookery is now taught?

The programme of the Home Congress suggests much more in this line. It shows us how vitally related to the cure of disease and its prevention is the art of the proper preparation of food. In sociology we know how large a part dietary bears in the progress of the less wealthy and less thrifty portions of society, nearly two-thirds of whose earnings go directly for the item of food alone. This great movement will reach at least the children and the young people of the community, and stop the propagation of pauperism by preventing the transmission of unthrifty habits from parents to children.

Let the children in the agricultural community be properly educated in the elements of agriculture, and then let them be followed by school extension and kept reading and studying

in truly scientific and truly practical books, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the agricultural production of any community may be doubled in ten years' time.

The work of the Home Congress extends itself to the city homes by investigating the causes of poverty and unthrift, by preventing the growth of the slum, deftly abstracting the children from the home influence of the slum, withdrawing them into the kindergarten and the elementary school, and giving them the pure air of an environment of literature and art and science, of higher aspiration, and of benevolent coöperation with one's fellows.

This same movement of school extension will look into the careers of pupils after they have left school and stimulate them to carry on their studies, and especially to apply their culture to the solution of the practical problems of their special vocations. Just as schools in agricultural districts will see to it that there is a plentiful supply of books in libraries for home reading relating to the practical arts of agriculture and to the sciences on which those arts are founded, so the school libraries in the cities and villages will be made to contain all of the most elementary and practical books relating to the arts practised in the neighborhood, and to the sciences involved in those arts.

Finally the Home Congress looks to the physiology of the brain and the nervous system, and labors to promote in the community a true scientific knowledge of the best methods of rearing and educating children. It well knows that the greatest of all functions of the school remains, now as ever, the giving to the rising generation the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and that these great staple studies enable the child to combine with his fellow-men and avail himself of their wisdom through the printed page; but it knows too that the school has never done one-tenth of what is possible to be done in the way of assisting the child, and through him the parents, to reap the full value of these arts of reading and writing and intercommunication with one's fellow-men. It knows that for the most part these greatest of arts are allowed to rust unused in the lumber rooms of the minds of those pupils who, after the strong stimulus of their school lives and the great promise of their early development, have allowed themselves to drop down into the deep furrows of use and wont—the ruts of mere mechanical habit. They have become drudges instead of directive powers in the community.

The new education will strive to save larger and larger percentages of the children for the higher life of directive power, and to diminish that dismal swarm of drudges that hang as a dead weight on the neck of the community.

It is not to be forgotten that, in this movement on the part of the schools to extend their influence beyond the schoolroom to the family, the larger portion of the reading must be of the nature of inspiration and stimulus, namely the works of the best literature — the poems and the novels. Almost every subject in modern reform is now treated in the novel; even political economy can be made a charming subject when undertaken by such an artist as Bellamy. A million of persons in the republic have read Henry George's "Progress and Poverty." I wish it were possible to name a sound political economist who had made as great success with his literary style, and had educated the community into sounder views of the nature of property than those of Mr. George. School extension, therefore, will draw its readers into literature, and through literature carry them into the realms of natural history, physics, astronomy, and geology; into the realms of politics, political economy, criminology, history, jurisprudence, music, painting, and sculpture.

It is the union of the school with the library that furnishes the best practical method of school extension, and when there is a progress in learning that results in intellectual growth in the homes, each person will be inspired with a spirit of adventure into new and untried fields. Each person will find his life worth living in a sense never felt before.

ART FOR TRUTH'S SAKE IN THE DRAMA.

BY JAMES A. HERNE.

Those who have preceded me in discussing the question of Art for truth's sake are largely teachers in the technical, or professional, meaning of the term; they are specialists, scientific experts, commissioners from educational bureaus, professors from universities, scientific agriculturists, essayists, chemists, students of sociology in all its complex forms, contributors to sociologic work along different lines and through all its intricate ramifications — musicians, painters, sculptors, and writers — and each has given a scientific analysis of his art, its truth and its mission.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that I approach the task set me with extreme diffidence, and with a reasonable doubt of my ability to properly state myself here.

It is true that I have written several plays, two of which have commanded more than ordinary attention from thinkers. I have been accorded a place among the leaders in what is known as the new drama and the new school of acting. I am not, however, a teacher, except as I may teach through my work. I am not a scientist; I cannot give you a scientific analysis of my work nor explain to you scientifically how it relates to and affects society or the home.

I am an actor who possesses the additional faculty of being able to write and produce his own plays, but still an actor and not a scientist. That I have, through my work, helped some men; that the influence of my work has been felt in some homes and thus in society, I know, but I cannot explain why. I doubt whether I shall be able to explain to you what constitutes art, in its scientific sense, or what is really meant by "Art for Truth's Sake" or its relative strength and value as over and against "Art for Art's Sake."

I know what constitutes truth in my own work; I know when I write true and when I act true; I know the value of every word set down for me to speak; I know the value of every inflection, of every intonation, of every look; I can pick out the false notes in my own work or in the work of

any other actor or dramatist as readily as a musical director can detect the false note of a singer or of a musician, but I do not believe I can explain *how* I know all this. Mrs. Herne, to whom I said as much, replied: "A skilful blacksmith may forge a very remarkable piece of iron-work; he knows the value of every stroke of his hammer, the value of the heat and cold to which he subjects it; he knows how to turn every bit of the delicate scroll-work, and when he has completed his task he knows the value of the whole, and he appreciates its beauty. It is a work of art, but he can no more explain to you how it came to be a work of art, than he can tell you how the ancient smiths came to conceive the wonderful iron doors and gates of their castles and their churches."

"Art for art's sake" seems to me to concern itself principally with delicacy of touch, with skill. It is æsthetic. It emphasizes beauty. It aims to be attractive. It must always be beautiful. It must contain no distasteful quality. It never offends. It is high-bred, so to speak. It holds that truth is ugly, or at least is not always beautiful. The compensation of the artist is the joy of having produced it.

"Art for truth's sake," on the other hand, emphasizes humanity. It is not sufficient that the subject be attractive or beautiful, or that it does not offend. It must first of all express some *large* truth. That is to say, it must always be representative. Truth is not always beautiful, but in art for truth's sake it is indispensable.

Art for art's sake may be likened to the exquisite decoration of some noble building; while art for truth's sake might be the building itself.

Art for truth's sake is serious. Its highest purpose has ever been to perpetuate the life of its time. The higher the form of expression the greater the art. Vereschagin uses his masterly art to express truth. There is none of the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war" in his battle pictures. They reproduce war as it is. Tolstoy uses his art for truth's sake; so do Howells and Enneking and Hardy and Sudermann; and so does Whitcomb Riley. And so did Browning and Lanier and other great masters of art. But in expressing a truth through art, it should be borne in mind that *selection* is an important principle. If a disagreeable truth is not also an essential, it should not be used in art. Mr. Howells has the art of selection in a remark-

able degree. Mr. Enneking says: "The Ideal is the choicest expression of the Real." Truth is an essential of all art. I do not well see how there can be art without some truth. I hold it to be the duty of the true artist to state his truth as subtly as may be. In other words: if he has a truth to manifest and he can present it without giving offence and still retain its power, he should so present it, but if he must choose between giving offence and receding from his position, he should stand by his principle and state his truth fearlessly.

In all art, ancient and modern, that which is in touch with contemporaneous life adheres closest to truth, because it is produced through some peculiar social condition. The romancer finds but little to inspire him in typical life, he therefore deals with the exceptional life, and draws largely upon his imagination and upon the romancers who have gone before. He loves the "lady of romance with her falcon," "the sleeping troubadour," "the knight and his squire." He loves the blare of the trumpets and the clang of the arms of romance; and while, if he be an artist, he must start with truth for the basis of his theme, he cannot adhere to it, for if he does his heroes and heroines, knights and ladies, will speedily become mere men and women, and his romance, reality.

Perhaps I can best further illustrate my subject by talking of that about which I know the most, my own work.

My experience has taught me that there has always been some truth in the drama—a grain it may be, but nevertheless some.

During the first twenty years of my career as an actor the literature of the stage was limited. We had any quantity of plays, but not much literature, and absolutely no differentiation or characterization. It is true that we had the plays of Shakspeare, Goethe, Schiller, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Knowles, and other great dramatists. These plays were of course exceptional in quality, and were known as "the *legitimate drama*." But in the main we relied upon what was called "the *standard drama*," containing any number of miscellaneous plays of more or less merit, by any number of miscellaneous authors of more or less merit. We had tragedy, melodrama, domestic drama, spectacle, and farce. The standard drama of that day was a drama of plot rather than of purpose. The dramatist was concerned first of all with his plot.

A play without a plot could not have obtained a hearing twenty years ago. In fact it is pretty hard work to-day to get a hearing for a play based upon theme and character, and depending upon treatment and not upon plot; but twenty years ago such a thing would have been impossible. And so, while it is true that we had some excellent plays, they each had a plot, a hero, and a villain, and always ended with virtue triumphant. The hero always married the heroine, and the villain was always foiled before the final curtain fell. The characters in these plays were of a necessity more or less artificial.

The system then in vogue was the "star system," that is, a star actor travelled from city to city and presented the plays of his repertoire with the assistance of the local stock company, instead of with his own company, as is the custom now. We had some marvellous actors in those days, when you consider the material they had to work with. In many instances they actually made those artificial characters human, and those plotty plays real.

The stage sword-combat was one of the essentials of the standard melodrama, the authors having no less an authority than Shakspeare for precedent. We used to gather in the wings to watch two tragedians fight the combat in the last act of Shakspeare's "Richard III" or "Macbeth," a very laughable affair to me now, but very real to me then; and those actors, although they had studied and rehearsed every blow, and knew just when and where to strike, thrust, parry, and guard, were very much in earnest when night came and the battle was on.

The grandest actor I ever saw was Edwin Forrest, but he was a grievous disappointment to me in the combats at the end of the tragedies; he said they had no value, and he dismissed them with a few simple blows. Edwin Booth cared little for the combats, except for the duel between Hamlet and Laertes. He was an expert in the use of the foil, and was very particular that his Laertes should be worthy of his steel; but as a whole he expressed the poetry and philosophy of Shakspeare's plays intellectually, in his own marvellous personality, and suppressed or simplified that in them which was obvious or theatric. It is told of him that being asked what in Shakspeare impressed him most, he replied "The level lines."

On the other hand, we had tragedians who felt that Shak-

sper, like some of the authors who came after him, wrote his tragedies having in view the sole idea of the stage combats in the last act; and they acted them after that fashion. One I have in mind who, whenever he played Richard III or Macbeth, used to place extra swords at both wings of the stage, in order that the fight might not be curtailed through the breaking of a sword. With him an actor might omit some of Shakspeare's lines, but he must not miss a blow of the combat. Imagine Macbeth and Macduff coming together in Birnam wood or in some other wood, to fight to the death, having previously hidden extra swords in all the trees.

Personally I never cared much for the heroic drama. I have appeared in the entire round of its leading characters. Strange as it may now seem, I have played the Romeos, the Claude Melnottes, the Armand Duvals, the Charles Surfaces, the Benedicks, the Cliffords, the Petruchios, and all the rest of the fascinating heroes of the legitimate and standard drama, and I was never such a *very* handsome man, either. I was pretty bad in most of them, I guess. They never appealed to me seriously.

The domestic drama, on the contrary, always appealed to me; the simpler the play the better for me. The more direct the talk, the more earnest I became. When I had a sailor, such as William in "Black Eyed Susan," or as Ben Bolt, to play, or a peasant like Martin Haywood in the "Rent Day," or like Tom Bobolink in "Temptation," I was at home. In characters like these I never failed to impress my audience.

Then came the Dickens drama, and I played Ham Peggoty in "Little Em'ly" and made the actors cry. And why? Because the author was human, and the character real, and I did not act it from the conventional actor standpoint, but from the Charles Dickens standpoint. Later on I travelled as supporting star with the famous Boston actress, Lucille Western, and I played Bill Sikes to her Nancy Sikes. A little girl once stopped Miss Western on Broadway, New York, and said: "Miss Western, I hate that Mr. Herne, he's such a brute; he always makes *you* cry." After a while I commenced to travel alone, and I played a repertoire which included several Dickens characters — Caleb Plummer, Dan'l Peggoty, Capt'n Cuttle, and others. Charles Dickens was a great man. His characters are not always typical, and some of them are grotesque, but, oh! so representative, so full of

humanity, so full of the great personality of the man, so positively "art for truth's sake." I feel that I owe much to Charles Dickens. I feel that reading his books, and loving them, and acting some of his characters, have helped materially in my dramatic development.

Then came Dion Boucicault, a very exceptional actor as well as a very remarkable dramatist, with his beautiful pictures of Irish peasant life. "The Colleen Bawn," "Arrah-na-Pogue," "The Shaughraun," every one with a plot, every one with its stage hero and its stage villain, but, ah! so charged with Irish atmosphere, so fragrant with the breath of the shamrock, that you might shut your eyes and listen, and imagine you were in Ireland. And then such a plea for humanity (for humanity, like truth, is universal), for the common things of life, and for the common people of Ireland!

And at length it came to pass that I wrote a play myself, and Mrs. Herne called it "Hearts of Oak." "Hearts of Oak" was a new departure in playwriting, in that it contained neither a hero nor a villain. It had a plot, but it had no hero and no villain, and one of the chief characters in the play was a one-year-old baby. It was a simple story of Marblehead folk, in its whaling days. It was a bit of crude construction, but it touched a sympathetic chord somewhere, and it was a great success. I next wrote "The Minute Men," a story of colonial times, taking in Paul Revere's ride to Lexington, the battle of Lexington, and the stand at Concord Bridge. Mrs. Herne had a glorious character, Dorothy Foxglove. Unquestionably "The Minute Men" was a step nearer being true than was "Hearts of Oak," but it was not nearly so successful. In fact it was a financial failure.

My next exertion resulted in a play called "Drifting Apart," a story of Gloucester fisherman life, and it was another step forward. Its weakest point was its comedy element—a stage soubrette and a stage funny man. I never could write stage comedy; I can write humor—the humor born of the intensity of life—but I cannot write stage comedy. This play failed financially, chiefly, I now believe, through lack of good management and my inability to get a proper placement for it. Nevertheless it proved to be a tremendous potentiality let loose. Mrs. Herne's Mary Miller in that play was flesh and blood and bone, and those

who have seen her in that wonderful impersonation will never forget the humanity in "Drifting Apart," nor the "art for truth's sake" in Mrs. Herne's Mary Miller. As I said, "it was a potentiality," an unconscious potentiality which attracted to us a sympathetic man, now an esteemed friend, who in turn brought others, and our lives were broadened and bettered, for through these friends we learned that we had been unconsciously working along the lines of thought held by some of the great modern masters of art.

Again "the muse labored," and it brought forth a very imperfect drama-child, which we called "The Hawthornes." But before "The Hawthornes" matured "Margaret Fleming" was born, full-fledged, the epitome of a powerful but savage truth. Every theatre door was slammed shut against this play, and we took the little Chickering Hall on Tremont Street in this city of Boston and gave a "Margaret Fleming" season of two weeks, for the few who were ready to receive it. The play was faulty, didactic in places, but there has been nothing *just* like it given to the stage, before nor since. Mr. Howells called it an *epoch-marking* play. Not an *epoch-making* play, remember, but an *epoch-marking* play.

In the character of Margaret Fleming Mrs. Herne made the supreme effort of her life, and reached the crowning point in dramatic art, but neither the writing nor her work was understood, except by a few persons, and so "Margaret Fleming" was reverently laid away, to await the unfolding of a more general appreciation of all such work. It stood the test of dignified approbation and the jeers of scoffers. It has no apology to offer for daring to live, for live it will; its silent potentiality is working slowly and surely. Mrs. Herne can afford to rest upon that masterpiece; certainly there can be no higher ideal of art than she aimed to reach in Margaret Fleming. Form, color, love, maternity, truth — she gave her highest expression of all of them in that play.

Disheartened but not altogether discouraged, I turned again to "The Hawthornes." Mrs. Herne had gone with two of our daughters to spend a few weeks of the summer at Lemoine on Frenchman's Bay in Maine, and she insisted that I should come there and work on the play, and get the benefit of true color and Maine atmosphere — and I went. What an exalted idea of God one gets down in that old pine

state! One must recognize the sublimity which constantly manifests itself there. It is worth something to live for two summer months at Lemoine on Frenchman's Bay — that beautiful, inconstant bay, one minute white with rage, the next all smiles, and gently lapping the foothills of old Mount Desert, with the purple mist on the Blue Hills in the distance, on the one hand, the Schoodac range on the other, the perfume of the pine trees in every breath you inhale, the roar of the ocean eight miles away, and the bluest of blue skies overarching all. In such a spot a man must realize, if he never has realized it before, that he and this planet are one, a part of the universal whole.

Under the influence of such spiritual surroundings "The Hawthornes" struggled to adapt itself to a new environment. It sloughed off its old skin and took on new form and color. Its stage people began by degrees to assume the character and affect the speech of the typical men and women of Maine, imbued with all the spirituality and intensity of coexistent life. Stage traditions vanished. "The Hawthornes" lost its identity, and emerged a survival of the fittest, and Mrs. Herne called it "Shore Acres."

I have been autobiographical because I wanted to show how persistent a force truth is, and how it compels the unconscious medium to express it. I did not set myself the task of writing "Shore Acres" as it now stands; it grew, and I grew with it; and while I did not realize all its spirituality until its stage presentation set that spirituality free, still it must have had possession of me while writing, or I could not so have written.

When I sat down to write "Hearts of Oak," I did not say to myself, "I'm going to write a play in which there shall be neither the traditional stage hero nor the stage villain." They are not true and therefore did not assert themselves, did not persist — that's all. Such characters do not exist in life, nor do they appear in any of my plays.

Art is a personal expression of life. The finer the form and color and the larger the truth, the higher the art.

Hamilton Wright Mabie, in his "Short Studies in Literature," gives one a very broad and yet a very comprehensive insight into the world of art. "Genius," says Mr. Mabie, "is personality, but not individuality. The greatest genius is he who infuses the largest personality and the least individuality into his work. He will never express himself, nor

exploit his idiosyncrasies, but his work will radiate his personality, which is his soul."

Art is universal. It can be claimed by no man, creed, race, or time; and all *art* is good. It serves its time and place, and fertilizes the art to come. The artist of to-day is the medium for the expression of the art of to-day, fertilized by race memories of past ages of art — more perfect by reason of the struggles, the failures, the inferiority, and the sublimity of ages of art.

"Art for art's sake" and "Art for truth's sake," in the last analysis, it seems to me, are identical.

"Art for truth's sake" is the higher art, because it contains a larger degree of the vital principles of fertilization. Its race quality is its supreme quality, and therefore it will better serve the race and the art to come. Mr. Mabie says:

To express some part or aspect of absolute truth in the speech of the day, is the task of all who express themselves *powerfully*, through art. The truth does not belong to the time, for truth is for all time, but for the form which that truth shall take the greatest artist must depend upon the age in which he lives.

But before a man can impart a truth he must himself be of the truth, and before a man can receive a truth he must have the consciousness of truth within his own being.

Artists are products of the time. The exceptional singers, poets, painters, sculptors, novelists, actors, and others are being constantly impelled to strive for excellence by the potentiality of all the artists, great and small, who have gone before. Goethe saw this, when he said:

People are always talking about originality — but what do they mean? As soon as we are born the world begins to work upon us, and this goes on to the end. And after all, what can we call our own, except energy, strength, and will? If I could give an account of all that I owe to great predecessors and contemporaries, there would be but a small balance in my favor.

The race is the mother of the artist.

"Art," says Mr. Mabie, "is the expression of a man's whole nature and life, something that grows *out of him*, and not something which he puts together with mechanical dexterity."

I stand for art for truth's sake because it perpetuates the everyday life of its time, because it develops the latent beauty of the so-called commonplaces of life, because it dignifies labor and reveals the divinity of the common man.

It is generally held that the province of the drama is to amuse. I claim that it has a higher purpose — that its mission is to interest and to instruct. It should not *preach* objectively, but it should teach subjectively; and so I stand for truth in the drama, because it is elemental, it gets to the bottom of a question. It strikes at unequal standards and unjust systems. It is as unyielding as it is honest. It is as tender as it is inflexible. It has supreme faith in man. It believes that that which was good in the beginning cannot be bad at the end. It sets forth clearly that the concern of one is the concern of all. It stands for the higher development and thus the individual liberty of the human race.

THE CIVIC CHURCH.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE OPENING MEETING OF
THE CIVIC CHURCH OF DENVER, IN THE BROAD-
WAY THEATRE, TUESDAY, OCT. 27, 1896.

BY PAUL TYNER.

CITIZENS: Democracy, especially American democracy, has given new significance to this proud and honorable title. It remains to religion — the real religion of true democracy — to bring home to the minds of men and women a realizing sense of its wealth of meaning.

In the substitution of this title of "citizen" for all other titles during that fierce and fearful social cyclone, the French Revolution, the ruling motive was a grim vindictiveness. It was one of the ways chosen to show, not how the people had risen, but how the mighty had fallen; how sovereign and savant, prince and peer, priest and philosopher had been brought down to the level of the lowest of the *sans-culottes*. It was the same passion that moved the mob to the storming of the Bastille and that carried Marie Antoinette to the guillotine, the same passion that, at a later date, levelled the Column Vendôme in the dust and assassinated the Archbishop of Paris. That this thought should then have been uppermost was natural enough. It was an epoch of unrest, an epoch of revolt, an epoch of destruction. "After us the deluge" was a favorite remark of the thoughtless and heartless aristocracy of the old *régime*. And a deluge it was!

Yet this destruction, this levelling down, was but an inevitable prelude to the construction, the levelling up that was to follow. Seeking to emphasize the right of all men to equality of opportunity by a common title for prince and pauper, the red revolutionists builded better than they knew. They chose the highest title man or woman can wear, and bestowed it on the least as on the greatest. Instead of degrading the great, this title of citizen lifted the lowly, lifted all. It helped to bring forth that intensive and extensive sense of *nationality* which, while producing a remarkable

development of individual genius, was seen at the same time in the power of the nation as a whole — in the collective might that made France mistress of Europe. For the first time in the world's history citizenship gave every man in the state the right to say with larger, grander meaning than Louis XIV dreamed of, "The state: *I am the state!*"

The citizen is more than lord, he is lord of lords. He is more than king, he is king of kings, a king among kings. The exaltation of king or noble means the debasement of other men. The lifting up of the citizen means the lifting up of all men with him, — the enthronement not merely of a man, but of manhood.

A king can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might, ●
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!

It takes seventy million kings to make an American citizen! The citizen is master not of subjects, servants, slaves, but of *himself*; captain not of tens or hundreds, but of his own soul. The sovereignty of the citizen needs no bayonets to support it; he rules by right divine. Every citizen represents — aye, embodies, if he will be alive to his citizenship — all the greatness of the republic, all its power, its glory, its splendor, its history and traditions, its courage and its wisdom. Solon, that wise lawgiver of Athens, said more than two thousand years ago, "Honors *achieved* far exceed those that are created." The honor of citizenship is one to whose achievement have been given the blood of martyrs, the lives of heroes, the hearts of the good, the wisdom of the wise, the fortitude and endurance, the strength and conquests of all humanity since the beginning of time.

Citizen and freeman are synonymous. The citizen was the only freeman in the "good old days" of Greece and Rome, when slavery was the general lot and freedom a marked distinction. Under feudalism the City was an oasis of freedom in a wilderness of vassalage and serfdom. Every city was a *free* city, every citizen a free man. One is impossible without the other. In the city, neither lord nor vassal had place. This freedom, this civilization we owe to organized labor, to the workers of the various trades guilds which together constituted the municipal corporation, the City itself. The king, dependent on the city for supplies, treated with the citizens as with equals. He became their "hired man."

In return not for personal service, but for money payments, he contracted to protect the city from foreign foes and domestic marauders, to keep the roads open for traffic, and to guarantee the city immunity from every trespass on its liberties.

Thus the freedom of the City, the freedom of the Citizen, became a *chartered* freedom. It was a charter not graciously bestowed by the king, but sternly exacted by the city. "Who would be free, himself must strike the blow." These early citizens were sensible business men. They believed in the division of labor and found it cheaper to hire kings and barons to do their fighting and brawling than to spend their own time and energies in that manner. This arrangement left them opportunity for honest work, opportunity to wax rich and powerful, opportunity to provide in that troublous time safe refuge, first for the mechanic and merchant, then for the artist and scholar, opportunity to make a home for learning and religion. Lord John Manners, an eminent scion of the British aristocracy and postmaster-general in Disraeli's cabinet, wrote, only a generation ago :

Let laws and learning, wealth and commerce die;
But give us still our old nobility.

But for the City we should not have had any laws and learning, wealth and commerce to speak of, and the old nobility would have starved or been obliged to work for a living.

There was no questioning the fact that the church was a *civic* institution at that time. Without the City there would have been no church then. Without the City there would be no church now. The church of God is indeed the church of the City, as it is the church of humanity; the Civic Church is the church of God.

The cradle of liberty is found in the City. In the City it was nurtured and grown to its present proportions. Love of liberty was imbibed by the worker with the milk from his mother's breasts. It was as necessary to him as the air he breathed. So it was only natural that the citizen should stand ever ready to defend liberty with his life.

Liberty born of citizenship it was that animated the revolt of Luther and of Knox. The citizen it was who under Cromwell and Hampden overthrew tyranny. It was the citizen who came out or was driven out from the factories and forges, mills and workshops of the Old World and, braving the perils of an unknown sea, founded a new nation with its

larger citizenship in the New World. The shot fired by "the embattled farmer" at Lexington was promptly and persistently followed up in the long and heroic struggle of a newly awakened citizenship, which kept on firing "shots heard round the world" until Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown. The Union which a citizen soldiery established in the eighteenth century was preserved by a citizen soldiery in the nineteenth. Now, as ever, if the perils which threaten this republic — and so threaten liberty and union, justice and right the world over — are to be averted or overcome, it will be by the virtue and valor of the citizens of the republic.

This title of citizen is preëminently a *religious* title, not only because it is a civic title, but also because it is the only title a Christian should assume or accept, the only title any man can honestly wear. "Call no man master, for One is your Master, even Christ." These words mean something, although most of us treat them as if they meant nothing. We have only one rightful Master — the Christ who is in us and we in Him, as He is in the Father and the Father in Him. I honor not another if I honor not myself. One man cannot truthfully call another "master" or "mister" unless he be that other's servant, and servitude is degrading to the master not less than to the slave. Citizen is indeed the "new name" with which those who are risen in Christ shall be baptized. It is a name dearer than that of "brother," because it denotes a larger relationship than that of the family, a larger and yet a closer tie than that uniting the members of any fraternal organization in formulated bonds of mutual duty and obligation. It denotes the relationship of man to man involved in the recognition of the Fatherhood of God, the Sonship of Christ, and the unity of humanity. I do not address you as "*Fellow* citizens," because, to my mind, such a phrase is as tautological as "Brother brothers" would be. The title of citizen itself denotes fellowship of the noblest and closest.

To the highest and latest development of humanity we give the name civilization, a word taken from the Latin *civilis*, a citizen. Civilization is the child of the City. The higher humanity is the product of that close and comprehensive union which the associated activities of a common home and centre of energy alone make possible.

In a very true sense the citizen of a great modern city is a

citizen of the world. A walled city in our day would be an anachronism. Our city is fed and clothed, builded and beautified by products brought from all lands. In return it gives to all the world the fruits of its own immediately tributary territory, transformed and organized by its labor, its genius and its skill. It grows by what it gives the world, and the world grows with it. The municipal movement is first of all a local movement. But it is also much more. It is a national movement, a race movement. As Albert Shaw says :

The same general causes are in operation everywhere with similar consequences. The thousand grave distinctive problems the new era of city life brings with it are of universal, simultaneous moment. The essential questions pertaining to administration and to social and economic arrangements affect all the cities of the civilized world.

The City means organization, that orderly adaptation of means to ends which is the law of growth throughout nature. It is not a mere gathering of people, not a helter-skelter aggregation, but the orderly, intelligent, scientific combination of heterogeneous forces and elements for the more effective and economical, the more sensible and loving utilization of the common means to common ends. This, at least, is what we mean to have it. "The municipality," says Shaw, "is not merely an abstraction ; it is a machine to do certain work. If that work be increased in amount or altered in character by growth of population and development of social needs, the machinery must be multiplied and altered too." We already have in our city organized commerce and finance, organized education, organized labor, organized social fellowship, organized athletics, organized amusements, organized charity, organized law, and organized medicine. For all these the city is the unit. Organized *love* is a new idea—and it is this that the new municipalism means. It is born in response to a new demand ; born in the fulness of time, the legitimate expression of our new development of the Civic Spirit as the spirit of the age ; born also in answer to the demand for real religion, religion true to the derivation of the word, *re-ligere*, no longer separating man from man and men from God, but rebinding them in that love to God which finds expression in love to man.

REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

We have heard it said that religion is dying out. Your presence here to-night proves that, on the contrary, religion is only beginning. We are rejoicing in a resurrection of

that which was crucified, of that which was dead but is now alive in the new and more glorious life of the resurrection. This meeting is evidence that in our city a call for the expression of interest in a movement that is unquestionably religious — in the largest, the broadest, the deepest, and the highest senses of the word — may count on a prompt, generous, and decisive response. We are assisting at the birth of a movement as emphatically practical as it is absolutely non-theological, as distinctively religious as it is distinctly non-denominational. Broad-based upon the eternal longings of the human heart, it is inclusive, not exclusive, open, not closed, free, expanded, and expansive as the waters of the sea, as the air we breathe, as the evolution of the thought of God in the mind of man.

The need of our day is the christianizing of Christianity, the civilizing of civilization, — for these needs are one. True Christianity and true civilization are synonymous. To meet this need is the mission of our movement. To all who recognize the need our cause must appeal with irresistible force. A false Christianity may not be wholly accountable for a false civilization, but the two undoubtedly go together. We can never have a true Christianity or a true civilization until the teachings of Jesus are practised as well as preached, until the law of love, which is the essence of Christianity as it is the essence of all religion, is the law of the land, the working principle of human association, the bond that unites man to man in all the relations of life the world over.

So far as man has attained freedom to do and to be as he desires, he has attained it only through the evolution of society, through the development in society of the conditions required for every individual to live, and to live in the best way conceivable. "That ye may have life, and have it more abundantly," the object of Christ's mission, is also the object of all social evolution.

This movement, this meeting, is an attempt at — aye, a practical beginning of — the enrollment of intelligence and will in conscious combination against starvation and misery, avarice and greed; a practical effort to extinguish by concerted effort those survivals of the accidents of primitive barbarism against which, as individuals, we are always struggling.

I have said that the Civic Church is non-denominational;

let it not be understood that this means anti-denominational. One little word expresses our ample creed. That creed forbids antagonism, enjoins unity. We believe that this word expresses your creed, also, whether you be Catholic or Calvinist, Roman or Anglican, Episcopalian or Baptist, Wesleyan or Congregational, Evangelical or Unitarian, or even if you are standing apart from all these forms and doctrines. Neither liturgy nor litany, creed nor confession, rubric nor ritual can mean *more* than LOVE; we are glad to believe that those of us who hold to them do not want them to mean *less*. We cheerfully recognize that if, for many in our day, the real meaning of religion is darkened and confused by all these things, there are also many for whom they, perhaps, make that meaning clearer.

It is not the *aesthetics* but the *ethics* of religion that we regard as fundamental, and on the ethical side men of all sects are at heart united. If all our divers forms and ceremonies, dogmas and doctrines, theological distinctions and ecclesiastical modes and manners may not be summed up as Jesus summarized the law and the prophets, then shall it be asked: "Where *is* our religion, — its life, its essence, its soul?" Remember what Paul says:

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing. (1 Cor. xiii. 1 and 2.)

If, however, despite this diversity of outerness, the inner spirit of all our churches and sects is one, if in all love is held to be "the fulfilling of the law," if in all there is agreement with John that "God is love," then let us in all love, in love not surpassing but equalling the love of woman, let us say one to another, "Your people shall be my people, and your God my God." At one in our conception of the ethical side, the essential side, the inner *spirit* and *substance* of religion, with deeper wisdom we shall refuse to quarrel over difference of outer form. And this involves no lack of proper regard for form. Outward beauty and harmony must be the natural growth of the inner beauty and harmony of truth. A sacrament is only "the *outward* and *visible sign* of an *inward* and spiritual grace." If we make sure of the grace *first*, nothing can prevent it finding fitting sign and symbol. To give the signs and symbols, the rituals and formu-

las, first place is to forget that "the life is *more* than the meat, and the body than raiment." And so we come back always to that teaching of the Master in which He revealed to us the secret of life, the simple and certain plan by which we shall attain to the utmost wealth and wisdom, joy and beauty, knowledge and power in every department of life: "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." As the harmony of simple truth (which is the heaven in the heart of every man) becomes unfolded in ever-increasing degree by expression (as God's beautiful thought is expressed in this beautiful world), we find that all things around and about us are ours, and that they fall into due order as unerringly as do troops at the word of command, as unerringly as the stars obey the sun.

Our creed involves *deed*, *requires* deed, depends upon deed — deed of a distinct and definite sort. Love is a verb as well as a noun. Love without loving is a mockery of love, lip service, Pharisaism, hypocrisy, that "righteousness" which, as the prophet says, is but as "filthy rags." Work is worship, labor is prayer, *all* work, all labor, not merely preaching or hymn-singing, not the occasional alms or church contribution, pew rent or subscription alone, not the work of one day in seven, but of *every* day and of every *hour* in the day. Religion is real religion only when it is part and parcel of all man's daily life; only when it rules buying and selling, when it rules service (in server and in served), when it governs paying and receiving, sowing and reaping, building up and tearing down, sawing and hammering, cooking and cleaning, stitching and teaching; only when it rules all our business and pleasure, "our going forth and coming in, our rising up and sitting down, our eating and drinking and whatsoever we do."

President-elect McKinley, in a recent speech to a delegation of workmen, said: "Every man in this country has an equal opportunity and equal privileges with every other man." If this were true, I should agree with those who believe the mission the Civic Church has set itself is already amply fulfilled by other organizations. It certainly *ought* to be true. We know it was the design of the founders of the republic that such equality of opportunity and of privilege should be inalienably secured to all. Let us with equal patriotism devote our lives to the carrying out of this design. Religion

which is not concerned with the needs of the disinherited, the oppressed, the unfortunate is *not* religion. Religion which is not concerned with securing to every child in the land free, fair, full, and equal opportunity for nurture and development, training and education is not religion. Religion which is satisfied with less than exact and equal justice to all men everywhere is not religion. Religion which upholds the oppression and injustice, the falsehood and wrong of political and of industrial systems that permit the producer to starve and the schemer to amass millions is no religion. Religion which stands aside and abandons the control of our cities to the ignorant and vicious, which does not abolish ignorance and vice, is not religion. Religion which gives love second place gives *God* second place, and in giving Him second place gives Him *no* place.

In our time we are witnessing a marvellous revival of real religion. Newman and Manning, Kingsley and Maurice, Farrar and Fremantle in England, and in our own country Phillips Brooks, Everett Hale, Heber Newton, Lyman Abbott, George Herron and Father Huntington, Gibbons and McGlynn, Felix Adler and Lloyd Jones, — to this bright galaxy let me add the names of two who are with us to-night, Myron Reed and James Ecob, — these are among the great religious leaders of our time who, touched to the heart by the misery and suffering, the injustice and wrong consequent on imperfect social arrangements, have uttered in no uncertain terms their aspirations for better things. Moved by the divine resolve to "do something" that so worked upon Charles Kingsley, noble men and women in various parts of the country have set about some attempt at ameliorating conditions, at "doing good" in one way or another. These attempts have been mostly helpful, always human and kindly. They have been pursued with an always deepening sympathy and a steadily increasing comprehension to which we owe much. The institutional church and the social settlement, each with its numerous avenues and agencies of helpfulness, its lyceums and gymnasiums, its reading rooms and restaurants, its kitchens and classes, clubs and *crèches* in nearly all our great cities, testify to a feeling among the churches and among the cultured everywhere that real religion means service here and now, an active participation in all intelligent effort to know and to *better* social conditions.

INADEQUACY OF DIVIDED EFFORT.

But the more that is done in this way by individuals, churches, or private organizations, independently and apart, the sharper is the realization by all thinking men and women that these means are all utterly inadequate to meet the real situation. It is not "charity" that is needed, it is justice. As Henry D. Lloyd says :

Open the churches for dormitories for the roofless; feed the hungry in soup kitchens; rake every kind-hearted garret for old shoes and old clothes; find work in kindling-wood yards for the unemployed. It is the work of mercy and necessity, a red-cross service for the succor of the sick and wounded on the battlefields of business. But the war goes on. Its cannon balls can fly faster than your ambulances. One new machine can turn out of employment more men than all the churches are feeding. One syndicate shutting down or dismantling to limit the output and keep up prices or to intimidate Congress on the tariff or currency, can drown out your charities. Against this flood, charity is a mere broom; it cannot sweep away this stream of the unemployed, for that is the rising tide of the surging ocean of dispossessed humanity.

The demand for justice is but a demand for love, justice's larger name; the demand for liberty is a demand for love; the demand of democracy for equality of opportunity is merely a demand for love. The demand for truth, than which no religion is higher, is at bottom a demand of love for love; a demand made through sublime faith in the wisdom and beneficence of the Creator, finding expression in the conviction that all things that are true are lovely and should be of good report, that lasting welfare for men and for nations is to be gained in the light, not in the darkness.

Hear the conclusions of a trained and thoughtful student and investigator of social conditions. Summing up at once the causes of and the remedy for the wretchedness and misery of women workers in our great cities, in that epoch-marking work, "Prisoners of Poverty," Helen Campbell says :

No good will, no charity, however splendid, fills or can fill the place owned by that need which is forever first and most vital between man and man,—justice. No love, no labor, no self-sacrifice even can balance that scale in which justice has no place. No knowledge nor wisdom, nor any understanding that can come to man, counts as force in the universe of God till that one word heads the list of all that must be known and loved and lived before ever the kingdom of heaven can begin upon earth.

And side by side with these utterances of Henry Lloyd and of Helen Campbell—clear-headed but also large-hearted and ardently enthusiastic workers in the people's cause—

let me place the cold-blooded, precise, and logical conclusions of one who stands foremost among the exponents of the once "dismal science" of political economy. Says Prof. Marshall of Oxford:

Now, at last, we are setting ourselves seriously to inquire whether it is necessary that there should be any *lower classes* at all; that is, whether there need be large numbers of people doomed from their birth to hard work in order to provide for us the requisites of a refined and cultured life, while they themselves are prevented by their poverty and toil from having any part or share in that life.

It is high time the question was asked! It is high time the question was answered!

OUR PURPOSE.

"The people perish for lack of vision." This lack it shall be the first duty of the Civic Church — and that means every helpful agency and activity, individual or collective, in Denver — to supply. Concerning ourselves with the city's supply of light we shall not neglect the city's supply of any other service, its supply of water and its supply of *bread*, its supply of employment, education, and entertainment. We demand, not for the few, but for all alike, all these things of the purest and best quality, and in abundance. This does not mean that we shall undertake the teaching of Denver's citizens in *citizenship* as a thing apart and out of our own inner consciousness. It does mean that we shall conduct classes in sociology, from the standpoint of applied Christianity, in which the teaching of theory shall be supplemented by practical work. It means that we shall use every possible intelligent, organized, and practical effort to bring about, gradually and in an orderly manner, the municipalization of municipal service and supplies. And it means that we shall see that no man or woman in Denver shall, in the mean time, lack bread and the opportunity to earn it honorably.

It is proposed that this organization shall serve as a bridge between the churches and the masses, between the classes and the masses, between the favored few and the suffering many, between those who have and those who have not. Over this bridge it is hoped aspiration shall pass to accomplishment, religious resolve be carried into practical realization. The bridge is yet only in the beginnings of its building. We are this evening celebrating the laying of its foundation, so to speak. That foundation is laid deep and sure, broad and solid, fit foundation for a structure wide and high; a bridge

spanning the dark river that flows between the Old Order and the New; a structure that day by day shall steadily rise into noble proportions, into beauty that shall symbolize its splendid thought and purpose. Over this bridge the eye of faith enables me already to see men and women passing freely and in great multitudes from the City to the temple, and from the temple to the City; to see them, coming and going, find the temple in the City, the City in the temple.

The test of any truth, of any system, must be in its practical application, rather than in logical exposition or rhetorical glorification. Christ's teaching consists more in *doing* good than in fine speaking about good or bad, in deed rather than in doctrine. "He who *doeth* the will of the Father shall know the doctrine." It is primarily through doing that knowing is to come to us, as we are finding out in what is called the new education. The work of Jesus at the carpenter's bench opened His mind to larger wisdom than books or schools alone could give Him, wisdom that confounded the doctors in the temple. His teaching in synagogue or in market place was the result of *learning* by the wayside, of healing the sick, of giving sight to the blind, of binding up the broken-hearted. We shall know the further truth, and the truth shall make us free, only when we *do* all the truth we know *now*.

"One Christian city," says Drummond, "one city in any part of the earth whose citizens from the greatest to the humblest lived in the spirit of Christ, whose religion had overflowed the churches and passed into the streets, inundating every house and workshop and permeating the whole social and commercial life, — one such Christian city would seal the redemption of the world." And it is such a city that we propose to build right here in Denver. This is our distinct and definite object. The place is *here*; the time *now*. With a realizing sense of the demands of the work we present a clear and intelligent practical plan by which it is to be accomplished. The material is ready to our hands in great abundance; the laborers are many: with willing hearts and strong arms they stand waiting the call to work. Believe as you please, preach as you please, posture as you please, pray as you please. But, as you live and as you hope for life here and hereafter, we appeal to you to remember that the higher worship is *work*, the higher prayer labor, and that if our labors are to be effective we must work *together*.

It is believed that the constitution of the Civic Church provides a common standing ground on which all those who want to do something that shall mean something *may* work together, hopefully, lovingly, economically, and effectively, from the very start. It presents a plan and programme so grounded and arranged that participation in the work will involve no neglect of existing demands of home and business, no slighting of the requirements of any church or social allegiance. On the contrary, coming not to destroy but to fulfil, we promise to all not only larger strength and inspiration for larger work, but also that lightening of every present labor which the coöperation of "many hands" assures. Our object, as stated in the constitution, is:

To form a centre of organization, education, and administration, through which all the forces making for the strengthening and upbuilding of the higher life in the city of Denver shall be united, energized, developed, and directed, in the spirit of practical Christianity, to the inculcation of large and true civic ideals, and to their concrete embodiment in the everyday life of the city and all its citizens.

METHODS.

Our methods will be largely educational. Membership in the Civic Church will in itself be a liberal education in citizenship, and no citizen of Denver can escape this education: according to the constitution, the membership of the church shall consist (does consist) of the entire body of the citizens of Denver. The entire city is our parish. No human being born on this planet — born in God's universe — can escape the influence of the gospel of Christ, the gospel of love. Citizenship is our sole test and requirement for communion and fellowship. Enrollment on the official registry of voters is enrollment on the membership list of the Civic Church. Enrolled or not, every man, woman, and child to whom Denver is home belongs to us, and we belong to them. In the Civic Church the right of childhood to special and particular care and attention shall receive full recognition. To the young of either sex it offers opportunity for profitable occupation and entertainment, productive work and joyful play, in larger, higher life. All are made free of our house, are welcomed to our feast, counted as belonging to the family, ministered unto in all wise and loving ways, in the spirit of true citizenship. But as the Son of man came not merely to be ministered to but to minister, as He was ministered to only that He might go forth with strength to

minister refreshed and renewed, so the way will always be open for every member of the Civic Church of Denver to advance from passive to active membership, to the greater blessedness of giving from the lesser blessedness of receiving. Freely and without price, on no condition but that of his own sweet will signified by an expression of assent to our very broad declaration of principles, every citizen of Denver may come into the realization and enjoyment of this gift of gifts now laid at his feet. This meeting was opened with an active membership of about one hundred on our rolls. It is hoped that the meeting will be closed with at least ten times as many signatures on the lists which the ushers will pass around at the close of my remarks, and that every one of the thousand will secure ten others before our next meeting.

Our organization is emphatically democratic in scope and plan, as democratic as the idea of the New England town meeting,—the germ and foundation of all democratic forms on this continent, the form which, as an eminent teacher of the science and philosophy of politics has well said, furnishes the “missing link” between the Declaration of Independence and our present political system. We provide for the recognition of the seat of authority and responsibility in the people, where it belongs. Modelled on the lines of the most modern and approved city charters, our constitution embodies also those essential safeguards against abuse of power, against the “arrogance of elected persons,” namely, the initiative and the referendum, the preferential ballot, and the imperative mandate.

DENVER.

Denver is not selected as the place to begin because of any preëminent *wickedness* to be found here. We have our faults perhaps, but a man looking for iniquity on which to construct the City of God would not have to leave San Francisco, nor come hither from New York through Chicago. Denver may boast preëminence in many things, but there are some distinctions in which she must yield the palm to her elder sisters. May we not also hope that in the experience of those elder sisters there are lessons by which we shall be sensible enough and grateful enough to profit? It is not the badness, but the *goodness* of Denver, that makes it the most favorable spot on top of this earth in which to prepare the

way for the coming of God's kingdom: "Men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs from thistles." Denver is Colorado, as truly as Paris is France; more, it is America, and America is another name for Destiny. The best blood of the Old World imported and combined made the earlier America of New England, the Middle States, the South, and the Middle West. In the Great West — in Denver — we shall reap the fruit of a second importing, of a still higher combination, nursed on a more generous soil and breathing a more vigorous atmosphere,

— heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time.

In a word, Denver is selected for its youth and beauty, for its pluck and enterprise, for its energy and intelligence, for its unrivalled situation and its peerless inheritance. In no other city in this Union have the poor suffered less than in Denver during the past year. Despite depreciation in values and reverses of fortune that have compelled radical changes in their manner of living, the hearts of the comparatively well-to-do have not been hardened. In addition to the very considerable provision made for the unfortunate in the state, city, and county institutions, I find that the people of Denver, in the seventeen purely private and voluntary organizations included in the Associated Charities, spent last year about \$55,000 and relieved 14,662 people, not counting the 1,545 cases of cruelty to children and 5,986 cases of cruelty to animals attended to by the Humane Society. Denver has heart as well as brains and brawn, a heart responsive to the cry of human suffering, and hands open and outstretched in a giving that is increasingly intelligent and so truly humane.

Yet I suppose it will hardly be said that we are perfect; that there is nothing further to do in the way of relieving suffering and distress, of lifting the fallen and strengthening the weak and worn, or that in what is being done along these lines there is no room for improvement both in spirit and in method. True, we have not here to face the awfulness nor to solve the problem of the slums of New York or Chicago, of the tenements and sweat-shops in which humanity is packed and stifled in all the older cities of our country. We are not going to wait until we *have* to face them! As Burke said, "Reform delayed is revolution begun." In these days we do not wait for the plague to appear and to carry off half the population before adopting measures to

avert it: an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. The ounce of prevention in this case means the saving of human life, the prevention of epidemics that threaten to carry off our children by the score; it means the prevention of the increase and multiplication of breeding places of vice, pauperism, and crime which constantly expose our near and dear ones to dangers which hold thousands in a living death. In such a situation an ounce of prevention is worth *tons* of cure. It is an emergency in which we cannot stop to count the cost.

Denver is not all Capitol Hill, and Capitol Hill is not all Denver. The contrast between the spreading lawns and flower beds, the handsome homes, well lighted, heated, and ventilated, the beautifully equipped environment of comfort and culture, — between all this and the hovels of Poverty Flat, or the dens of Market Street, may not be so glaring as is that presented by the homes of the rich and those of the poor in New York or Chicago. But the contrast is there, and it is an ugly one. It suggests the question, "What are those of us who are living on Capitol Hill doing for those of us who exist in the slums?" This is an important question. It is Christ's own test of honest religion: "For whatsoever ye have done unto the least of these, that did ye unto Me."

What shall we do, and how shall we do it?

This question may well be asked by many a sincere and earnest soul perplexed by the impossibility of stemming the tide of human want and wretchedness by any merely individual effort, by any mere alleviation. Just here is where this wonderful development of the City's powers and possibilities under the new municipalism comes in with the only answer that shall satisfy. Under the Mosaic law (continued until recently in some of our Christian establishments) every man gave tithes to the church, which regarded the care of the poor and of the sick as chief among its functions. But this tithe was only a compromise with narrow greed and selfishness. It is not merely a tenth, but the *whole* of our possessions and income, our strength and our talent, that we are called upon to dedicate to God in the service of humanity, — which means the common service of our city. It is the *whole* we must give, "bread" not "stones," if we would follow Jesus and have eternal life. The City — *all* the City — is God's church; and the church in all its branches shall be

God's City. We cannot give less than all to our City. What we do not give, whether it be one-tenth or nine-tenths, is the measure in which we are cheating our City — our neighbor — ourselves — of blessing and of peace, of health and joy, light and love. If I may be permitted, I will repeat in this connection one of the many brilliant sayings of America's greatest living orator: "I believe in the right of the people of this city to govern themselves; what is more, I believe in their *ability* to do so."

Make no more giants, God,
But elevate the race at once. We ask
To put forth just our strength, our human strength.
All starting fairly, all equipped alike,
Gifted alike, all eagle-eyed, true-hearted —
See if we cannot beat Thy angels yet.

I believe in the people because I believe in God; believing in God, I trust in the people and in the people's fidelity to freedom, justice, and truth. The faith which is founded on humanity is founded on a rock, — it is the faith which is founded on the everlasting God. Under healthier and happier conditions, humanity will rise to heights undreamed of now. Courage and faith are all that we need: faith in unconquerable truth, faith in unwavering justice, faith in inexhaustible love, — faith in God and faith in man!

"And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love."

RECOMPENSE.

BY CHARLES GRANT MILLER.

As ocean waves in tempest strife
Perfect the pearl's translucent face,
Deep in its cave ;
E'en so the gravest woes of life
But serve to give us strength and grace,
If we be brave.

OUR ARID LANDS.

BY JUDGE J. S. EMERY.

Once again the people are talking of going West. The beginnings of a new Western movement are plainly discernible. Nor with the increasing foreign immigration, so long held in check by the period of depression which has been upon us, together with the congested condition of the laboring classes in our cities, should we expect anything else. The people are looking about in search of homes that they can call their own. They constitute an ever increasing army—broadly speaking, without money, but with plenty of brains, resolution, rough force, and good blood.

Where shall these seekers for free homes find them? There can be but the one, and that the old answer: "Go West." Because of the notion that Uncle Sam has long since parted with all his good farming lands, men say there is now no open West for the man without money to go to with any reasonable hope that he can, by honest work and strict economy, become an unmortgaged home-owner. I think here is error.

Lying west of the 97th meridian and extending to the Pacific waters, we have an empire of dry and partly dry lands, or, as the Geological Survey people say, arid and sub-arid lands. Some people to-day are occupying a small part of these lands, other people and corporations own a large part of them, while the general government holds a still larger part. Now, if out of this immense area, beginning fifty miles south of San Francisco, we cut a belt of country a hundred miles wide, extending along the coast up through Oregon and Washington, with a ribbon-like strip traced through the mountains by the valley of the Columbia river, and then widening out across the northern end of Idaho, into its original dimensions where we started—I say, if we cut this belt of land out, there will be left remaining no lands exempt from the general climatic law of deficient moisture by rainfall in all our possessions west of the above meridian, Alaska alone excepted. "Over one-fourth of the United States is arid grazing land, and from past experiences and

present prospects must always remain such," a United States Senator has just said. But the late Director of the United States Geological Survey, in several addresses he made while holding that position, told us that about one-half of all our possessions, excepting Alaska, was too dry to support populations depending upon agriculture; in other words he classed this half of all we have, as either arid or partly arid — sub-humid as some say. At any rate the fact that nearly one-half of the United States is not sufficiently humid for profitable agriculture without irrigation is Major Powell's statement.

Now, is it not passing strange that there is not a law in our statute books which recognizes the existence of this great economic fact, or provides for the management or disposal of this vast area of dry lands? The chairman of the United States Senate Committee on Irrigation has just printed this:

Although the National Government is the custodian of one of the largest bodies of irrigable land ever administered under one polity, it has, so far, failed to recognize its full responsibility, and to take the required measures to secure the best results, or greatest measure of prosperity, in its occupancy and development.

Is it true that we, to-day, after close to fifty years of occupation, have only overrun in a loose and rambling sort of way the arid and sub-arid half of our possessions, taking little account of the tremendous possibilities for growth and development now forcing themselves upon all thinking minds as to these immense and uninviting areas? Is this newer West a finished product of our civilization to be accepted as it is? And this simply because its scanty natural rainfall and its everlasting mountain-supply of snows have been unutilized and suffered to run to the seas or to be carried off in fine exhalations into the thin air?

To the student of the economic aspects of Arid America, after these many years of advance and retreat by the agricultural army of the frontier, our present condition seems to be one of arrested development. In several States included in this area, population has decreased steadily for several years past. The advancing wave of immigration has dashed up against these arid lands and then receded, slowly and imperceptibly it may be, but none the less surely. Kansas and Nebraska have witnessed this thing. These are Great Plains States. Great crops have often rewarded the tillers of their rich soils. Kansas has two hundred and fifty million bushels

of corn *now* in her fields, and her cribs from last year's crops are yet full. Much the same may be said of other Great Plains States, but this is not the case often enough to build up a dense and prosperous agricultural population, when the old ways and methods pursued by our fathers in the humid States are followed out in farming. Hence disappointment and unrest throughout all sub-arid America is to-day more or less observable. Indeed the metropolitan press of the East has often ascribed the political issues that have in a manner of late marked several of the sub-arid States as resulting from the lack of rain. These States have somehow become political storm centres, the starting points of new parties.

What value has Arid America to us at the present time? Portions of it have cost us blood and treasure. We acquired Texas and went to war with Mexico. When through, we paid that people \$15,000,000, besides assuming \$3,250,000 of claims of our own citizens against Mexico, and took in upper California and New Mexico, the latter then including Utah, Nevada, and a large part of Arizona and Colorado, and added to our possessions 545,783 square miles. But to satisfy Texas for her claim to that part of New Mexico lying east of the Rio Grande, we paid her \$10,000,000 more. We soon discovered, however, that we had no well defined boundary line to a part of Arizona. So to quiet title to the present southern part of that Territory, we had to pay Mexico, in the Garden Purchase, \$10,000,000 more, and had the boundary line between us run to the Pacific. By this deal, we acquired 45,535 square miles of torrid sands and treeless deserts, to be given, a generation afterward, a part of it, to the Southern Pacific railroad.

This bit of history shows that in addition to the cost of one war we have disbursed from the national treasury \$38,250,000 for title to less than one-half of Arid America.

Now, to what use are we putting this arid half of our domain? What population has it to-day, nearly half a century since it was first settled? Five or six million souls, I take it, is a liberal estimate. It has one large city, several lesser ones, with a goodly number of small towns along its trunk lines of railroad. But, broadly speaking, Arid America is an open country after all. It is a sort of unused part of Uncle Sam's dominions. It might hold very many millions, but it does hold scarce half-a-dozen millions. In very many large districts it is wholly unpopulated, and in

not a few of its better sections the settlements are thin and sporadic. Its mining population is ever drifting about, not unlike the white sands of its deserts. Everywhere in Arid America there is observable an absence of that air of permanency about things that generally obtains in the Atlantic States. Men appear ready to pull up and go whenever opportunity or inducement offers the chance.

The natural conditions of the average settler, either on the sub-humid plains or in the valleys of the mountain States, conduce to this unstable purpose that one at once discovers as pervading all classes. With the Great Plains farmer the utter uncertainty of crops keeps him always on the lookout for something better or surer to turn up. In his battle with Nature in her aridity he has lost more times than he has won. So he ties up to nothing in any way that he cannot let go of and get away from on short notice, to try new schemes or enter upon new ventures. And it is to agricultural pursuits that we are to look for the permanent upbuilding of this arid region. Given your gold and your silver mines, and yet, if the tiller of the soil be not comfortably fixed, and fairly paid for his labor, there will be unrest and a lack of that bottom to the whole social fabric that we all so much like to witness in any of the newer States. Colorado gets more dollars out of the ground in grains, fruits, and all the many things she grows, than she gets out of all her gold and silver mines. And the future population of the mountain States in Arid America is to call for a tremendous agricultural production. During his last visit to Kansas Mr. Blaine said that it would tax all the agricultural energies of the Great Plains region, when reclaimed, to raise the food required for the dense population that would be found, in the imminent future, scattered all through the mountain fastnesses this side of the Pacific waters. But what can be reasonably expected in the number of acres that can be reclaimed and made into prosperous homes for those who are to build up Arid America and raise bread for its future millions of hungry mouths? If at the end of the next forty years this region is not to be in much the same condition as it is to-day, how much of its lands can be reclaimed and rendered fit for profitable agriculture? And who will make such reclamation? And how shall the great task be accomplished — by the state, or the individual?

The Special Committee of the United States Senate on

Irrigation and Reclamation of arid lands, consisting of seven Senators, made its report more than five years ago, and after a very thorough going over of the entire field of the irrigation question. This Committee estimate that from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty millions of acres may be brought under cultivation in the arid region by irrigation, and that by the water in sight, when properly utilized, at least ten per cent of the whole arid area may be reclaimed. The Committee further state that, in any given period of ten years, irrigated land will produce from three to five times as much as land cultivated by rainfall.

In the same report the late Director of the Geological Survey is quoted as estimating that fully one hundred million acres of land can be ultimately irrigated by the use of stream waters alone; and Mr. Powell is further quoted by the Committee as believing that, in addition to the hundred million acres reclaimable by stream or running waters now in sight, considerable areas will ultimately be redeemed by irrigation by the use of storm waters. Underground waters form another source of supply, and when ascertained by an irrigation survey, such as the general government has already commenced, this supply may go far in adding water sufficient to reclaim very many acres in addition to the above estimates of the Committee. The chief field of this supply will be the Great Plains region and the artesian belt in the Dakotas. Borings are now being made and wells sunk by the State of Kansas to ascertain what this subterranean supply is in that part of the Great Plains embraced within the limits of that State. The results thus far obtained are indicative of an almost inexhaustible supply. The Senate Committee reported in favor of the Washington government demonstrating to the settlers on the Great Plains the practicability of bringing this underflow water to the surface for the purpose of irrigation. And it is safe to say that the underground waters of the eastern belt of Arid America are yet to cut no inconsiderable figure in determining the total area that is ultimately to be reclaimed.

If one hundred millions of acres in Arid America can be reclaimed by irrigation, the outlook for a dense population to live in comfort, where now only some five or six millions of people are getting on fairly well, can be but most assuring. My own notion is, that at this time we are underestimating vastly the entire possibilities of Arid America, both

in future population and in agricultural growth and development.

The final question for consideration is: What action should be taken by the government to enable the people to reclaim these desert lands? The Senate Committee reported two bills providing for an irrigation survey for the discovery and distribution of the entire water supply of Arid America. Then the people were expected to initiate and execute the great work of reclaiming this half of a continent. This is the ground occupied by all intelligent friends of irrigation to-day. The general government is not asked to undertake the reclamation of our arid lands, or to construct the instrumentalities of irrigation. But the preliminary cost of ascertaining all the economic facts necessary to induce capital to enter upon the reclamation of these lands, the Washington government is expected to provide for with funds drawn from the treasury of the whole people. When this is done, individual effort, together with industrial coöperation and accumulated capital, will do the rest. In other countries, under monarchical or despotic rule, the work of irrigation is being carried on under government control and with government money. But no such expectation is indulged in by the friends of irrigation in America. The people themselves must be depended upon to do the work of reclaiming our arid areas. The people have faith that it will pay them to do this work, and with us of the Anglo-Saxon race (a race that as yet has never undertaken to reclaim a desert) no impediment is too great to be overcome in our march toward industrial supremacy. We do whatever we set out to do. That is the history of the Anglo-Saxon race.

This report of the Senate Committee recommended that the government make an irrigation survey providing for the ascertainment of the water sources and supplies, and for the location of the reservoir sites for their conservation, together with the lines, the main canals, and the ditches needed for a proper distribution of the waters. Three members of the Committee, however, Mr. Reagan, Mr. Gorham, and Mr. Jones, filed a report in which they indicate that the duty of the government is to go further somewhat, and under legislation to survey the entire arid region into natural irrigation districts in such a manner that each one shall have its catchment areas and its body of irrigable lands depend-

ent upon such area. Such a survey is necessary in order to locate the sites for head works, canals, and reservoirs by which the waters are to be controlled, to plan the irrigation works in the interest of the farmers, and to estimate their cost. The supreme control of such districts is then, by law both State and National, to be given over into the hands of the dwellers therein. The cost of such a survey is put at \$7,000,000, with seven years' time in which to make it. This report has lain dormant for six years, and no bill has been passed to carry into effect its recommendations. In the meantime, some work by the Geological Survey people, by way of locating reservoir sites and indicating canal lines, has been done under the provisions of the acts of Oct. 2, 1888, and of March 2, 1889. Some one hundred and fifty reservoir sites, in a half-dozen different States, are reported thus far to the public. Want of funds has prevented the Geological Survey from doing more than it has already accomplished.

Under the spur of an aroused public sentiment, two years ago an undigested and crude piece of legislation, known as "the Carey law," was rushed through Congress as a rider to the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill, giving to the States in the arid region a million acres each to be reclaimed somehow, though the bill failed to enter into details as to how this process of reclamation was to come about. The States of Arid America were expected to signify their acceptance of the terms of this law. Thus far only four States have done so, and now that these four States have taken action, it remains to be seen whether anything more will come of it to the cause of irrigation.

In the last Congress, however, some emendatory legislation was had to make practical the original provisions. But at best, as a measure of general relief, little is to be looked for from the law. At this same session also there was appropriated \$54,500 for the gauging or measurement of the water-flow of streams, a new work comparatively, and applicable to the whole country, though the arid lands will likely come in for the larger share of the work. The same Congress further provided that U. S. engineers shall examine and report upon at least one reservoir site each in Wyoming and Colorado. Such reservoirs are to impound large bodies of water in these two mountain States, with a view to preventing overflow and the erosion of banks in the runs

below, as well as to furnish water for irrigation purposes. Who are to build these costly receptacles is yet to appear.

Mr. Vilas, when Secretary of the Interior, said :

It is believed to be possible, by an undertaking of adequate grandeur, to seize the waters of the Missouri and its tributaries, at a proper distance from their source, and not only to apply them to the reclamation of the arid lands in the upper region, but thereby to benefit the agricultural territories adjacent to its lower currents, and even to mitigate the severity of the effects of the floods of the Mississippi upon the agricultural lands of its borders.

In his message to the last Congress, Mr. Cleveland said :

The problem of the storage and use of the waters of the Rio Grande for irrigation should be solved by appropriate concurrent action of the two interested governments.

The above may serve to indicate the temper of the Washington government in regard to the great undertaking of reclaiming half a continent, where homes for millions can be made in place of a few thousands. But all this legislation is fragmentary and lacking in method and plan. The friends of irrigation enterprise have been actively agitating and educating the public mind for three years past, and with gratifying progress. Men in the humid States are coming to see that they, too, can have a large interest in utilizing waters that have hitherto run to waste. Intelligent irrigation ideas are getting a hearing all over the country. The general interest manifested in the hydrographic survey now being prosecuted shows this, and with the lifting of the clouds of industrial depression that have been hanging over us all, the people are very naturally disposed to take stock and see what we have got in the way of opportunities to get into lines of business that will rest on solid foundations. Men from the overcrowded cities want to get out, and after the experience they have had during the last few years, they are willing to go to farming. Indeed, the call is now coming up from all sides, Where can I go and earn a living for myself and family? Large classes are looking out of the congested cities of the Atlantic States and are asking, not so much, Where can I go and make money? as Where can I go and eat? The only open region now left for these earnest home-seekers to go to is Arid America. Our public domain of good agricultural land long since disappeared from our national map. Fifteen years ago our Public Lands Commission reported that the arable portion of our public domain was nearly exhausted.

Those who think that our arid half is either to remain any considerable time in the agricultural condition that it now is, unused and practically empty; that its development is to be a slow one, and by easy stages; that there will always be a "wild phase to Far Western life";—all such, it seems quite clear to me, misread the signs of the times.

I beg to quote Mr. Bryce:

The West is the most American part of America. What Europe is to Asia, what England is to the rest of Europe, what America is to England, that the Western States and Territories are to the Atlantic States. The heat and pressure and hurry of life always growing as we follow the path of the sun. . . . Nature and Time seem to have conspired to make the development of the Mississippi Valley and the Pacific slope the easiest, quickest, and completest achievement in the whole civilizing progress of mankind since the founder of the Egyptian monarchy gathered the tribes of the Nile under one government.

Three years ago, at Los Angeles, where, under the law of growth and development so happily set forth by this sagacious commentator upon American institutions, "the heat and pressure and hurry of life" must have been at their maximum, was held the first notable gathering of Western people to consider the question of reclaiming Arid America. This Congress, as they called it, was international in character, and Mr. Gresham, Secretary of State, asked foreign powers to send delegates to it. In response to such invitation, France, Russia, Mexico, New South Wales, Ecuador, British India, and Natal, in South Africa, were represented in its deliberations. In his official circular, Mr. Gresham said:

The subject of irrigation is one that is rapidly assuming vast proportions in the United States, particularly so far as concerns our large extent of arid lands, and the success that has attended its practice therein has naturally caused its spread throughout the many regions of our rainy territory as well. The matters to be discussed are of immediate practical interest to the officers of the Government having to do with the public lands and with scientific researches pertaining to the soils and waters of the arid regions.

Only some half-dozen States and Territories sent delegates to this Congress. It was in session five days. Its doings were formulated in an address to the country at large, in which the general government was asked to donate from the sale of lands in Arid America funds for the practical investigation of the means for their reclamation by the use of streams, storm waters, and underground supplies.

Conventions of the people of the seventeen States and Territories of Arid America and sub-arid America have

been held yearly since that notable gathering, with delegates from six or eight other States lying in the Mississippi valley, which have voluntarily appeared and asked to take part in the proceedings. Old Mexico and the Dominion of Canada have had able representatives in all these gatherings.

At the fifth National Irrigation Congress, held at Phenix, Arizona, in December last, the more fundamental and important problems of irrigation were discussed. In the forefront of such questions, I may name State ownership of water and the governmental ownership of lands. All irrigation laws in every other enlightened country have placed under one control these two joint elements of production. Not till the Washington government does this same thing can intelligent, substantial progress be made in the reclamation of that half of our possessions which to-day is but thinly settled and indifferently developed.

EMERSON'S "SPHINX."

BY CHARLES MALLOY.

The sphinx is metonymy for interrogation. As metaphor its correlate is a question. In this poem it is an "unanswered question"; an unanswerable question would be still more a sphinx. We give the name, also, to an object suggesting a question or questions hard to answer. What is matter? What is spirit? What is time? A few questions show us that things we talk about every day are sphinxes. Of time, St. Augustine said: "If you do not ask me what it is, I know, but if you ask me, I do not know." One of our humorists says: "We know a great many things that are not so." When we think we know, the sphinx is of no service to us. Browning speaks of ignorance as the next door to knowledge. Certainly it is one step to know that we do not know.

The great geographical sphinx, in the time of Cæsar, was the Nile. He is made to say: "I would give Cleopatra and the empire to know the sources of the Nile." Nineteen hundred years after, we have found the sources of the Nile. That sphinx no longer troubles us. The great geographical sphinx of our time is the North Pole. Men are willing to take their lives in their hands and brave unimaginable dangers and hardships under the fascination of this sphinx. The sphinx carried Stanley through the "Dark Continent." The sphinx leads the French scientist to bare his arm to the poison of rabies. And what but a sphinx led the fabled Childe Roland to the "Dark Tower"? The condition, in psychology, of a sphinx, a question, is the desire to know, the passion for knowledge. 'Tis the supreme power in science, history, philosophy; and is an indispensable force even in practical life. Indeed, the sphinx is everywhere.

The sphinx of fable was said to crouch by the wayside and put questions to travellers. If they could not answer, the sphinx devoured them. If the sphinx were answered, that killed the sphinx. If, considered subjectively, the sphinx is a desire for knowledge, or the mood of the mind

we call curiosity, then good analogy would support the allegory. Curiosity sometimes devours us; an answer kills the sphinx. What is so dead as a question when it is answered? This was illustrated at our last election. Thousands watched the bulletins all night. Morning brought an answer, and where was the sphinx the following night? A few incredulous devotees watched a little longer, but the sphinx did not revive. What a sphinx was our solar system under the Ptolemaic astronomy! Nothing went right; and Alphonso of Castile, vexed at the anomalies, said, if he had been present at the creation he could have given the Creator good advice. Copernicus came with heliocentricity as a corrective, and the planets have behaved well ever since. The sphinx does not bother them any longer.

We have spoken, thus far, of the generic sphinx, appearing in many forms. The sphinx of the poem is a particular sphinx. We will now confine ourselves to that. Let us say, it is the origin, the rationale, of evil. The poem itself would seem to give us that determination.

When I was some sixteen years old and in the Calvinistic theology, I attempted to grapple with this sphinx. I was troubled a good deal about sin and its alleged consequences. I asked my minister where sin came from. He said Satan brought it into the world. I said, Where did Satan come from? He did not answer the second question, but advised me to read Milton's "Paradise Lost." The second question is often an unwelcome one. The world rests on the back of an elephant, said the old cosmology. That should have been satisfactory, but some agnostic ventured to ask, farther, what the elephant rested on, and so a tortoise was postulated, and, to wind up the matter for good, an inverted cone was put under the tortoise. The apex of the cone being a point, and a point having no dimensions, it didn't need anything to rest on. Why should it? That tided us over until Newton brought on gravitation, and that device holds even with the agnostic.

But to return to my sphinx. I read "Paradise Lost," a hard book for a youth of sixteen. I liked the poetry, the grand organ-like roll of the verse. I committed many pages to memory. But the logic seemed a little suspicious even then. I remember the blunt formula to which I reduced it: "God somehow wanted evil. He was too good to make evil himself, so he made Satan and let him do it." The

principle involved in that reasoning I should not have dared to use in defence of my own conduct. It wouldn't "stand law" in Massachusetts. It looked like what the lawyers call "*particeps criminis*." And yet, fifty years ago, a great many people thought that this "vindication" vindicated, and "Paradise Lost" was an accredited document in making up Christian belief as entertained by common people. My minister was probably only one of many, perhaps all, at that time, in the reception he gave the Miltonic argument. Milton's answer was not original. He borrowed it from his contemporaries as the religious consensus of his time, and it had been entertained in its essential features for several centuries. It was thought to be good Bible doctrine. Milton made it historical and picturesque in his great epic. Like the "Iliad" of Homer, it was read as a record of real events. The first theologians in all ages have been poets. Fate, foreordination, foreknowledge, free will, election, these were all subordinate sphinxes, belonging to the same family with the sphinx of "Paradise Lost."

There was a subsidence of interest in the Miltonic sphinxes in the first part of this century, or at the time Emerson wrote the poem we are now considering. The theologians had done the best they could with all the questions and corollaries involved, and were beginning to leave them.

So the poet might well say :

The Sphinx is drowsy,
Her wings are furled;
Her ear is heavy,
She broods on the world.

These four lines are proem, introducing the Sphinx. The whole poem is dramatic. The *dramatis personæ* are the Sphinx, the Great Mother, and the Poet. The Great Mother, or Nature, at the end is called the "Universal Dame."

The next four lines of this stanza are in the language of the Sphinx :

Who'll tell me my secret,
The ages have kept?
I awaited the seer
While they slumbered and slept.

In the second stanza, in the first two lines, the Sphinx gives her great question :

The fate of the man-child;
The meaning of man,

The other six lines of this verse are an amplification of the concept man, or the man-child, and add some predicates, making the connotation more impressive and poetical :

Known fruit of the unknown ;
Dedalian plan ;
Out of sleep a waking,
Out of waking a sleep ;
Life death overtaking ;
Deep underneath deep ?

"Known fruit of the unknown." Says Emerson in the essay on "Experience," "We wake and find ourselves on a stair. There are stairs below us which we seem to have ascended. There are stairs above us that go upward and out of sight. . . . We find ourselves in a series of which we do not know the extremes." Sleeping and waking, life and death, alternate, and everything retreats into its antecedents, deep underneath deep. "Dedalian plan." Dædalus made the labyrinth, so labyrinthine is meant.

The Sphinx now gives the condition of man more fully by means of a contrast between nature and man. "Nature is erect, but man is fallen," says Emerson elsewhere. The following four stanzas give the nature side of this contrast. Nature is erect, shows perfection at every point:

Erect as a sunbeam,
Upspringeth the palm ;
The elephant browses,
Undaunted and calm ;
In beautiful motion
The thrush plies his wings ;
Kind leaves of his covert,
Your silence he sings.

The palm is what nature intended it as a tree. The elephant has no anomalies in his consciousness. He is not ashamed or afraid. He never doubts his right to his food, but takes it wherever he can find it. The thrush is beautiful in himself and in his motions. He builds his nest in the deep wood, where he wants it. He is contented with his environment. He sings the kind leaves of his covert. Nature has made no mistake in all this.

The waves, unashamed,
In difference sweet,
Play glad with the breezes,
Old playfellows meet ;
The journeying atoms,
Primordial wholes,
Firmly draw, firmly drive,
By their animate poles.

The same perfection appears in these exemplars. There is no conflict among the winds and waves which does not present the spectacle of play, harmony, and joy. Old playfellows meet. They have been playfellows since the world was made, and have always helped each other, always done good service in their ceaseless interactions, true altruists in a thousand ways, never working for themselves alone, never making a mistake or breaking a law.

The journeying atoms,
Primordial wholes.

The atoms, it is said by the philosophers, are always in motion. "Primordial wholes," and, strictly considered, the only wholes. Things as we see them are always aggregations. The "primordial wholes," the atoms, we have never seen. We do not know that there are atoms. The metaphysicians dispute it, but fail to give us anything much better; and the chemists say they "work well." But Emerson wrote his poem before the metaphysical doubt, and in his view these little creatures were perfect, having all the essential qualities of planets and suns, and were able in all conditions to take care of themselves. No power could crush them. No fire could burn them. Aggregates might crumble, but the atoms emerged from every combination fresh and new as at creation's dawn. "Firmly draw, firmly drive" is a way of expressing attraction and repulsion. "By their animate poles;" this expresses a polarity, as if the atoms are alive. Perhaps they are. Who knows? Emerson learned from Goethe not to despise things because they are small.

Sea, earth, air, sound, silence,
Plant, quadruped, bird,
By one music enchanted,
One deity stirred, —
Each the other adorning,
Accompany still;
Night veileth the morning,
The vapor the hill.

"By one music enchanted." Emerson loves to see music and enchantment in all cosmical changes. He makes Monadnock say:

Gentle pilgrim, if thou know
The gamut old of Pan,
And how the hills began.

One note of the gamut old of Pan, and Monadnock "rose

like a bubble from the plain." Another note, perhaps, in ten thousand years. Says Monadnock :

Let him heed who will,
Enchantment fixed me here,
To stand the hurts of time, until
In mightier chant I disappear.

For the world was built in order,
And the atoms march in tune;
Rhyme the pipe and time the warder.

"By one music enchanted." 'Tis always the "gamut old of Pan," with "Rhyme the pipe and time the warder." "By one deity stirred." Nature is not the work of two gods, as the Persians say; not God and Satan, as Milton says. Sea, earth, air, sound, silence, plant, quadruped, bird, are enchanted by one music. Stirred by one deity, these are also exemplars of the harmony which prevails in nature. The fourth and last verse devoted to the presentation of the perfection of nature in this contrast with man, is as follows :

The babe by its mother
Lies bathed in joy;
Glide its hours uncounted, —
The sun is its toy;
Shines the peace of all being
Without cloud in its eyes;
And the sum of the world
In soft miniature lies.

The babe, before it comes to self-consciousness, is simply a piece of nature and belongs to the nature side of the antithesis.

"It is very unhappy," says Emerson in "Experience," "but too late to be helped, the discovery we have made that we exist. That discovery is called the fall of man." By "the discovery that we exist" he means self-consciousness. Man has not fallen until he knows he has fallen. This is the moral status of the babe. It owns the world, all it can grasp of it. The sun is its toy, and the "peace of all being shines without cloud in its eyes." What so beautiful as the unconscious eye of a babe? When it comes to self-consciousness it will be ashamed and afraid.

This closes the list of illustrations in praise of nature. "But," in the next verse, is the hinge upon which the comparison turns :

But man crouches and blushes,
Absconds and conceals;
He creepeth and peepeth,
He palters and steals;

Infirm, melancholy,
 Jealous glancing around,
 An oaf, an accomplice,
 He poisons the ground.

Nature erect and man thus fallen! The contrast is terrible for the man-child. Nature had waited in patient millenniums for this her coming king. She had blocked out a rough statue, in the far-off saurian. She had given hints and omens in remote paleontology. Her first creatures had prophesied of him in many homologies. Monadnock "heard his footsteps along the flinty way." "It was a long way from granite to the oyster, farther still to Plato and the preaching of the immortality of the soul. All come as surely as the first atom has two sides." The two sides of the atom were the first rhyme. The rhyme goes on, but where are the Platos? One, perhaps, in three thousand years.

Twice I have moulded an image,
 And thrice outstretched my hand,—
 Made one of day and one of night,
 And one of the salt sea sand.

One in a Judean manger,
 And one by Avon's stream,
 One over against the mouths of Nile,
 And one in the Academe.

I moulded kings and saviors,
 And bards o'er kings to rule;—
 But fell the starry influence short,
 The cup was never full.

"Out spoke the Great Mother beholding his fear," and the sad condition of her darling, the man-child, mingled of two worlds, the intended representative of heaven and earth.

At the sound of her accents
 Cold shuddered the sphere.

And this is her fearful question:

Who has drugged my boy's cup?
 Who has mixt my boy's bread?
 Who, with sadness and madness,
 Has turned the man-child's head?

Well might the sphere shudder, cold with afright, at the grief and indignation of the Great Mother! Well might she suspect the intrusion of some malign and alien power.

"I heard a poet answer, aloud and cheerfully," says the feigned historian of this drama. I heard a poet answer, another poet, the awaited and wiser seer. The new

poet ignores the answer of the old. It is Emerson after Milton, and singing in clearer, sweeter notes. He does not "vindicate" the ways of God to man. He sees nothing to "vindicate." To his farseeing eye there is no evil. Evil is an illusion, a transient cloud, and never harms or touches the incorruptible blue above it and around it, and with a sublime optimism he answers :

Say on, sweet Sphinx! thy dirges
Are pleasant songs to me;
Deep love lieth under
These pictures of time;
They fade in the light of
Their meaning sublime.

Or they fade in a light which tells what they mean and the beauty and glory whereof they are but the initial vision. Love, not malignity, underlies the unrest which disturbs the forever ascending consciousness of the man-child. The elephant, the thrush, are for the moment happy. But they stay where they are.

Unless above himself he can erect himself,
How poor a thing is man!

His evil is only "good in the making." He is not content with what the "Mother" has given him. But he learns that the world is plastic in his hands and that he is a creator, and can make another world—a world of his own—and supplement nature by art, which is a finer nature. Pain and pleasure are his occasions; they are the wise masters, and guide or drive him to all he adds to the scanty gifts of nature. In the following verse the poet gives the great dynamic power moving him on to ceaseless ameliorations and ascensions :

The fiend that man harries
Is love of the best;
Yawns the pit of the Dragon,
Lit by rays from the Blest.
The Lethe of nature
Can't trance him again,
Whose soul sees the perfect,
Which his eyes seek in vain.

The word "fiend" is not used, of course, in any bad sense, — a fiend, because constant, persistent, irrepressible. This would appear from the definition in the predicate, "love of the best." This great principle is man's true "redeemer." It is not an objective power, but is embedded in his very nature. The mind is its home and fatherland. It is

unfortunate, in a man or a race, where this saving grace is not active. It is strong in the Irish race, and "love of the best" is fast leading them to the best. It is not wanting in the negro race, and so they are "marching on." This principle is more active in the European than in the Asiatic races at the present time. But it seems to be going back to the Orient where it began. It is almost entirely wanting in the aboriginal races of the Western hemisphere. With "love of the best" man will make progress, however low. He will erect himself by tools, shelter, clothes, and by institutions. The equivalent of all these things without, is in this endowment within. But like other good things it needs to be used well and properly. It may be made the cause of trouble and mischief. The cashier who robs his bank is often impelled by "love of the best" in house, grounds, equipage, furniture, art, and fine things generally for himself and his family. In this and in many ways a good thing is a bad thing. So are fire, water, food, pleasure, gravity, air, and the gift of speech. A good thing wants a good man to go with it.

What Emerson means by "love of the best" appears the same power that Browning, in "Rabbi Ben Ezra," calls "a spark."

Not that, amassing flowers,
Youth sighed, "Which rose make ours,
Which lily leave and then as best recall?"
Not that, admiring stars,
It yearned, "Nor Jove, nor Mars;
Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends them all!"

Not for such hopes and fears
Annulling youth's brief years
Do I remonstrate, — folly wide the mark!
Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a *spark*.

And so in other lines of his poem Browning sings of this beneficent power:

A spark disturbs our clod,
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe.
Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

Browning prizes the doubt on the part of youth lest the offered gift is not "the *best*."

Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast?

They have not this "spark," this "love of the best." The elephant, the thrush, the babe, are content with mere physical gratifications. Natural objects, the winds, the waves, sea, air, earth — no harm can come to these things, and when they suffer disintegration and fall into decay, they are worth as much to nature as before, and are fresh material for new forms. Man is a fraction, and his problem is to integrate himself by culture and art and by union with his fellows.

Yawns the pit of the Dragon,
Lit by rays from the Blest.

That is, he is not conscious of the bad until he sees something better with which to compare it. Horatio W. Dresser, in his very able book, "The Perfect Whole," quotes John Fiske as follows:

It is a fundamental law of the human mind, that things are distinguishable only by their unlikeness. We know nothing save as contrasted with something else. If we knew but one color we should know no color at all. If our ears were filled with the roar of Niagara, unbroken by any other sound, the effect on our consciousness would be absolute silence. Had we never known pain, we should never know pleasure. Evil is simply the lower state of living as looked at from the higher state.

After quoting these words from Mr. Fiske Mr. Dresser makes the following applications:

Let this principle be thoroughly understood once for all, and we shall have a clew to the interpretation of the darkest pages of life's history. For it is clear that the genuine truth-seeker can ignore no facts. Any doctrine which has won general acceptance contains an element of truth, — truth as seen from a particular point of view. And oftentimes there is no safer guide to the common ground of human experience than to study the most antagonistic views of it. Every man is in some respect incomplete, unbalanced, undeveloped, until he learns the great lesson of experience, — namely, wholeness, poise, beauty, harmony, — but actually, conscientiously, and persistently supplies what is lacking. Everything, when looked at by itself, aspires to completion in the whole. Everything that is mysterious in itself becomes intelligible when set in contrast.

The Lethe of nature
Can't trance him again,
Whose soul sees the perfect,
Which his eyes seek in vain.

"Everything that is made instructs us to make a better." But the instruction also comes from within, or from an ideal as "seen by the soul." "The ideal journeys before us," and leads us on. "Away, away," said Richter of music, "thou speakest to me of things which in all my endless life

I have not found and shall not find" — things beautiful as seen in imagination, but nowhere in the objective world. But there is no rest, no oblivion, when the soul has seen the perfect. Emerson, in "Circles," calls it the "flying perfect around which the hands of man can never meet." The imagination, that wonder-working power, is forever tempting us with patterns, pictures, of something new, ideals which call us onward yet, and if we reach them, then we discover new ideals, and never arrive at contentment with a fact accomplished.

In property, literature, manners, character, art, and life, which is the art of arts, must it be always an impossible pursuit, a waste of energy, a retreating mirage leading nowhere? Browning has a verse which may help us here :

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God, by the lover and the bard;
Enough that He heard it once: we shall hear it by and by.

If the pursuit cannot end, let us believe that the mirage will become at least a finer mirage, and so onward forever. That were to have our music back again.

To vision profounder,
Man's spirit must dive,
His eye-rolling orb
At no goal will arrive.

In the above reflections we have anticipated the thought in these lines. "Man has forever," and man has infinity, in good, in truth, in beauty. There are no goals for "man's spirit." Let us not speak of goals, of anything but eternal movement, for man.

The heavens that now draw him
With sweetness untold,
Once found, — for new heavens
He spurneth the old.

This is only a new expression, like the four preceding lines, of "love of the best." But it tells for despair that there is no "best;" better continually, but never a "best." Let it suffice that each heaven draws us with sweetness untold. Let us rejoice that each higher heaven will disclose another still higher. 'Tis the symbol of the circle which always allows a larger circle. 'Tis the flying perfect again. Emerson, by "heaven," always means a state or condition, not a place. Pilgrim, when he reached the

Delectable Mountains, saw the Celestial City beyond, and thenceforth did not care for the Delectable Mountains. He gladly left them behind him, and saw them no more. This symbolism comes very closely into every life. The Sphinx is a picture of subjective phenomena, and has its meaning and interpretation in the common experience.

Pride ruined the angels,
Their shame them restores,
And the joy that is sweetest
Lurks in stings of remorse.

This principle, "love of the best," lies at the foundation of a true repentance, for it lifts the sinner above his sin, and according to the strength of his "love of the best" he will leave the sin behind him. To repent of a sin in a way worth anything is to outgrow it or rise above it. That certainly should give a "joy that is sweetest." A sin thus becomes a grace.

St. Augustine, well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.

This is how Longfellow says it, and in Tennyson we have the same thought in other words:

I hold it truth, with him who sings,
To one clear harp of divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

"The bruised reed he will not break." This is how love should treat a broken character — help it to heal and mend, and the bruise shall become an ornament, "as the wounded oyster mends his shell with pearl."

Have I a lover
Who is noble and free?
I would he were nobler
Than to love me.

This has always been a perplexing verse to readers of the poem. The maiden ascribes to the lover every perfection. She does not see faults or limitations. He is not what she thinks him, but no matter; to her love and worship he is that, and if a part of the glory is illusion, it passes for reality with her. He is "noble and free," free to go wherever he should choose. Why should he come to her? Any princess would be proud to receive him, but by some infirm-

ity of vision, and insensible to a "love of the best," he wanders blindly to her. While she exaggerates his virtues she sees nothing but defects in herself. So there is no parity between them. "If he scorned me," she would say, "and went to his peers, I should worship him afar, as something unattainable in a world above me. I would he were nobler than to love me. He is human; I would rather he remained divine." Why did not the poet say:

Have I a lover
Who is noble and free?
I would *she* were nobler
Than to love me?

Logically both are lovers, and so each is a lover. The reason is æsthetic. It would have violated a delicate propriety. A woman does not like to be thought "a lover," but rather as one beloved. The initial position belongs to the man. This subtle motif in psychology has embodied itself in language as a usage. But it would have been just as true the other way:

Have I a lover
Who is noble and free?
I would *she* were nobler
Than to love me.

For the lady is indebted to illusion for much of *her* glory. She is noble and beautiful, by the lover's allowance.

This thought comes out in the poem "Hermione." Elsewhere Emerson says: "The lover has lost the wildest charm of his maiden in her acceptance of him. She was heaven whilst he pursued her as a star. She cannot be heaven if she stoop to such an one as he."

Etern alternation
Now follows, now flies;
And under pain pleasure,—
Under pleasure pain lies.
Love works at the centre,
Heart heaving alway;
Forth speed the strong pulses
To the borders of day.

We have spoken of duality and contrast in human experience, as revealing each term to its opposite. We can hardly conceive consciousness to be consciousness except under the form of this differentiation or change. Amid all the conscious phenomena, it is well if we can believe that "love works at the centre." We must believe it, in conservation of our reverence for the Creator. What kind of a God have

we if this is not true? Evil is an incident, not an essence. It is not one of the cosmic elements. No chemistry has ever found an element which is evil in itself, and nothing is evil in the interaction of things which is an evil to things or to nature.

Sentient life gets hit a little hard sometimes, but not for the sake of the blow. Things are acting after their nature, and we are in the way. It is the part of wisdom and science to keep us out of the way. The sphinx is asking questions for us. The intellect is answering questions. We are learning how to adjust ourselves to the world. All the laws are friendly to those who obey them. It is for the good of all that the laws are constant and that the nature of things can be depended upon. Science is capturing the foes that harm us and making them servants. To God the world is at all times perfect. Evolution is of value only to us. The world is always done. The philosopher sees only laws. God does not know evil as we understand it. Says Brahma :

Far and forgot to me are near ;
Shadow and sunlight are the same,
The vanished gods to me appear,
And one to me are shame and fame.

Things which give pain when they touch life adversely, are yet good in proper relations to it. Fire will burn us, water will drown us, gravity will destroy us, if we do not keep on good terms with them and adjust ourselves to their unchanging natures. If we would have them for friends we must know them. The Sphinx and the Poet, the question and the answer—these are intellectual evolution ; these are our hope and our constant unfailing confederates ; these and “love of the best” give us unnumbered ameliorations, and we are now entrenched so that we can begin to defy evil.

What a spectacle do we behold every day in our streets ! Only a little while ago the thunders of Jupiter were thought but instruments for evil. The sphinx did not fear them, assailed them with questions. Science has tamed them, harnessed them, hitched them to wagons for the service of the man-child. Niagara at last yields up her tremendous power, and is turning steady wheels for the man-child. These giants have become civil and obedient. Light is impressed and is taking on extra duties, and by and by nothing will remain opaque. The old fable will be true again — the eye

of Lynceus will see through the world. In the song of an old poet, Satan was seen falling from heaven. Satan is always falling from heaven. This is a name for eternal progress, lifting "better up to best." The Sphinx sees the real — things that are. The Poet the ideal — things that are not, but shall be. "Love of the best" is the open door through which the Over-soul enters the private soul, and gives ethereal tides to roll and circulate through us. The Poet now says :

Dull Sphinx, Jove keep thy five wits,
Thy sight is growing blear;
Rue, myrrh, and cummin for the Sphinx,
Her muddy eyes to clear!

The old Sphinx bit her thick lip, —
Said, "Who taught thee me to name?
I am thy spirit, yoke-fellow,
Of thine eye I am eye-beam."

The Poet has answered the Sphinx, and now laughs at the Sphinx as "dull." But the Sphinx and the Poet are one. "The Sphinx must solve her own riddle." The mind that asks the question must answer it, and not defer to objective revelations. The Sphinx and the Poet are personifications for one and the same "spirit." The Sphinx is the function which asks questions. The Poet is the function which answers. So the Sphinx says :

I am thy spirit, yoke-fellow,
Of thine eye I am eye-beam.

The ultimate reality under Sphinx and Poet is "the same."
Now the Sphinx says to the Poet :

Thou art the unanswered question,
Could'st see thy proper eye.

What is the *proper* eye? We know that the physical eye is only an instrument for seeing. It is the soul that sees. The soul is the "unanswered question" — the Sphinx of all the Sphinxes. The soul is the proper eye.

Alway it asketh, asketh;
And each answer is a lie.

We never see all there is in a truth, or a question.

Ten thousand years of psychology have not told us what the soul is. We do not know that it *is* at all. It is a substratum we postulate for what we classify as mental phenomena. But the Sphinx still holds her position, "Alway it asketh, asketh: and each answer is a lie;" and the "proper

eye" is an "unanswered question." The Sphinx says to soul, as the "proper eye:"

So take thy quest through nature,
It through thousand natures ply,
Ask on, thou clothed eternity,
Time is the false reply.

"Clothed eternity" is a good name for the soul, and is worthy of the great poem and of Emerson. Where did he get it? When introduced to Emerson, forty years ago, as a young man who read his books, he said, with his inimitable sweetness and modesty: "I am a great borrower. I read all sorts of books and take what belongs to me." He knew how to find in books what belonged to him. At or before the time when this poem was written, "Sartor Resartus" was a great book, and the prominent idea in "Sartor Resartus" was "clothes." Carlyle, in that book, taught us to look at all spiritual things as dressed in some kind of vestments. The body was clothes for the soul. Institutions were clothes. Browning, in "Ixion," says:

Flesh or essence, whatsoever the medium,
Clothing the entity—Thou.

Eternity is but a concept. Eternity, as such, can never touch the soul. It is not a factor in the unnumbered phenomena which make up human experience. This is true of infinity whenever the predicate is applied. The finite is all we have to deal with. Time limited or definite is the correlate of events, and question and answer are only events. Time, in this way, would be metonymy for events, and could never "answer" eternity. "Alway it asketh, asketh," but neither question nor answer could form a series or a whole, for a series or a whole must have limits. The infinite is out of arithmetic, transcends it. It cannot be a term in any equation. Time, set over against eternity, is a false answer. Arithmetical, mathematical nomenclatures, fail; even language fails us. We cannot properly say *the* infinite, because *the* defines.

Uprose the merry Sphinx,
And crouched no more in stone,
She melted into purple cloud,
She silvered in the moon,
She spired into a yellow flame,
She flowered in blossoms red,
She flowed into a foaming wave,
She stood Monadnock's head.

The sphinx is in all the objects enumerated in this verse. We cannot answer the questions they ask us. They are all mysteries. Sensation itself is a mystery. Science sees only motion, but how motion translates itself into consciousness, we cannot tell. The above list does not give, in full, the residence of the sphinx. Her residence is eternity. The sphinx is everywhere.

Through a thousand voices
Spoke the universal dame:
Who telleth one of my meanings
Is master of all I am.

But *who* telleth one of "my meanings"? Let another poet answer. Tennyson says:

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies: —
Hold you here, root and all in my hand,
Little flower — but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

The sphinx underlies intellectual evolution. "Love of the best" is the great dominating power in moral and æsthetic evolution. The "Flying Perfect" is the enchantment which leads us on and up. Emerson could have said to Browning: "There is no 'perfect round' in heaven or in the heaven of heavens." Life is a circle with a broken periphery. The awful content flows out and away, in glory away, "and no archangel's wing is strong enough to follow it and report a return of the curve."

THE TELEGRAPH MONOPOLY.

BY PROF. FRANK PARSONS.

XII.

§ 7. *The advantages of the proposed plan are many and important.*

1. *Economy.* The construction and maintenance of the lines could be placed in charge of the engineer corps of the army.¹ We educate at West Point a splendid body of men, full of public spirit, possessed of the latest scientific knowledge, and quite free from the taint of commercialism. They would do the work excellently, and save the government the immense sums that telegraph builders ask for their supervision and profit. The rank and file of the army might also supply a part of the ordinary labor required for construction and maintenance. Such labor would cost the government practically nothing, since it has to pay the army anyway. Our army has built and maintained many telegraph lines, and Uncle Sam might as well keep the boys busy, — better for him, better for them.

Superintendence of the office work could be confided to the postal officers, with very little addition to the force; and the routine labor in many offices could be performed by the present employees. It is said that in three-fourths of the post offices no additional attendant would be needed.² In England the regular postal staff does the telegraphing in all the small offices, and in the provincial service about one-half the telegraphists are simply the postal clerks. England has still many small post offices not yet supplied with the telegraph; if they were, the number of postal-clerk telegraphists would amount to about three-fourths of the total telegraphic staff.³

¹ Senator Edmunds' Idea, Sen. Rep. 577, Part II, p. 6. If the government starts with a few trunk lines between the principal cities, the private telegraph will soon be offered for sale at any price obtainable; the government could then buy the old lines at their actual value for the purposes of the new system, and then a law declaring the Postal control of the telegraph to be exclusive would put the matter in proper shape.

² Wanamaker's Arg., p. 198.

³ 41st Rep. Eng. P. M. Gen'l, 1895, pp. 3, 6, 7, 8, 27. Early in the history of the English postal telegraph it was found that the entire cost of 2,700 offices where the post-

In Belgium, where the telegraph department manages the whole telephone service as well as the telegraph proper, nearly one-half the total staff consists of the regular employees of the post office and other public departments.⁴

A further saving of large amount would be made in rentals and the cost of light and heat. The Western Union says its rents amount to \$585,000, about 1 cent a message on the total business.⁵ Union with the post office will for the most part provide the people's telegraph with room, light, and heat without additional expense.⁶ The stamp system and uniform rates would effect an economy in bookkeeping, and in the time of the public also. And the half million a year paid by the government for telegraphic service would pay for much more and better service under the postal system.⁷ Combination of the telegraph and the post office is an example of the same sort of economy that helps so largely to make the fortunes of the trusts.⁸

The government would not have to pay dividends on watered stock, which according to Mr. Hubbard amounts to 8 cents on a message, or nearly the entire price of a message

masters provided the service was only one-fourth as much as the cost of the 600 offices in which the department employed a separate telegraphic staff. P. M. Gen'l Creswell's Rep., 1872, p. 33.

⁴Rapport présenté aux Chambres Législatives par M. Le Ministre des Chemins de fer, Postes, Télégraphes, Téléphones, et Marine. Partie C, p. 6. Bruxelles, 1895.

⁵Bing. Hearings, p. 60.

⁶Wanamaker's Arg., pp. 73, 165; Postmaster-General Howe, Rep. of November, 1882, H. Rep. 114, pp. 44, 50, 52, in which last the committee estimated the yearly saving in salaries, light, fuel, and rent by union with the post office at \$1,500,000, at the very lowest calculation, on a business of 33 million messages, with 4,300 offices; with a business of 200 million messages and 40,000 offices (as the situation would soon stand if Uncle Sam were at the helm, with the automatic, etc., as proposed) the absolute saving by union with the post office would not be less than 15 millions a year on the telegraph alone, to say nothing of the telephone.

⁷I. T. U. Hearings, pp. 29, 30.

⁸Speaking of the former competition with the B. & O. Company, Dr. Green said to the Bingham Committee, p. 65: "Competition is an expensive luxury. It involves largely increased expenses. For instance, we had to pay high prices to get into the exchanges with that sharp competition. We had to pay a high rental in every hotel, which, without such competition, would have been only too glad to have a telegraph office there for nothing. So it cuts both ways," diminishing receipts and increasing expenses.

Mr. Hubbard, who puts many things clearly and well, states this matter of the union of services as follows: "Now here are two great pieces of machinery going on, both for the same purpose, the transmission of intelligence. If these two are united you must necessarily make a great reduction in the expenses of the telegraph system. You have the same offices, and by having the same offices that you now have, you greatly increase the facilities of business. The present telegraph system is a

in several countries of Europe.⁹ There would be no dividends even on the real investment, nor interest either, unless the government should be so foolish as to borrow, and even then it could borrow at much lower interest than a private telegraph company would be able to. There would be no

railroad system not a postal system. Its offices all through the country are at railroad stations, generally speaking a little outside the limits of the smaller cities and towns, not easily reached by the people, whereas a post office is at the spot where it will accommodate the greatest number of people.

"Now, it may be safely said that any business will increase in proportion to the facilities that are afforded to the business. The greater the facilities, the greater the business. The lower the rates, also, the greater the business. By the use of the same offices, and many of the same men, and finally by the use of the stamp system, a very great expense will be saved to the country. Formerly every letter that was sent through the post office had a waybill attached to it showing where it came from, where it was bound to, and what the charges upon that letter were. The consequence was that each letter cost a great deal to the Department. Now a letter is dropped in, and no account is taken of it.

"Now every telegram passes through from ten to fifteen different hands. Copies of it are made at the receiving and the delivery stations. And this very necessity of payment of moneys, of accounting and checking and comparing the whole, is a very large expense to the telegraph department, which will be saved by the union of the two services." I. T. U. Hearings, 1894, pp. 17, 18.

⁹ Quoted in Wanamaker's Argument, p. 223. President Green admitted to the Blair Committee that the material property of the Western Union was not worth the stock (80 millions then), but said the company was worth that because of its franchises, patents, good will, and *earning capacity*. (Blair Rep., vol. 1, p. 878.) Being questioned about patents he said that one-half the original capital of the companies went for patents; that one-half of the \$41,000,000 of capitalization in 1866 represented patents all of which had since expired. Here are the committee's questions and President Green's answers verbatim:

Q. "In 1866, when the capital stock of the Western Union became \$41,000,000, would it be fair to say that at that time one-half of that amount represented the patents, and the other half the cash expenditure in the construction of the lines?"

A. "Well, in all the original capitalization of the companies one-half the capital was given for the patents; yes, sir, I will answer that question affirmatively; it would be fair to say that one-half the amount represented the patents, because of all the increase of stock that had been made by the Western Union, the patentees got their share as well as anybody else, and up to that time Professor Morse and Mr. Kendall had held on to all their stock received for patents."

Q. "May it be that the other \$21,500,000, or whatever the exact amount was, represented more than the actual cash expenditure in the construction of those various lines?"

A. "I think it did, sir."

Q. "Would \$10,000,000 have repaid the actual cash expenditure by telegraph companies in the construction of the various lines that existed in the country at that time, 1866?"

A. "I think it likely it would."

Q. "Since that time all those patents which were in existence in 1866, and prior to that time, have expired, have they not?"

A. "Yes, sir, all the patents which were in existence in 1866, of every sort, have expired."

Even our street-car companies write off the value of horses that have departed this life, but the Western Union is of a peaceful disposition and does not like to disturb its capitalization because of the death of its patents.

rents to pay for leased lines, and no money paid by the people to cover the cost of free telegraphing by rich and influential favorites of the companies.

Costs of litigation,¹⁰ counsel fees, lobby expenses, and big salaries would be saved. One of the attorneys for the Bell Telephone Company, I happen to know about, gets \$30 per day for being in his office four hours a day ready for telephone consultation if his services should be needed. The rest of the day is his own, and his telephone salary is not the end of his income by a good deal. He is an estimable man, but he has no right to \$10,000 a year for potential service, while honest, hard-working, skilful mechanics are getting only \$600 to \$1,200 for a solid year's labor. And yet this \$10,000 salary is but a trifle in the official lists of the great telegraph and telephone monopolies. All this overpayment would cease with National Ownership.

Besides all this there would be the economies resulting from the substitution of cheaper and better methods of telegraphy and from the vast increase of business sure to follow the introduction of low rates. The Government would aim to work on a tariff just enough above actual cost to supply a reasonable fund for extensions and improvements, without the necessity of asking Congress for an appropriation every year or two, a necessity which has greatly retarded the development of our postal system and constitutes a serious defect in any public service. Whatever profits were realized would go not to Wall Street's millionaires, but to the people, in the shape either of an improved service or of cash turned into the treasury.

Finally, there would be no building of useless lines nor wastes of competitive telegraphy; the money abstracted from the people by the discriminative use of the telegraph for speculative purposes would remain in their pockets, and the cheapening of communication would bring the whole people closer together, give them a better understanding of the markets, aid their foresight, and steady, develop, and economize the business transactions of the continent.

In view of all these potent elements of economy, the statement of Senator Blair of New Hampshire that National Ownership of the telegraph and the telephone would be

¹⁰ President Green told the Bingham Committee, 1890, p. 65, that the Western Union "paid last year for damage claims \$58,570, and for legal expenses, chiefly to defend the damage claims, \$108,338."

worth \$100,000,000 a year to the people of the United States¹¹ does not seem so unreasonable as it would to one who had not thought out the far-reaching consequences of the change.

Prof. Morse offered to sell his invention to the Government for \$100,000.¹² If Congress had only had the wisdom to buy it and establish a National System from the start, what a vast saving would have resulted in respect to investment and rates, stations and fixtures, costly investigations, frauds, hindrance of business, and loss of progress through high rates and absence of proper facilities, etc.,—hundreds of millions of dollars lost to the people for lack of expending a few thousands on a public telegraph half a century ago.

2. *Low Rates.* With the proposed National System, it would be possible to establish very low uniform rates. The preceding discussion discloses the fact that in dealing with ordinary messages 1 cent per word, with a minimum charge of 10 cents, would yield a considerable profit; 10 cents for 20 words, and 2 words for 1 cent after the first twenty, would pay for the transmission of a message by telegraph from any point to any point in the system.¹³ For special delivery by messenger outside the free-delivery system, 5 cents per message; the Western Union says 2 cents, but it pays very poorly for the labor involved. If the street railways were municipalized and ordered to carry postmen and telegraph messengers free, a very cheap and swift delivery could be organized. For transmitting a despatch from the receiving station to the addressee by telephone, 5 cents a message; the same for receiving a message by telephone and giving it to the telegraph. For a letter to go by mail *via* the nearest automatic trunk line, 2 cents postage (or 1 cent when letter postage is put by Congress where it belongs) *plus* a 10-cent telegraph rate for each 100 words;

¹¹ Senator Blair to the Henderson Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, May 4, 1894. The Senator said the telephone was even more important than the telegraph, and that the question of National Ownership of these means of communication was the "greatest matter before Congress except the tariff." He said there should be a telephone connected with every post office on a 5 or 10 cent charge.

¹² H. Rep. 32, 40-3, p. 5.

¹³ Italy has introduced the automatic with such effect in cheapening the transmission of intelligence by telegraph that the Government contemplates the reduction of the rate to 5 cents per telegram. (Journal of Franklin Institute, vol. clx, 1895, p. 476.) This is merely one more fact in confirmation of the overwhelming evidence already given. See note 9 in last month's article, ARENA, January, 1897, pp. 200-205.

half rates if the perforating is done by the sender and the message is to be given to the addressee as recorded by the receiving machine without copying. Half rates in such case would lead to a great economy of industrial force by stimulating business men to do their own perforating and to learn to read the Morse alphabet, a very easy art that ought to be taught in the public schools, and will be when the new system makes the telegraph the people's business. For transmitting by telegraph from the receiving terminal of the automatic trunk line to the addressee's town, half the ordinary telegraph rates.¹⁴ For special messenger or telephone delivery of such a telegraph letter, 2 cents per hundred words, with a minimum charge of 5 cents. After the system had been thoroughly organized it might be best to make a uniform 5-cent rate on a 10-word message at the Government's option in respect to time and method of sending, and a 10-cent rate for short messages to be sent at once by the swiftest means, automatic telegraph and telephone communication being used wherever available to quicken the transport.

Local telephone charges ought not to be more than \$10 to \$20 a year; interurban telephone more, in proportion to the number and distance of the towns wired together. For local telephone conversations, transient custom, 5 cents for 5 minutes and 1 cent a minute afterward; for long-distance conversations perhaps three to five times as much. For the use of the telautograph, maybe two and a half times the ordinary rates, or 25 cents for twenty words, would be right. We have nothing like the data on which to base a judgment in respect to the telautograph and the long-distance telephone that we have in the case of the telegraph and the telephone local, but we think the prices named by way of suggestion are sufficiently high.

The reader who has in mind what has been said in previous parts of this discussion about the rates that have proved successful in Europe, the 10-cent rate made by the Western Union in some cases, the tariff accepted by New York capitalists during the Wanamaker investigation as the basis of large investments in a private plant with all the disadvan-

¹⁴ The charge for transmission all the way by telegraph *via* the automatic trunk lines would be 35 cents per 100 words. In the composite system of England, the British post office estimates the cost of long messages, averaging 120 words each, to be 31¼ cents per 100 words. (41st Rep. P. M. G., 1896, pp. 10, 37.) The system we have outlined would have a considerably greater efficiency than the one in use in England.

tages of tremendous competition, the profit-sharing account of the Chicago and Milwaukee Company, disclosing an actual total cost per message of about 2½ cents, the evidence set forth of the astonishing cheapness of transmission with the perfected automatic (less than 4 cents per 100 words on a 1,000-mile circuit), the economies by union with the post office, the diminishing cost per message as the volume of business swells by reason of lowered rates, etc., will have no doubt that the telegraph rates above specified are quite high enough, and that the universal use of the automatic would render possible a very much lower tariff than the one here suggested. Better methods and the vast increase of business sure to follow low rates would make a uniform rate of 5 cents per minimum message, as above suggested, an easy possibility at no distant day after the telegraph became a postal function.¹³

3. *A Simple Uniform Tariff* will be a benefit in itself, not merely by reason of its economic value, but also because every influence tending to equalize the advantages of city and

¹³ The ordinary rate proposed is about one-fourth and upward of Western Union charges, say 30 or 31 cents average per W. U. message (of an average length of 17 words, according to Pres. Green) — over 8 cents profit by their confession; 7 cents more is said, by those well qualified to judge, to be really profit in the shape of interest on leased lines, construction expenses, and other sums improperly placed in the operation account (Gardiner G. Hubbard, Sen. Rep. 577, Part II, p. 60). This leaves 16 cents actual present cost per message, or not above 18 cents including interest and all fixed charges. Doubling the business would reduce the cost per message to about 12 cents (Sen. Rep. 577, Part II, pp. 52, 60; Sen. Mis. 79, 42-3, p. 13, calculating the effect of increased business on the unit cost from the Western Union's own figures in respect to its own experience and that of Europe) — 12 cents with the present inferior methods. Combination with the post office and use of the automatic will easily bring the cost far below the 10-cent mark, and the increase of business will not stop with the doubling of present traffic by any means.

Without reference to automatic telegraphy, Mr. Bell told the Henderson Committee in 1864 that in his opinion "the rates could be reduced, under Government ownership, fully 2/3, and yet be self-sustaining;" and Mr. Loud, a most pertinacious opponent of the postal telegraph and defender of the existing order, said, "I do not doubt that at all." (I. T. U. Hearings, pp. 12-13.) Conservative authorities even affirm that the postal telegraph could carry at rates 5/6 less than the present tariff. (Wanamaker's Arg. p. 9, citing with approval the statement of a conservative financial journal of New York.) The Hill Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads reported in 1884 that under a postal telegraph "in many cases the reduction would be to 1/10 of the Western Union charges." (Sen. Rep. 577, 48-1, p. 15.) The Chicago and Milwaukee Independent profit-sharers paid back 40% on 5 cents a message, and still made 14 % on their investment, indicating a cost not over 2½ cents a message, while the Western Union had been charging 20 cents a message. (Bing. Thurber, p. 25; Wan. Arg., pp. 63, 69.) John Wanamaker, Victor Rosewater, Judge Clark, and others, who have given much study to the question, are of opinion that a uniform rate of 10 cents or even less would make the service self-supporting. (ARENA, February, 1896, p. 410; Wan. Arg. 63; Bing. Rosewater, 4; ARENA, vol. 5, p. 466; Sen. Doc. 205, 54-1, p. 50.) In Italy the Government is proposing to reduce its telegraphic rates to 5 cents per message. (See note 13; Journal Franklin Institute, vol. cxi, p. 476, and December

country helps to counteract the overgrowth of cities and the undue congestion of population. Uniform rates wherever practicable are the just rates, for distance is not a fault, and no penalty should be attached to it. It is for the welfare of all that the country should be peopled as well as the city, and the cost entailed by distance should be equally borne by all so far as its distribution is practicable. Uniform rates, moreover, assist in educating the people in the value of simplicity and equality — ideas that are destined to play an important part in the new order of things that is evolving out of the chaos in which we dwell to-day.

4. *Increased Facilities.* The extension of lines, improvement of methods, union of telegraph, telephone, and post office, etc., under the plan proposed would multiply the facilities of rapid communication many fold. The single expedient of constituting all post offices and post boxes places of deposit for postal telegrams would quadruple the avenues of approach to the telegraph at the very start.

5. *Growth of Communication.* Low rates and large facilities naturally lead to fuller use. It has been so with our postal service.¹⁶ We have seen that it was so with the telegraph in Europe, and it will be so here.¹⁷ A large

ARENA, 1895, p. 57.) Judge Clark, of the Supreme Bench of North Carolina, says that experts in this country estimate that the enormous increase of business likely to result from very low rates would justify a 5-cent rate with the postal telegraph. (Sen. Doc. 205, 54-1, p. 50.)

¹⁶ On page 10 of his *Argument on the Limited Post and Telegraph* Mr. Wanamaker says that the reduction of letter postage from 3 to 2 cents, and the introduction of penny correspondence in the shape of postal cards, were followed by enormous developments of postal business in spite of depression and panic in the commercial world.

In 1838-9 the English letter rates were:

2d.	under 8 miles
4d.	" 15
5d.	" 20
8d.	" 80
9d.	" 120
14d.	" 500

and 1d. for each additional 100 miles.

Foreign postage averaged 46½ cts. on each letter.

Jan. 10, 1840, a uniform penny rate was established. The number of chargeable letters posted in England under the old rates was estimated by the Parliamentary Committee at 77,500,000, while the number posted under the penny rate was estimated at 204,334,076. (Rep. of U. S. P. M. Gen'l, Dec. 2, 1843, p. 698 of the President's Message, 1843.)

¹⁷ See Part I, ARENA, January, 1896, note 6, pp. 256-7, and authorities there cited. Lowering the rates one-half doubles the business. See also Sen. Mis. 79, 42-3, p. 13; I. T. U. Hearings 18, 24, 50; Wan. Arg. 9, 10, 64, 223. "Make the telegraph the letter post and the increase will be thirtyfold, with the income fourfold greater than at

increase is specially to be expected in communications of a social nature and in those pertaining to legitimate business; ¹⁸ and such correspondence is so vitally related to the progress of a nation that its volume is found to constitute a valuable test of the life, energy, civilization, and progressive movement of the people. To appreciate the force of this statement one needs but to note how closely the use of the mail accords with the varying degrees of civilization in different parts of the world.¹⁹

POSTAL SERVICE PER CAPITA.

	Average yearly number of letters and post cards mailed by each inhabitant.	Average yearly number of pieces of all sorts mailed by each inhabitant.	Total number of pieces handled by the post office per inhabitant per year.
Congo.....	.0016	.0025	.0047
Turkey.....	.3	.5	.6
Egypt.....	1.4	2.5	2.9
Russia.....	1.7	2.7	2.9
Spain.....	4.6	8.4	9.6
Great Britain.....	53.	74.8	76.7
Germany.....	30.	42.	45.
France.....	20.	43.	45.
Belgium.....	20.	52.	56.
Switzerland.....	34.	49.	60.
Venezuela.....			2.
Mexico.....	1.2	4.—	4.
United States.....	43.	76.	77.5
New Zealand.....	38.	60.5	69.4
New South Wales.....	50.	92.	100.
Western Australia.....			285.
Philadelphia, U. S.....	314.	439.	561.
	Taking large areas we have:		
Asia.....			.81
Africa.....			1.50
South America.....	5.	7.	8.
Southern Europe (Spain, Portugal, Rou- mania, Bulgaria, Servia, Turkey, etc., except Italy, which stands at 16 per cap. total)	3.33	6.+	7.—
Northwestern Europe (France, England, Ger- many, Switzerland, Aus- tria, Norway, Sweden, Belgium, Denmark, Hol- land)	32.	56.	58.

present even with a rate $\frac{5}{8}$ less than the present." Wan. Arg. 9, quoting with approval the words of a "conservative financial journal of New York."

¹⁸ See Part I, note 6, and other authorities cited in the last note. In Europe two-thirds of the telegrams are on social matters; in this country only 8% or less are social. Ours is a business and railroad system, while those abroad are postal systems. (Wan. Arg. p. 223.) "When the Belgians reduced their prices for the transmission of postal telegrams to 10 cents the number of business messages promptly increased over 200 per cent, and the number of social messages increased 1,000 per cent." (Wanamaker's words, p. 10 of his Argument, 1890.)

¹⁹ So far as possible the figures for each country have been taken directly from

In Congo it takes a thousand people to write one letter and read one newspaper per annum, — 365,000 people to write one letter and read one paper per day. Philadelphia writes an average of two letters a day for every grown person, and reads two newspapers or more. In Russia each family of five receives about a dozen pieces of mail per year; in New South Wales a family of five receives about five hundred pieces a year.

It is easy to believe that Turkey is brutal when we know that she has less than half a letter and about a quarter of a newspaper a year for each inhabitant, or about one letter and one paper for each grown man in the country. It is not

reports issued by its government. Where this was not possible we have used the postal statistics published by the International Bureau at Bern, Mulhall's Dictionary of Statistics, the Statesman's Year Book, Australian Handbook, the various encyclopedias, etc., such secondary evidence being checked by comparing the authorities. The first two sources of information are those chiefly used. It is probable that none of the figures are exactly correct. The complexity of the subject, the different methods of tabulating postal business in different countries, the neglect of the International Bureau to estimate populations each year anew, etc., tend to deprive the figures of precision. Nevertheless they are sufficiently accurate for the present purpose. The tremendous contrasts shown in the table are not affected in any appreciable degree by the small coefficient of error attached to each specific calculation.

In countries showing considerable variation from year to year, up one year, down the next, the aim has been to adopt a conclusion representing the general trend of postal traffic for the last few years, instead of accepting the specific figure for any one year. In this way a temporary depression of business in any nation is prevented from unduly affecting its relative standing. Where the figures for 1894 and 1895 agree with the results indicated by the general trend of business, as is usually the case, they have been adopted without modification. The data for large areas like Southern Europe, Northwestern Europe, etc., were obtained by adding the pieces mailed in each nation of the area and the pieces received from outside the area, as nearly as they could be estimated from the statistics of the international service, and dividing the sum by the total population of the area.

The number of pieces carried, transmitted, or "handled" is equal to the number mailed in the country plus the number received from abroad. For example, the number "handled" in Philadelphia (674,000,000 pieces) consists of the number mailed in the city (529,000,000 pieces) plus the number received from outside for delivery in the city (145,000,000). It must be remembered that the number of pieces handled by the postal system of a given area is not equal to the sum of the numbers handled by the post offices of the cities, districts, or nations composing the area. Suppose the post of A handles 1,000 pieces a day, 200 of which come from B, and the post of B handles 1,000 pieces, of which 210 come from A, then the united postal system of A and B does not handle 2,000 pieces a day, but only 1,590. In other words, the pieces mailed in one part of an area, for delivery in another part of the same area, are counted as handled at the place of mailing and again at the place of delivery when the business of each of the two places is considered by itself, but when we are dealing with the postal system embracing both places a piece mailed in one and delivered in the other counts only once. For this reason it is fairer, in comparing a large area with a small one, to use the numbers "mailed" rather than the numbers "handled."

difficult to understand Spain's cruelty to Cuba when we know she has but 5 letters and 4 papers, books, packages, etc., per head per year, or 50 pieces a year for each family. The United States has 43 letters and 33 papers, etc., per head, or about 400 pieces a year for each family. And the people of Philadelphia send 2,200 pieces per family through the mails, and receive from outside the city 610 pieces to be delivered to each family in the city, making a total of 2,810 pieces received and sent per family. Compare Philadelphia with Turkey, England with Spain, Northwestern Europe with Southern Europe, Africa, and Asia, and the conclusion will be forced upon you that there is a vital relation between civilization and intercommunication, and intercommunication depends largely on facilities in the shape of low rates and abundant means of rapid transport and delivery.

Facilities for the growth of correspondence mean facilities for the growth of civilization.

6. *Education* of an invaluable sort will follow the change proposed, — the education of simple method and equal treatment already spoken of, the education, intellectual and emotional, that accompanies an increase of social intercourse, and the education that is incident to dealing with large affairs. It educates a man to increase his responsibility and bring into fuller play his faculties of management, oversight, and performance by intrusting important business to his care; and a nation may be educated in the same way.

7. *Better service* will result. It will no longer be possible to put a message in the office and then get on a train and beat the lightning on a faultless wire. The automatic will greatly increase the accuracy of transmission. And the telephone linked to the post office and the telegraph will bring the world to each office and home. The Signal Service will be better cared for.²⁰ Fine facilities for sending money by telegraph will be afforded the people. Instead of little boys and young men and women whose wages are so low that they only take the employment as a makeshift till they can work into something better, there will be a permanent and skilful staff, not exhausted by over-hours nor restless with discontent. Service will be *the purpose* of the management.

²⁰ One of Hannibal Hamlin's reasons for advocating a postal telegraph was "for the sake of the Signal Service, which the Western Union does not properly serve." Cong. Globe, 42-2, p. 3554.

Mr. Hubbard says :

The post office and the telegraph are both for the same purpose. Now, which renders the best service to the public, the post office or the telegraph? I think we shall all agree that it is the post office. It must be so, because it is conducted for the benefit of the public and not primarily for the benefit of stockholders.²¹

8. *Progressive Administration.* It will not be the policy of a National management to suppress or hold back inventions even if they do require a considerable new investment. Neither will the administration endeavor to depress wages and degrade labor. Telegraph wires will not be woven into a network of nuisances over our streets. Slender poles will not be loaded with twenty or thirty wires, to fall with every serious storm and disable the service. Progress will be the aim. Progress and dividends sometimes go together, and then a private company will move with eagerness; but progress and dividends are often opposed, as in the case of extending the lines into outlying districts, and then private enterprise sits back on its haunches as stubborn as a mule. The test of progress is not the size of the surplus above expenses, but the increase of beneficial use, the development of utility to the public. The postal telegraph across the sea has far outstripped our private system in this respect, as we have seen in former papers. The administration of the post office has ever shown a most progressive spirit. Look at the history of our own department: mounted messengers, stagecoaches, railway trains, steamboats, electric cars, and pneumatic tubes have been adopted one after the other to quicken the carriage of the mails; letter boxes in the offices, on the streets, in the houses, free delivery and collection, money-order system, registry system, special delivery, etc.; postal cards, stamped envelopes, stamped wrappers; exclusion of lottery tickets and demoralizing literature; ocean post offices, international mails, reduction of the rates of postage in the last fifty years from 25 cents and \$1 to 2 cents and 1 cent, and development of service from 1½ letters *per capita* to over 40 *per capita*, marked improvement in the condition of employees, a large advance in civil-service reform, a merit system of promotions from the lower grades up through the railway post offices to the highest places in post offices and in the Department, — all firmly established, and our Postmasters-General constantly pushing new im-

²¹ I. T. U. Hearings, 1894, p. 17.

provements, extension of the free delivery and the parcel post, adoption of 1-cent letter postage, the district system, with civil service for all postmasters as well as clerks, pensions and insurance for cases of sickness, old age, and death of employees, a better method of dealing with second-class matter, abolition of the contract plan wherever possible, establishment of postal savings banks, postal telegraph and telephone, etc.²² All these advances have been made across the sea, and would have been here had the matter rested solely with the postal administration; but as Congress has to be consulted, and so many members of that august body are too much engrossed with party politics and private business to acquaint themselves with the needs of the post office, or bestow the proper interest and enthusiasm upon it, the postal administration is sometimes compelled to spend considerable time and argument and reiteration in order to impress a new idea upon Congress with sufficient force to obtain an appropriation or other requisite enactment. It is only a question of time, however, in any case; the progressive spirit of the Department is sure to conquer the inertia of Congress in the end. If the Postmaster-General had a reasonable fund at his disposal every year for extensions and improvements, as he ought to have (and might have if second-class matter were carried at rates that would yield a small margin of profit), he would be able to inaugurate many valuable reforms without the delay occasioned by a voyage across the stormy sea of politics and private business interests. A private corporation can use with promptness whatever means and opportunities of advancement it possesses, but its means are limited and its desire is still more so, wherefore the most important advances accomplished and prospected by the post office would *never* be achieved by a private company. The means and opportunities of National enterprise are practically unlimited, and the desire of the postal management for progress has no relation to dividends, and is boundless as the opportunities of serving the public weal, wherefore advancement is sure to follow, though delays may now and then be occasioned until the people see that a greater number of really public-spirited men are elected to the National Legislature.

²² See the reports of Wanamaker, 1892, Bissell, 1894, Wilson, 1895, etc., where all the measures mentioned above are strongly advocated.

9. *A Postal Telegraph will be a step toward bringing our institutions into more perfect harmony with the sentiment of the people. See Part I (ARENA, January, 1896) for the evidence of the overwhelming sentiment in favor of a national telegraph system. It is in the line of progress away from aristocracy, part of the great movement toward democracy.*

(*To be continued.*)

GIOSUE CARDUCCI.

BY MARY SIFTON PEPPER.

For the past quarter of a century there has been in Italy a Bolognese professor who has been called by his critics a "pagan of the nineteenth century," and by his friends "the uncrowned laureate."

Since 1868, when in his famous "Hymn to Satan" he constituted himself the standard-bearer of his countrymen in their revolt against all the established dogmas of religion and politics, Giosue Carducci has been engaged in an anxious search for a good whose nature he has not yet succeeded in defining; in sighing for brows bound with cypress, and for the eternal arts, pacified gods, and the pure bosoms of Lydia and Lalage. In his longing for these and for the happiness of substituting something for the cold materialism of the present, he turned to the classic poets and there found his ideals of greatness — those shadowy ideals which pervade the atmosphere of a pagan world. Weighing his countrymen in these classic scales he found them wanting, and in a time when the plains were still smoking with the blood of thousands of patriots who died to make Italy, he cried :

My country is base!

When Young Italy applauded, he doubled the dose, exclaiming :

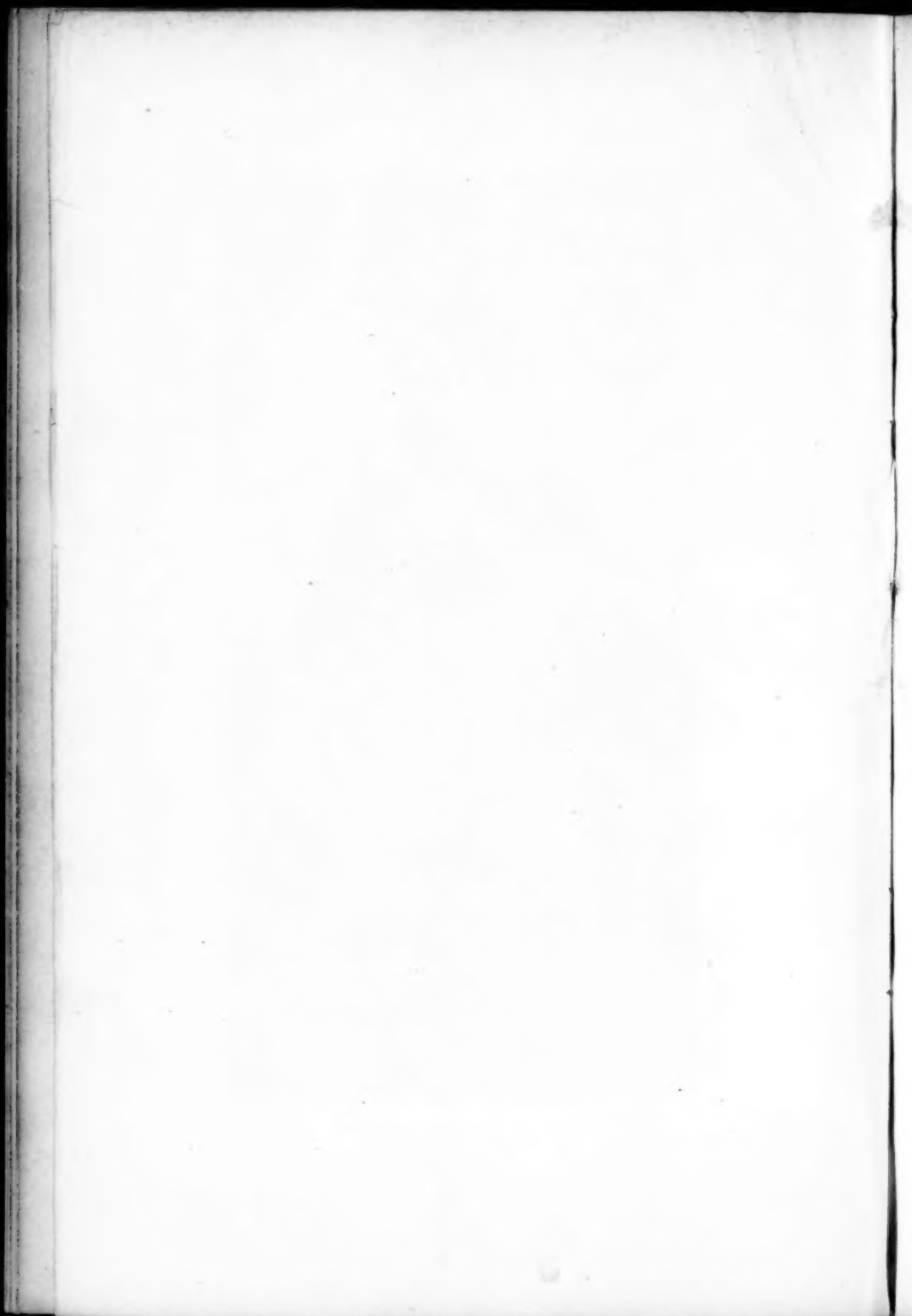
O nation of Italy, slothful old Titan,
I call thee coward to thy face, and
thou callest "Bravo!"

Such is his relation to his country at present, always relegating to the people the role of cowards and offenders, and to himself that of the righteous judge.

In the quality of his literary work he is regarded as the most plastically vigorous writer in Italian literature. To restore to poetry the nerve which had gone "wandering off into harmonious follies," he resorted to the ancient forms, reviving in his "Barbarian Odes," so much discussed and so poorly imitated, the metres of Horace, an attempt which had already been made in the past with less success. He is also strong and elegant as a prose writer, and is a profound stu-



GIOSUE CARDUCCI.



dent of æsthetics, as is shown in his studies of Dante, Petrarch, and the *Trovatori*. He has so completely shut himself in among the poets of the classic world, that not only the form, but the language of many of his finest verses is Latin.

Carducci's love of nature is shown in all his poems, but nowhere is it more beautifully set forth than in the poem entitled "*Outside the Certosa*":

The dead are saying, Happy are ye who walk upon the hillsides
flooded with the warm rays of the golden sun.
For you, murmur the cool waters o'er the verdant slopes;
for you, sing the birds to the verdure, the leaves to the wind.

The principal events in the life of Carducci are soon told. He is said to have learned Latin and patriotism from his father, one of the celebrated *Carbonari*, or Freemasons, and religion, in Florence, at one of the schools of the *Scolopi*, or Pious Friars. The paternal maxims, however, seemed to have had a more lasting influence on his life than those of the Friars. At an early age he wrote verses in which may be seen the classic tendency of his mind, and evidences of the severe religious training from which he broke away immediately on attaining manhood. At twenty he published some prose works and founded a periodical called *Il Poliziano*. At twenty-one he became Professor of Belles Lettres in the University of Bologna, which position he has held up to the present time.

The first production of his pen which attracted the notice of the public was a patriotic song published in 1861, entitled "*The White Cross of Savoy*," and signed "*Enotrio Romano*." These verses were seized upon by young patriots as a battle cry, and they ultimately resulted in the adoption of the white cross as a national emblem. They ran thus:

God save thee, O dear emblem,
Our love and our joy,
White Cross of Savoy,
God save thee, and save the king.

This was also Carducci's last appearance in print as the advocate of that sentimental patriotism which worships the ideal of liberty rather than liberty itself. He retired within himself, and nothing was seen of "*Enotrio Romano*" except an occasional protest against the "nothingness and vanity under which the country is laboring," until 1865. Later on he congratulated himself upon having just escaped becoming

"the poet laureate of public opinion." "If a republic had been established," he said, "I should have been chosen to compose the war songs with the customary grand words — the lines all in order, arms outstretched in command, handsome regalia, and well curled mustaches — pleased amid all this talk of the new life to hide myself away among the cowed shadows of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries."

It was at this time of the revolt from the "new life" that the hymn which had been dedicated to "Phœbus Apollo" was changed into the "Hymn to Satan," which provoked so much criticism, clerical and other, that the poet and his friends were occupied for many months in explaining and apologizing for the poem. He himself described it as "the poetry, not of the saints, but of the sinners":

To thee my verses,
Unbridled and daring,
Shall ascend, O Satan,
King of the feast!

At this time also he came out boldly against Christianity, especially against the prevailing faith of his country. He shouted aloud his disbelief, and then stood ready to combat the criticism of his foes. "Italy is born and dies with the setting and rising of the pope and the emperor," he exclaimed; and he then wrote an ode to Rome in which he said:

To-day a mitre they would place upon
Thy head, and fold a rosary
Within thy hands, O name!
Again to terrors old
Awake the tired ages and the world!

Growing out of his renunciation of Christianity, early in life he began a crusade against the literature of his day, and an attempt, sometimes ineffectual and uncertain, but always persistent, to introduce Hellenic measures into modern poetry and to turn his country back to the pagan deities of the ancients. In this connection, in his introduction to the "Barbarian Odes," he wrote:

To me is odious the customary verse; it yields
smoothly to the weak touch of the vulgar, and
without a murmur sinks under the
wonted clasp
and goes to sleep.

No more the shadow of the times or of cold
care is felt upon my head; I know,
O Hebe! the Hellenic life
is coursing through my veins.

It is in these "Odi Barbare" that Carducci shows the extent of his genius. Though in their form they approach Latin metre more nearly than anything else in modern literature, the subjects are mostly in touch with the life of to-day.

Among his latest poems that of "Cadore"; the so oft quoted lines beginning "I love thee, pious ox," and ending "in all the divine green silence of the plain"; the poem entitled "The Mother"; and the lines addressed to his daughter on her marriage, all adequately illustrate his versatility.

In the discussion of Carducci's ability as a writer, something must be said of his so-called fickleness in politics. Up to a few years ago he had the enthusiastic admiration of the republicans and the contumely of the monarchical party; to-day he is scorned by the former and exalted to the stars by the latter, always with an exaggeration that furnishes him amusement, as, pliant to the loves and hates of politics, he imprecates or praises according to the impression he receives. His visits to the royal family in their autumn sojourns at Monza, his odes to Queen Margherita, and his lectures before her and her ladies-in-waiting at Rome, have all called down upon his head the wrath of the republicans. Yet not much more than two years ago, when asked to write in an album presented to the queen on the occasion of her silver wedding, he exclaimed, "Why, when have I ever written to order?"

"A prophet is not without honor save in his own land," yet so great is the respect for Carducci in Italy that the meanest peasant bares his head at the mention of the poet's name. On the house in which he was born, in the little hamlet of Pietrasanta, is to be found the following inscription:

TO
GIOSUE CARDUCCI,
SON OF MICHELE CARDUCCI AND ILDEGONDA CHELI,
BORN THE 28TH DAY OF JULY, 1835,
THIS TABLET IS PLACED BY HIS PROUD AND
REVERENT COMPATRIOTS TO COMMEMORATE
HIM TO POSTERITY,
NOV. 6TH, 1887.

The poet's personality is one of gruff toleration, his manners being abrupt and sometimes even ungracious. It is

said that he has had to use teeth and claws so much that the combat has left its traces in his face. The story is told of a poor young student from Pavia who wished to have a personal interview with the famous Professor. After performing on foot the tedious and toilsome journey from Pavia to Bologna, he arrived at last at the poet's house; the poet was just about to go out, but he tarried a moment when he saw the weary traveller before his door. "What do you want?" he demanded, in his usual brusque manner. "I came to see the great poet, Carducci." "Well, now you have seen him, you may go!" and he turned on his heel and left his curious friend gazing after him with dazed and wondering eyes.

In 1878, between the "New Poetry" and "Cadore," appeared the "Odi Barbare," recently translated and published in book form by Mr. Frank Sewell, of Washington, D. C. The "New Rhymes" appeared in 1887; these were followed by "Literary Studies" and "Critical Sketches"; in 1890 by "Piedmont" and "Sapphic Odes," and in 1891 by "Bicocca." Late in the autumn of 1892 came "Cadore," while in 1893 there appeared a new edition of his "Odi Barbare," revised and corrected.

The subject of the poem "Cadore" is an obscure little town in the Triulian Alps near the source of the Piave, a small river which empties into the Adriatic north of Venice. It is marked only upon the larger maps of Italy, and the most satisfactory description of it is to be found in the "Life and Times of Titian." The theme dwells upon the brave deeds of Pietro Calvi, a young hero of 1848, one of those pure and ardent patriots who sacrificed their lives for the independence and liberty of their country. He lived conspiring and engaging in expeditions against the Austrians until, with the poet Tazzoli and the patriot Orsini, he was imprisoned in the dungeons of Mantua, and then shot to death at Belfiore.

Whatever may be said of the obscurity of the theme, it cannot be denied that in lofty patriotism and beauty of description this poem excels anything Carducci has written. The following translation made by the present writer is presented with the same versification as that used by the author. The first five verses are addressed to the painter Titian Vecellio, who made his native place known to students and lovers of art through his once famous picture, the "Battle of Cadore." The rest of the poem is devoted to Pietro Calvi,

“that proud visage of defiant youth” which more strongly calls the poet, and to the enchanting beauties of Cadore.

CADORE.

BY GIOSUE CARDUCCI.

[TO TITIAN VECELLIO.]

Thou art great. Eternal with the sun the iris
of thy colors consoles mankind;
nature smiles at the ideal
youth perpetuates in forms of

thine. At the flashing of those fancies,
rose-hued, o'er the sullen age,
stilled was the tumult of arms,
the people gazed on high;

and he who traversed Rome and Italy,
cold destroyer, Flemish Cæsar,
forgetting self, did bend the knee
to learn at thy feet.

Say, under the weight of Austrian ma-les,
in the gray silence of the Frari,
 sleepest thou as of old? or, wandering soul,
 dost thou tread the paternal hills,

here where the sky, limpidly blue
through the pale clouds, doth kiss
and smile upon thee, whose Olympian brow
a century twined with sweet life?

Thou art great. And yet from yon poor
tomb, that proud visage of defiant
youth more sternly calls me,
and evokes my ancient rhymes.

[TO PIETRO CALVI.]

Whom and what dost thou challenge, divine youth?
The fray, fate, the answering charge
of the thousand against one, thou doubttest,
courageous soul, Pietro Calvi.

Ah, e'en to where the Piave descends to green vales,
in the eternal flight of centuries,
to dash into the Adriatic with
rude wastes from the black woods

to where the turreted ships yielded to old Saint Mark
in wars down there among the Echinades,
and to where the setting sun doth tinge
the spires of the pale dolomites

so that in the noiseless twilight
the Marmolatta, dear to Vecellio,

grows red, palace of dreams,
Elysium of souls and of fates,

let thy name, O Calvi,
in the longings of the memory linger
with a gentle and an awful sound; and springing up
let the pale youth seek arms.

II.

Not thee, Cadore, do I sing upon the Arcadian reed which doth follow
the murmur of zephyrs and water;
thee I extol with heroic verse which follows the sound of guns
down yonder in the valleys.

O second of May, when poised on the border
nearest the Austrian confines,
Captain Calvi — the bullets hissing about him —
fair, straight, motionless,

facing the wondering foe, raises on the point of the sword
the compact and treaty of Udine,
and from his left hand waves a red kerchief,
sign of war and of slaughter.

Pelmo, at the act, and Antelao from the white clouds
loosen their gray heads in the ether
like giants old who look down upon the storm
shaking the leafy oak.

Like shields of heroes glowing in the song of prophets
to the wonder of the centuries,
radiant in the snowy whiteness of the ascending sun,
the icicles glitter.

Sun of ancient victories, with what warmth dost thou embrace
the Alps, the rivers, and the men!
thou who among the clods 'neath the black pine thickets
dost visit the dead and resuscitated.

Born from our bones, ye are wounded, O sons, ye are wounded,
upon the ever barbarous;
from snow which they tinged with blood, rain down, ye rocks,
ye avalanches, o'erwhelm them.

Thus from hill to hill echoes the voice of the dead
who fought at Rusecco;
and from town to town, with a roar ever increasing,
the winds are diffusing it.

The Titian youths in festive array seize arms
and descend, singing Italy;
on the black balconies flowering with geraniums and pinks
stand the women.

The parish church, which sits gayly among the smiling hills
and hearkens to the hoarse murmur of the Piave,
beautiful Auronzo stretching off to the plains along the waters
under the gloomy Ajarnola,

and Lorenzago, basking on the sloping plains which from above
command the valley through
and hide with scattered bergs and firs and pines
all the green Comelico,

and other vales and verdant fields and laughing woods,
send sires and sons;
they grasp their arms and wave aloft their forks and spears; while
the horn of the herdsman resounds from afar.

From within the altars comes the old flag which at Valle
saw another Austrian rout,
and welcomes the valiant; to a new sun and to new dangers
roars the old Venetian lion.

Listen. A distant sound is descending; nearing, rising,
it runs, increases, is spreading —
a sound which weeps and calls, which cries, which prays, which infuriates,
insistent, terrible.

What is it? cries the enemy, parleying
and even nearing with questioning eyes.
'Tis the curfew of the Italian people; it is sounding
to your death and to ours.

Ah! Pietro Calvi, upon the plain, ere seven years, Death
will seize thee from the moats of Mantua.
Thou comest seeking it like the bride,
fondly an exile.

And now he gazes at the Austrian arms, at the Austrian forks,
serene and impassible,
mindful of the hostile court which condemns the envoy
to the sacred legion of spirits.

Never more, noble soul, never more freed from thy walls
launcest thou to the future of Italy,
Belfiore, dark sepulchre of Austrian spears,
Belfiore, shining altar of martyrs.

Oh, to him who denies his country, in his heart, in his brain,
in his blood, may there seethe a vile form of suicide,
and from the hideous, blasphemous mouth
may there writhe a green toad!

III.

[TO CADORE.]

To thee it returns, as the eagle,
sated on its reluctant prey,
resting on motionless wings,
turns to its eery nest and to the sun.

To thee it returns, Cadore, the song
sacred to the fatherland. Slowly on the pallid
light of the young moon
the murmur of the pines is going out

to thee, a long caress upon the magic
slumber of the water. With fair-haired children
flower thy streets,
and from the overhanging cliffs

proud virgins, with gleaming hair twisted
in black fillets, singing,
mow away the hay; blue is the
light from their flashing eyes: while

the wagoner turns his three steeds
through the rocky paths to a load
of far-scented pines
and to the ardent barriers of Perarolo,

and among the smoking clouds, far up,
sounds the hunt: the chamois yields
to the practised shot, as falls the
foe when the country calls.

I fain would ravish thee, Cadore, of the soul
of Pietro Calvi; through the peninsula
I would send it a herald
upon the wing of song. Ah! ill aroused.

Ah, me! the Alps are not pillows
propitious to adulterous sleep and false dreams!
arise, finish thy mirth:
arise, the martial cock doth crow!

When upon the Alps again rises Marius,
and looks o'er the seas pacified Duilius,
we shall see, O Cadore, the soul
of Vecellio revisit thee.

In the Capitol flashing with spoils,
in the Capitol resplendent in laws,
let him paint the triumph of Italy,
a new trust among the nations.

PNEUMATOLOGY, SCIENCE OF SPIRIT.

BY LUCY S. CRANDALL.

"There is nothing new under the sun. . . . That which hath been is now, and that which is to be hath already been. . . . What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun? I gave my heart to seek and search out by wisdom concerning all things that are done under heaven; this sore labor hath God given to the sons of man to be exercised therewith."

Such is the testimony of Israel's king centuries ago, and those who since have followed the same path, performed the same labor, and asked the same questions, with varying inflections, though their name be legion, have not found answer more complete than his to satisfy the age which next succeeded. It does indeed seem that "to search out by wisdom concerning all things" is "a labor given the sons of man for exercise." Every law, no matter how thoroughly and by how able minds established, must be reconsidered, demonstrated anew, by every individual mind that would advance.

Truth remains constant to itself. If we comprehend things, it is well for us; if we are blind, they yet remain to be perceived by clearer vision. The universe is as it is, not as we think it to be; and although countless generations err in their successive schemes of life, the fact of life continues as it hath been from eternity. Peradventure some from time to time may draw a curve or mark an angle or produce a tint that will suffice to outline some small artery of the living life throbbing through our miniature universe.

All things are not known to us. As we climb higher, higher, we ever see a beyond as inexplicable as the past while yet it was the future. All things are not discoverable by the same process of investigation. We see that life unfolds like the soft petals of a damask rose, its growing richness ending in the velvet splendor of the nineteenth century. We trace our little solar system from its infancy, and mark what its old age may be before it yet hath

reached its prime. We mount the steps of time cut in the rocks of ages. We read the record of successive eras in unmistakable characters of fossil; yet, after all, the same old questions meet us as at first. How came all this, and why? The facts are there. We see that worlds could have been formed from nebulae, that atoms do attract, that life must follow laws, event develop event. But how does event develop event? why do atoms attract? what comes next? and why is it that all things exist?

Can these questions be answered? I cannot answer them. Yet through patience man can remove mountains. Not all at once, but stone by stone. Let us move our pebbles though we see but little progress made thereby. Traditions, mythologies, wise men, inspirationalists, materialists, rationalists, spiritualists, scientists, all, each, bear a record stamped in lifelong practice and precepts, baptized oftentimes in blood. Surely they hold some of truth. There is some secret power, mightier than all else, which shows each a light and way where others find but darkness. Have we a right to thrust aside any testimony because it breathes of what we do not understand, because 'tis written in a language to which we have lost the key? We cannot think alone. In our closets we receive a rich and subtle explanation of some deep mystery. We step outside our dwelling or look within a volume upon the shelf, and lo! others have thought all this and more from long ago even unto now. Great spirits form no creeds, establish no constituencies. Creeds and constituencies build themselves about great spirits barnacle-like, deforming, hampering whatever they can reach. Men and women who stand prominently forward in the world's history mark the world's flood-tide in that generation. They are not Heaven-sent, but Heaven-seeking. A strange rhythm seems to pulse through recorded history. I wish some Herbert Spencer would catch the note and send the harmony of spirit-truth ringing through the world like a melodious symphony following the cold, measured beat with which science has drummed up sociology. Our heart gets restless, opening and closing its valves according to the most approved medical directions. It longs for that bounding throb which joy can bring and which, for an instant, half convinces us there is a soul to whose more potent law all tributary laws must bow.

To many earnest hearts the spirit-world grows to be the

only real one. I do not mean the world of paraffine, jugglery, and mercantile speculation, but that which permeates, in silent, ever-active omnipotence, visible and invisible things. All search for ultimate truths brings us to an incomprehensible unit. It is the effort to establish a unit which all mankind will accept that leads to so much controversy. Would it not be wise to save ourselves further trouble by accepting it as a spirit-law that this unit, through endless versatility, is adapted to every possible individual consciousness? Be the name what it may, the power felt by each is the same. Suppose one universal, unknowable spirit; among qualities of which we do not dream, make activity an inherent law. Make this spirit all-comprehensive, permeating the visible and invisible. Under such circumstances, we, each and all, would be, must be, identical with this spirit, else it would not be all-comprehensive. But if we are needful to complete perfectness in the unit spirit, how can we reconcile so much of evil? What perfect law works in selfishness, cruelty, and like depravities? Can we give to all sentiments the same attractive and repulsive forces possessed by atoms? build up inner life as outer life is builded, by accretion? say there is nothing but what is subject to spirit activity and the law of attraction through which two principles, the constant changes of life and death, are wrought? It is through the attraction of certain sentiments that one event evolves another. It is foreordained by the law of attraction that when certain impulses are brought to bear upon each other, certain results shall follow. We are at liberty to study this law and by self-government keep undesirable impulses apart. We are equal to all we can comprehend. Hence we cannot hope to leap beyond our present capacity. Thus we can conceive no God higher than our best selves, or rather, infinite life, struggling within us to fuller richness, is God to our lower senses, being the immediate representative of that perfect unit we cannot conceive in entirety. We are physically equal to all we can move.

We cannot estimate the weight of anything beyond our power to move. That is, we cannot physically realize the difference in weight between a bar of iron that is just one ounce too heavy for us to move and a granite cliff that pedestals a mountain.

Were we blind and deaf, pushing against either would be the same. There is no comparative immovability about the

matter; both are beyond us. In mental effort it is just the same; what we cannot understand does not exist for us. It may be a childish riddle, or it may be a mathematical truth; if we do not grasp it, it does not exist for us, although it may for others; the moment we see through it, as the saying is, we have mastered the situation. One step more brings us to sentiments. These, also, must be mastered to be known. We test our strength of physique by many a tussle, our keenness of intellect by many abstruse questions, but these fail us in dealing with sentiments.

How many wise professors have been absurdly in love! how many Samsons been betrayed by faith! Not that love naturally tends to make people absurd, for it does not, nor are all who trust likely to be deceived. The errors are in the people, not in the sentiment. We make many blunders before we can square a circle, yet we see they are not vital failures. So should we look at sentimental discipline and neither stop short at the beginning of our study to indulge in a sort of plagiarism of the feelings of others, nor cast aside as useless what we do not find easily controlled.

Sentiments form the vertebræ in our higher life, reaching the length of the system and becoming a model for the entire spiritual being. The sentiment of love is proverbially a law unto itself. No one appreciates its existence until it is felt, nor any more of it than he or she individually experiences. All beyond is absurd to them. The sentiment of honor is just as lawless. People have vague notions regarding both, but individuals are governed by what they feel, not what others feel. Likewise the sentiment of worship. Trace its growth in the expression given to it by various ages. We cannot for a moment suppose that any tribe worships the clay from which are moulded its gods. The highest sentiments which they dimly conceive possible and desirable call for some representation. They make the best they can, by legends and observances endowing these representatives with all those sentiments they feel but cannot control sufficiently to bring into practical use. This spirit of worship lifts its head higher as it grows. Thus in successive stages of mankind's history, as well as in those of individual experience, God has been gradually raised higher and higher to suit the age or person. No generation can possibly make a God to suit its children. Yet any spirit may outstrip its generation, as a giant tree may overlook a forest.

All this is but to show, as best I can, how impossible it is for us to do justice to the Spirit Infinite. All our representations must be caricatures, because they must be in part. The unit is, as Mr. Spencer says, unknowable, at least to me.

What we attribute to God is nothing more or less than our own highest spirit-force. I do not mean what we profess to attribute to Him, but simply that what in our inner consciousness we conceive God to be, that we spiritually are. We cannot overreach ourselves. Because we fail to reach this high standard in which we believe, is not because there is any radical impediment in our human nature which forbids it. Humanity is intended as the very medium by which we are to reach this broader being. Nothing is a failure in life excepting lack of faith in the possibility within us of becoming as Christ suggested — perfect. We being identical with the unit must do ourselves justice or we do it injustice. I call this spirit-unit, because I esteem it indivisible and also all-comprehensive, which two qualities make identical with it all visible and invisible. I have been thus explicit, as this seems the basis of all else.

Being a unit, all laws must act for good. Harmony must be the ultimatum, appear the parts never so discordant. The ultimate harmony, like the vast unit, I cannot grasp, yet it is a delight to study what of melody and accord one meets with. Many matters that look so undesirable in life, I mean our daily life, can be accounted for and some obviated by a knowledge of the spiritual law of attraction or selection between the sentiments. But before such selection can take place, be the affinity never so great, there must be a bringing together of these sentiments which necessitates action. Action, therefore, must be a quality inherent in the unit since it is traceable. I find myself involuntarily using terms of degree and parts, although I feel it is merely for the sake of perspicuity. My thought justifies no such use. Please discriminate between the idea and the vehicle. Consider, then, activity as universal. No sentiment or atom of nature loses this activity at any time. It may act alone or in unison with others, it may be a simple or complex sentiment, but it is ever active. We cannot see beyond the now, so we cannot prophesy what the ultimatum will be, and indeed it matters little. It will be for what we are best adapted, so our only lookout is to adapt ourselves for the purest, noblest spheres.

Change is the law. What comes next is the question. We are somewhat like seeds planted deep in earth, their only aim to reach the light. Some of us come straight up. Some are turned aside by pebbles, springs, or roots, so our course is doubled and twisted sadly, but we reach the light at last. Unless, indeed, we die underground, in which case we simply lose our individuality, our parts, in all their vigor, go to build up the life around. By this I mean it is not every mortal who attains the soul-life. Some never have more vitality than that which is needful for this world's life; that is, they possess physical vitality and in various degrees intellectual, but of spirit-life they are never able to partake. They die or rather disintegrate, and help to form other compounds with elements around. Each one has a soul to save; that is, the possibility of a soul, and it matters little how this sentiment of salvation, or as I should term it, aspiration, is aroused, whether by Spencer or Hammond, at the revival or alone, so that it comes bringing with it that reaching out after the light which revivifies our being and prevents our decomposing underground in this earth-bed of duration.

Assuming the nebular theory of the earth's formation to be correct, we reach a period when in the process of cooling chemical affinities began to act perceptibly, the atmosphere at that time being formed by all the gaseous elements which gradually united and precipitated as the cooling progressed, some at one temperature and some at another, each element held by the law of its nature until the peculiar circumstances necessary to assist such union and precipitation were brought about by incessant changes. Thus at length were formed earth, water, air, occupying the same relative positions as now. The course of nature yet continuing brought forth animation, organic life, whether Flora or Fauna we will not discuss, nor yet if sea or earth should claim the honor of maternity.

The question is, How came life there at all? To say it was evolved does not convey to me any more accurate consciousness of how it was evolved or from what, than to say, "The spirit of the Lord moved upon the face of the deep." We have the steps from nebula to humanity each complete, but we cannot see how they came there; first, they are not and then they are, mushroom-like. We cannot trace our genealogy satisfactorily to the jelly-fish, any more than we can reduce gold, carbon, sulphur, oxygen, etc., to the same substance, gas, or element.

If we can conceive carbon, sulphur, oxygen, etc., as co-existing from the beginning of our system, ready to unite and really uniting, when circumstances permitted, to form solids, liquids, and gases as we see, can we not also conceive that coeval with them and with each other the principles of life also existed in all their separate varieties of vegetable and animal up to man, evidencing themselves also as soon as circumstances permitted? We cannot tell where the mineral ceases and the Flora begins, or where the animal replaces the plant. Now supposing the life principle to have existed in as great diversity as the chemical elements, and that when these chemical elements, seeking out their affinities, form certain compounds, one or another of these life principles attracted by the compounds thus formed and uniting with them severally, the two produce the varieties of animate nature which we now study. There is force inherent in every atom which governs its selections and is very much on the line of the life principle.

The shades of difference it will take a wiser head to explain. Now I am only taking the fact that life and atomic attraction are very much alike. Supposing them to have an affinity for each other, could we not conceive these forces as uniting in greater or less extent and under varieties of conditions to form growing minerals, moving, feeding plants and finally man, a complex being such as in truth he is?

Human life being thus a combination of the most perfected life principle and physical forces, might not man gradually elevate his nature by continued aggregation of the same spirit which now as at first is constantly seeking to unite with all that can hold it in union? May it not be vital forces exist universally and "whosoever will may take freely," their mission being to sublimate humanity and evolve Pneuma?

It would appear that man is a compound of three grand forces, each force being itself a compound of greater or less complexity. I have time but to sketch their outline, which may perhaps be assisted by designating them the physical, intellectual, and spiritual forces. By thus separating them I do not wish to convey the idea that they are distinct and independent, being simply dovetailed together, for in truth their relations are extremely intricate.

By the physical force I wish you to understand all those forces which unite to produce a human body, such as the attraction of particles of flesh for each other, the selection of

appropriate food by the various organs, the reciprocal action of these organs upon each other, in fact all involuntary functional activity. The inherent vital force which controls every atom remains with it during all its changes, and no atom can act contrary to this law within itself. It is the reciprocal or united action of these forces which causes the manifold diversity of nature.

The intellectual force acts in a measure independently of atoms, being that which governs the physical. It has reference exclusively to navigation upon the waters of time. All its flights, however lofty or extended, are reducible to our needs or desires as cosmopolitans.

Under the name of spiritual force I would embrace all the sentiments before referred to, those intangible facts known as imaginations, the feeling of pre-existence, etc., in fact that curious entity which takes cognizance of all things and sits in judgment upon them; not conscience only, which discriminates between so-called good and evil simply, but the I that estimates.

These three forces unite to form that humanity which David eulogizes as "little lower than the angels." They are each compound forces, owing their existence and continuance to the law of attraction. Man's physique, intellect, and spirit result from the affinity of atoms and forces. His person remains symmetrical so long as each particle of flesh, bone, etc., has greater affinity for its like than for anything else with which it comes in contact. The mind follows similar laws. In both there is constant change or activity. Not one instant is an atom of matter or the most imperceptible force stagnant. This incessant motion constantly alters the compounds we have under consideration. Old age creeps on to physical man. The chemical elements which the rotation of sixty years brings in contact with his external and internal organism have each its trivial effect which at length becomes perceptible by so far altering the original compound as to weaken the attraction of its particles for each other and prepare them to enter into new combinations with stronger affinities. This entering into new combinations is termed decomposition. Like changes are constantly repeating themselves in mind.

Spirit also aggregates to itself, following similar laws. Good and evil are centripetal and centrifugal forces of spirit or it polarization. It is not for me to say when man becomes

a living soul. The spirit breathed into and permeating the man wakens him to a realization of immortality which so-called matter, although eternal, is not supposed to possess. But how does this come? Bring me two peach stones. Both are fresh; one appears as likely to grow as the other. As they lie in my hand, both, so far as we can judge, are capable of bringing forth a peach tree. I plant them side by side, and for all I can perceive expose both to the same conditions. One grows and becomes a tree; the other decays, its parts combining with the soil around it. One fulfils its possibility; but what becomes of the possibility in the other? I put my foot on a wasp; soon after, the material parts are dissipated, but what becomes of the animation? Where is the life? Since the visible portions have become recognizedly incorporated in new compounds, is it irrational to suppose the invisible force of life has also entered into new combinations with other forces invisible to us? I have tried to outline the three component parts of humanity. But so closely are they interwoven that I fear I feel the distinction rather than express it.

In his laboratory the chemist might perhaps show you five substances, two of which have attraction for each other. A third might readily unite with a compound thus formed although it was not attracted by either element. A fourth might be attracted by the second and third and, uniting with them, liberate the first; while the fifth, ignoring the fourth and second, unites with the third, liberating the other two, which enter into other combinations. Now this process is going on throughout infinity. In the physical world we acknowledge the proofs; also in the intellectual, unconsciously, when we say, "I have changed my mind. I see things in a different light," and so on. What do all these expressions mean, excepting change, and what is change but the formation of new combinations, whether it be combinations of materials, circumstances, or ideas? And how could new combinations be formed, excepting by the bringing together of different forces? which takes us back to the law of activity. It would be difficult to tell at what period of infancy is developed that force which can strictly be termed intellectual. But once manifest it grows with greater or less rapidity during childhood and vigorous manhood. Nor can I agree that the intellect suffers loss during physical illness or declining years. If such were the case there could not be those flashes

of the old fire so often discernible in the aged and infirm. Any compound once destroyed, any force once disseminated, cannot exhibit itself in full power upon emergencies even for a moment. Matter is imperishable; therefore the forces which find it a place and sustain it therein must be eternal, and since we cannot discriminate between forces we must admit all to be eternal. The reason the intellect appears to degenerate is that it has partially lost control of the physical machine through which it formerly expressed itself. This is in no degree more singular than the awkwardness evidenced when first learning to use the machine in childhood. The defects in either case are not defects existing in the force itself, but in the adaptability of it to the other. A child must be taught to wield a pen; yet the most expert penman would make but sorry work with a broken gold stump.

Such is the case in life. The intellect learns to wield the brain which is adapted to its use and modified thereby. But when the brain becomes clogged by the ink of time, or disabled by disease, it is only with effort and at intervals it can be used ably. It is asserted that "There is no action of intellect but has its corresponding physical action." That may be true; but it may be a broader truth that the only intellectual action we are at present able to recognize is that which expresses or translates itself through the physique. Spiritual intelligence recognizes, utilizes, and in fact authorizes all things. It is my intangible self which takes cognizance of yonder light. The physical eye could behold nothing had the spirit departed.

Astronomy was studied and advancement made therein through ages when gravitation was unnamed. Yet the former relates to worlds millions of miles distant, and the latter holds us in its arms from infancy to the grave. Why was one so soon studied and the other so long overlooked? Simply that one was seen and the other unseen. Gravity is not according to bulk, but density. Density is nearness of atoms; nearness of atoms depends upon the strength of atomic attraction, which attraction is a force. So gravity is one of the forces. Intellect and spirit being likewise forces have equal right to acknowledgment and equal possibility of aggregation. The peach stone which decomposed became diffused, its invisible life as well as its atomic portions. The stone that became a tree had evidently attracted to itself other properties which formed a compound stronger than that

at first existing. The spirit-life of man it like the life of the peach stone. There is in every man and woman the possibility of a higher life, or what is commonly called a soul. The intellectual and physical forces combine to form, under favorable conditions, a compound which strongly attracts the subtler spirit-force; or more properly the attraction is mutual. But once incorporated, the spirit "leaveneth the whole lump," becomes self-supporting, needs the old compound no longer. Then the essence of the man passes to higher spheres, and the vesture is laid aside. I do not believe all persons attain this soul-life. I cannot tell when, how, or in what manner the loss comes, but that it is lost by some I for one do no doubt. Any one who has once felt himself to be immortal never loses that knowledge, no matter what he may do, for the knowledge itself restrains him from everything that would endanger it. The spirit holds the essence of self-preservation.

When that soul of majestic beauty which glorified Palestine a few years, making a holy land for ages, asked, "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" what did he mean? Did he intend to suggest the idea that any soul could through any possibility escape the presence of an omnipresence? Yet he as forcibly asserts that "to know God is eternal life." Can we then be in the presence of God and not know Him? Is it possible that realization of immortality is immortality? that by stifling these restless, intangible yearnings for something better we lose our higher selves? Yes. As the swift motion of the electric plate accumulates electricity by simply bringing its particles together and permitting their natural affinity to act, so our desires for a higher life, our love of truth, purity, and beauty, are motions that bring us in unison with the White Spirit; which spirit, "when it is lifted up," up above sect and skeptic, above idolatry and egotism, "draws all men unto it." Nor is it unjust or ungodlike that some persons should fail to be born into this conscious immortality. It is not unjust to withhold from any one what he never possessed or desired. It is not unjust to make impartial laws and execute them. To those who demand that we shall be practical — meaning we shall attend strictly to this world's needs and notions — who consider it a waste of time to search out the sanctifying mystery of spirit-life — to such it is no injustice that this crowning life never enters into their exist-

ence. It is not unjust if, when the dissolution comes, their hoarded intellects, as well as gold, find no place in the beyond, but remain here to enter into new and wider circulation.

If you ask how you are to know when you have gained this higher life, I must answer, "It beareth witness unto itself." It will be more palpable than the love which binds you to the dearest one on earth. It has no mediator, being immediate; no translator, but translates all things. The spirit makes the man. The most perfect man is he who spheres his forces, leaving no ragged edges; that is, the man perfectly adapted to this world. Beyond I believe there is a being as far transcending the Christ as he outstrips the world, a being formed by the perfect union of the spirit-sexes, men and women no longer, but one complete existence, holding within itself a wedded joy and strength whose perfectness can be but dimly dreamed. I feel as if I had talked a great deal and expressed my thoughts very poorly. However, if I have been able to show how to me the spirit is dominant, and matter but spirit or force made palpable to man's own individual force of comprehension; that all known laws may be traced to finer and more potent spirit-laws, which underlie visible nature like a vast nervous system; that there is a unit and we it; if I have been enabled to lift humanity out of the dust of casual thought into its rightful grandeur for an instant; if I have been able to show how great, how unspeakable is the blessing of having been born into this humanity, and how much more transcendently blessed is the next birth, when humanity brings forth a soul; if the burden of life has for a moment appeared a possible stepping-stone rather than a meaningless load; then I may claim your pardon for so long engrossing your time and so poorly rewarding your patience.

Pneumatology has received but a blundering introduction; it is, however, the best I can do now. Science and sentiment, despite my effort, still occupy, as it were, opposite poles of a globe. Continued advance in any one direction brings an entire exchange of position. Honor and reward to the soul who first belts this Pneuma-sphere.

THE PROBLEM OF THE NOVEL.

BY ANNIE NATHAN MEYER.

Thackeray, speaking of novels, says :

Out of the fictitious book I get the expression of the life of the times, of the manners, of the merriment, of the pleasures, the laughter, the ridicules of society.

Should we think of saying that of the novel of to-day? Should we say that we get the expression of "the merriment, of the pleasures, the laughter of society" from "Romola"? from "Richard Feverel"? from "Robert Elsmere"? from "Sydney"? or from "Jerry"?

I should rather imagine the critic of the future looking backward and saying: "I get the expression of the life that lies within, of the problems that the mind of that day wrestled with, of the crushed ideals, of the sighs, of the sobs, of the unfulfilled aspirations of" — would he say society? no, of "humanity."

No longer, and perhaps some admit it with a sigh, can we endure the most inhuman trials of the hero and heroine by keeping our finger in the last chapter of the book as a sustaining power. It is not that our stock of happy marriages has given out, but it is because the novel of to-day strikes straight down to the heart of life for its inspiration. There is apparently no problem too grave, no emotion too sacred, to be reflected in its pages. It has grown from an aristocracy relating the doings of polite society, recounting the delights of the pump-room at Bath, the charms of Vauxhall, and the fascinations of Ranelagh, into a democracy, the novel of the whole of humanity. It has developed into a vast mirror that reflects not only the gay, tripping, bew powdered figures of the past, but the whole trend of Life to-day; — not figures only, but thoughts, aspirations, revolutions.

The "Cecilia" of Fanny Burney, which over a century ago was devoured as a delightful love story and nothing more, would to-day be received as a study on the responsibilities of wealth, and clubs would spring up all over the country to discuss the kind of tenement houses the heroine

ist's power lies in the awakening and training of our emotions, whereas the French insist that the novelist reaches us through the intellect in quite the same way as the scientist. They claim that we approach the novel in quite the same way in which we approach a treatise on psychology or a work on anatomy. In fact, one of their great critics, M. Taine, says: "In my opinion a novelist is a psychologist, who naturally and voluntarily sets psychology at work; he is nothing else nor more."

Of course, while the novel reflects all the complexity and seriousness of life to-day, there will enter into it a good deal of psychology. But a novelist is a psychologist and something more. Mr. Sully has written a very interesting work on "Psychology," but it reads very different from a novel. A glance at the contents will show us: Chapter IV, Attention; Chapter V, Sensation; Chapter VIII, Constructive Imagination; and so on. We shall also notice that the author does not say: "Let us imagine a child; I imagine it will do so and so"; but is very careful to make thorough investigations and experiments to prove and illustrate his theory. If he has any extraordinary case to relate, his first care is to give us his authority; the date and hour are there, if possible. He does not go to the great M. Zola and say: "Tell me how you imagine a woman would act under severe mental depression," and then relate to us what M. Zola has said. It might be very interesting to know what M. Zola might imagine on the subject, but those who are interested (I confess I am not) can read his novels to find out.

The scientific method does enter somewhat into M. Zola's literary method, but not to the extent he would have us believe. He cannot find his entire Rougon-Macquart family in real life, and watch each member with a note-book in his hand; it would not make an interesting novel if he could.

In short, the novel is not psychology, it is applied psychology; it is not social economics, it is applied social economics. One of George Eliot's biographers puts it thus:

What Comte and Spencer have taught in the name of philosophy, Tyndall and Herschel in the name of science, she has applied to life and its problems. They can give us science and philosophy, but that is inadequate. They are too far away from the vital movements of life, know too little of human experience as it throbs out of the heart and sentiment. They can explain their theories in terms of science, ethics, and philosophy; but George Eliot explains hers in terms of life.

It seems to me that to say we can approach the novel in

precisely the same way in which we approach a work of science, is to utterly ignore the true character and value of the novel.

Nevertheless we are told by M. Taine that one should "see with pleasure" (in a novel or a painting) "a well-shaped arm and vigorous muscles even when they are employed in knocking down a man." How thoroughly French that is! I confess I am English enough to think that the very power of the novel lies in that we are forced to be taken up not with rapt admiration of the magnificent arm and muscles, but rather with wondering what that poor devil had done to deserve such treatment.

To me there is something sacrilegious in approaching a novel as one would a text-book. It would be like reading the gospels to find out what sort of costumes were in vogue during the period. And the simile has nothing very out of the way in it. Is it not true that just in the same way as "religion is morality touched with emotion," so is the novel knowledge touched with emotion?

We find this in Matthew Arnold's "Literature and Dogma":

"By the dispensation of Providence to mankind," says Quintilian, "goodness gives most men satisfaction." That is morality. "The path of the just is as the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." That is morality touched with emotion, or religion.

Now take this out of Sully expressed in the language of psychology:

The state of desire is the more elementary phenomenon which underlies and precedes volition. When we desire a material possession, a person's good opinion, or a particular occupation, we are representing something which is said to be the object of our desire.

And compare it with this out of "Romola":

Under every guilty secret there is hidden a brood of guilty wishes whose unwholesome infecting life is cherished by the darkness. The contaminating effect of deeds often lies less in the commission than in the consequent adjustment of our desires, the enlistment of our self-interest on the side of falsity. . . . But, after all, why was he bound to go? What, looked at closely, was the end of all life, but to extract the utmost sum of pleasure?

That is the language of the novel. Or, again, take this from Mill's "Subjection of Women":

Society makes the whole life of a woman a continued self-sacrifice; it exacts from her an unremitting restraint of the whole of her natural inclinations, and the sole return it makes to her for what often deserves the name of a martyrdom, is consideration.

That is the language of the philosophic essay. Compare it with this out of Miss Phelps's "Story of Avis":

Thus, in the old, sad, subtle ways, Avis was exiled from the studio. She was stunned to find how her aspiration had emaciated during her married life. Household care had fed upon it like a disease. . . . Then she wished that the spirit of this gift with which God had created her — in a mood of awful irony, it seemed — would return to Him who gave it. . . . She wished she were like other women, content to stitch and sing, to sweep and smile. She bowed her face on the soft hair of her children, but she could not forget that they had been bought with a great price.

There is the language of the novel, the language that wrings our heart, that moves our soul, that rouses all that is most powerful in us.

It is easy to see that never before has the novel been taken so seriously. No matter whether it is taken up from the point of view of the Englishman or the Frenchman, the novel of to-day is no longer a mere source of entertainment. What a world of meaning is revealed in the fact that while its success in the past depended upon the remarks of the wits and fashionables about town, that of the novel of to-day rests upon the dicta of our statesmen and ministers. It is too much to ask that the novel of to-day should at once answer to all the demands that are made upon it. The old garment of frivolity has been cast off, but, alas! like a Nessus garment, the flesh and blood are apt to come off with it.

No novelist can succeed to-day in retaining the full vigor of his art unless he keeps constantly before him the three great sources of his power: the power to hold our attention, the power to reach us through our emotions, and the power to make us see others as we are accustomed to see ourselves. He must fail if he attempts to wield the same power by means of his beautiful morality, or his touching pathos, or his admirable critical judgment alone.

It is interesting to watch the trend of the novel to-day. It is not worth while here to refer to the novels that bear the brand of the critic; they are taken care of. But there are two classes of novels that are in the heyday of smiling criticism, and that poise themselves aloft with a fine sense of adequacy, and of having solved the problem of the modern novel.

First, we have the novels whose real life is swallowed up in too much profundity of thought and criticism of life; second, the novels that are cheapened by a false realism and a

devotion to unessentials. Further, I think I may generalize so far as to say that the English have a tendency to worship at the shrine of the first class, and the Americans at the shrine of the second class.

To take the first class, the novels whose real life is swallowed up in too much profundity of thought and criticism of life: As I have said before, we demand a great deal of the novel to-day; there must be earnestness of purpose, critical insight, profundity of thought. We absolutely demand that, and there we stop. Only give us thought, critical insight, in whatever form you please, and we shall be satisfied. "The world accepts what is true and excellent, however faulty in technical requirements."

It is easy to laugh at "technical requirements" and to say that the neglect of them "may disturb those that *deal in criticism*," but that they will not disturb the Seeing Eye. It is all very well to laugh at those that look to *how* a thing is said, rather than to *what* is said, but nevertheless a profound thought gains much in vitality, even in impressiveness, if expressed in a thoroughly adequate literary style.

We remember that Matthew Arnold says:

It is a comparatively small matter to express oneself well, if one will be content with not expressing much, with expressing only trite ideas; the problem is to express new and profound ideas in a perfectly sound and classical style.

In literature there has been a constant fluctuation between an age of great ideas accompanied by slovenly execution, and an age of paucity in ideas accompanied by the most exquisite execution. But a healthy standard of criticism would slowly obviate this. It is to be expected that the immense number of new ideas floating about to-day should press upon our writers and demand expression so imperatively that the quality of the expression is apt to be overlooked as unimportant. Further, it is an age so rapacious of critical judgment and philosophic thought, that it will take either in any form. But we shall never attain a true standard of excellence unless, in proportion to the greatness of the idea in literature, we demand greatness in literary execution. Then we shall have a standard of criticism that will give us in the novel, not the delicate, exquisite workmanship of Jane Austen, with her lack of real profundity of thought and the absence of strong lights and shadows; nor the rude, unwelded mass of profound ideas, combined with the colossal power

and magician-like insight that we find in George Meredith; but it will give us the perfectly finished workmanship of George Eliot at her best, when she combined the highest degree of technical skill with a subtlety, a depth of thought, and a keenness of insight all her own.

To turn to the novels of the second class, the novels that are cheapened by a false realism and a devotion to unessentials: It has been pretty generally accepted that to-day the novels of the realistic school have the greatest power of moving. We no longer need the language of the allegory or of the stilted old-fashioned romance in order to impress a lesson upon us. Realism is to the novel what a skilful use of the pencil and brush is to the painter, or what the possession of technique is to the pianist. A pianist that has the soul and finesse to interpret a great master cannot do so unless he has absolutely mastered the technical difficulties of the runs and octaves. We lose the majesty or beauty of the theme if our ear detects false notes, or if, on the other hand, we recognize the fact that a difficult passage is being laboriously overcome. The pianist must rise above all the difficulties of the music before he can begin to make a great effect. So, to derive the full meaning of a novel, our mind should not detect any false notes—a point of unreality—nor should it be drawn away by an elaborate display of mere technique—the overloading of detail.

The best realism is that which affords the mind the readiest hold on the real theme of the novel. We must bear in mind that the power of realism aids us in producing an impression, but our effort should never be merely to produce an impression of realism.

This habit into which so many of us Americans have fallen, of going into rhapsodies over the absolutely photographic precision of our recent novels, is leading us into an entirely false use of the power of realism.

Says M. Taine :

Photography is undoubtedly a useful auxiliary to painting, but, after all, no one thinks of comparing it with painting. If it were true that exact imitation is the supreme aim of art, what would be the best tragedy? the best comedy? A stenographic report of a criminal trial, every word of which is faithfully recorded. It is clear, however, that all this may furnish a writer with materials for his art, but it does not constitute a work of art.

Now it seems to me that there is a tendency among some

of the American novelists to use the furnishings of their art in place of their art. In reading such novels, one's mind, instead of being unconsciously assisted on to its goal by the truth of the details, dwells on those details themselves and cannot get beyond them. That is what I call being devoted to unessentials.

There are certain interesting features of life to-day that can be seized by a great genius and held up clearly before our eyes. In the midst of the petty details of life, it is difficult for us to see whither it all is leading us. It is for the novelist to divest everyday existence of its unessential details, and to let us look into the real life, the meaning of all that lies behind. As Kingsley says: "He must give utterance and outward form to the hopes and temptations, the questions which vague and wordless have been exercising our hearts."

Instead of which, it seems to me, these novelists are unable to separate the essential from the trivial life. They and their host of admiring critics insist that true greatness lies in showing to us ourselves in all our trifling attitudes, insist that the essential life of to-day cannot be separated from the outer crust of conventionalism.

In order to strike down to the heart of life for his inspiration, in order to awaken the sympathies of the world, in order to reveal our real life to us, is it necessary that the modern novelist should make us stand for hours admiring "these bends in the L that you get at the corner of Washington Square, and just below the Cooper Institute"? Is it necessary to describe that wonderful proof of American ingenuity, the dining-room car? Is this the realism that we admire to-day? Why, it is the realism of photography and of the newspaper that M. Taine so laughs at! Are these trifles of every day becoming so vital to us that we cannot con the lesson of our novelist without their aid?—that no picture is real to us unless filled with Fifth-Avenue stages, elevated trains, dining-room cars, and dinners at Delmonico's with the presence of the genial Mr. Depew?

It seems to me that the English, with all their lack of repose and overloading of thought, run less danger of holding a completely false idea of the novel than we do. After all, they are on the right track; out of this mass of brilliant sayings, profundity of thought, and critical insight—out of

the struggle to write it all harmoniously — will be slowly developed the great novel of the future.

But if the Americans continue to worship a false realism, if we give up the great problems of life and accept the small teasings of everyday living in their stead, it seems to me that we are making a fatal mistake, and that it will be difficult for us to go back to the right track.

In these two directions is the novel of to-day tending. It is natural that the ideal novel cannot grow in a single day. All these new ideas that have been but recently admitted into the novel have not been moulded into working shape; the art has not yet been learned of bringing this mass to bear upon it without swamping it. What is it that Emerson says about the theory of books?

The scholar of the first age received into him the world around; brooded thereon; and uttered it again. It came into him business, it went from him poetry. It was dead fact; now it is quick thought. It now endures, it now flies, it now inspires.

In the same way the novelist ought to receive into him the world of to-day; he ought to brood over it and utter it again. It comes into him theory, philosophy; it ought to go from him poetry, life. It ought to endure, to inspire.

The time will come, I trust, when we can say that the novelist receives into him the world, and utters it again in the novel, transformed, beautified, ennobled, inspired. It must come if we hold faithfully by each other, upheld by a faith, a hope, that will accept no false prophet.

There are those that are growing discouraged. There are those that despair of the great problem of the novel ever being satisfactorily solved, and wish to go back to the days when the repose and beauty of the novel were unmarred by any ugly problems. They would go back to the age of fairy stories; they would drink of the fountain of oblivion.

But the problem is not solved, can never be solved, if we give up now and go back to the novels that never went deep enough into the heart of life to find any problems. The new appreciation of the cheerful freshness and simplicity of Jane Austen is to be expected of an age satiated with the complexity and gloom of Meredith; but it will be a falling back if we give up the struggle, and accept Jane Austen and Fanny Burney, or even Fielding, great as he is, as our ideals. Let us hold steadfast but a little longer, and we shall push on above Meredith; we shall have all his wealth

of ideas and his splendid power, together with the serenity, the grace, and the repose of the old masters.

When I hear of the people who want to go back, I think of what Matthew Arnold has said about serenity:

But the true grace and serenity is that of which Greece and Greek art suggest the admirable ideals of perfection, a serenity that comes from having made order among ideas and harmonized them; whereas the serenity of the aristocracies of Teutonic origin appears to come from their never having had any ideas to trouble them.

Let us not be deceived by the false serenity of the novels of the past, for their serenity, like that of the aristocracies of Teutonic origin, comes from their never having had any ideas to trouble them. The novels of to-day certainly cannot boast of having attained that "admirable ideal of perfection"; but neither can one say that they are untroubled by any ideas. Let us be proud of our troublesome ideas, let us be glad we have them, let us scorn to ask for a false peace, and let us await the day when we can attain that "true grace and serenity" which come from having made order among our ideas, and harmonized them.

SHOULD HAWAII BE ANNEXED?

BY JOHN R. MUSICK.

No doubt one of the questions early to be considered by President McKinley will be the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands. The Republican platform at St. Louis pointed in that direction, and those who claim to be near the president-elect say that he is favorable to the plan. So far as the islands themselves are concerned there can be no doubt of their desire to become a part of this great nation. Had President Harrison's term continued sixty days longer the Pearl of the Pacific would have added another star to our flag, but Mr. Cleveland, succeeding Mr. Harrison, March 4, 1893, was unfriendly to the political alliance, and dashed the hopes of the annexationists, both in Hawaii and in America.

The annexation of the Hawaiian Islands is no new theory, for the subject has been under discussion for nearly fifty years. The action of Kamehameha III in taking steps at the close of his reign for annexation of the islands to the United States was the initial point in the discussion of this question throughout the reign of Kamehameha V. There were advocates of a reciprocity treaty between the two countries, but there was also a strong sentiment favorable to annexation. There was a marked opposition both in Hawaii and in the United States senate to a reciprocity treaty on the score that it would operate against annexation, which was deemed more desirable. On Sept. 12, 1867, Secretary Seward wrote to the American minister at Honolulu:

Circumstances have transpired here which induce the belief that a strong interest, based on a desire for annexation of the Sandwich Islands, will be active in opposing a ratification of the reciprocity treaty. It will be argued that reciprocity will tend to hinder and defeat early annexation, to which the people of the Sandwich Islands are supposed to be strongly inclined. It is proper that you should know that a lawful and peaceful annexation of the islands to the United States, with the consent of the people of the Sandwich Islands, is deemed desirable by this government; and that if the policy of annexation should really conflict with the policy of reciprocity, annexation is in every case preferred.

In 1873, it is evident that the subject had not lost interest, for the American minister, Mr. Pierce, on February 17, two

months after the death of Kamehameha V, wrote to the American Secretary of State as follows:

Annexation of these Islands to the United States and a reciprocity treaty between the two countries are two important topics of consideration and warm discussion among government officials and foreign residents.

The cause of this agitation was a growing feeling that Hawaii must sooner or later abandon all thought of an independent government. The line of nobles and chiefs was almost extinct, and with Kamehameha V departed the last of the royal kings. Even in official circles in Hawaii those having the good of the islands at heart hoped for annexation. On his deathbed, Kamehameha V, realizing the dangers menacing the islands from weak and vacillating rulers, said:

What is to become of my poor country? Queen Emma I do not trust; Lunallilo is a drunkard; and Kalakaua is a fool.

One of his predecessors, Kamehameha III, known as Kamehameha the Just, perhaps the most patriotic of all the Hawaiian kings, favored annexation as the only means of securing a stable government. Consequently those who suppose that the idea of annexation was born with the overthrow of monarchy and the establishment of the Hawaiian Republic are mistaken.

It is believed by many on the islands and in this country that Hawaii cannot long maintain its existence as a separate government. The immense wealth accumulating in the islands will make them the prey of filibusters, which they in their weakness may not always be able to resist. The Louisiana Lottery Company has long been a menace to the peace of the people, and it is believed was at the back of the insurrection of 1895. In case of a general war, little Hawaii would really be at the mercy of the world.

The islands must belong to England, Japan, or America. There are many English people on the islands who from personal interest and location, as well as a matter of justice, argue that they should belong to the latter; while a few Britons living on the islands, from prejudice or love of country, favor annexation to Great Britain. The most repulsive thought to the Hawaiian people is a political alliance with Japan, and yet such a thing is not among the impossibilities. Under a treaty made by some of the Hawaiian kings and the Japanese government, it was stipulated that the Japanese on

the islands should be treated as the most favored of nations. Since the establishment of the republic, the Japanese under that treaty have been claiming the rights of citizenship, including the elective franchise, which the republic wisely refuses to grant; for, of the Japanese on the islands, the ignorant greatly predominate. But few have emerged from heathenism, and the majority are no more suited to self-government than the Sioux Indians. Besides, they are only sojourners in Hawaii, and never become permanent citizens.

Though most of the English in Hawaii scoff at the idea that Great Britain wants the islands, many things have transpired which convince a thinking person that this gem of the Pacific is really coveted by our cousins across the water. If England is jealous of any one thing in the world it is her commerce, and when she found America a successful rival, outstripping her in the islands, she began to grow jealous of this country, as the history of the past shows. This powerful nation, which once had 80 per cent of the Hawaiian trade, now has but 8.16 per cent of it, while America has almost reached the percentage that England once had. This of itself is enough to arouse the British lion.

An objection made to the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands is the distance they lie from the United States. This has been answered in the following manner: taking San Francisco as a centre, let a thread representing twenty-one hundred miles be swung on the map as in drawing a circle, and the line of circumference will touch Honolulu, the capital of Hawaii, on the southwest; Alaska peninsula on the northwest; the Mississippi river on the east; the city of Houston, Texas, on the southeast; and the isthmus of Tehuantepec, Mexico, on the south. These facts illustrate the proximity of the Hawaiian Islands, and prove that Chicago and the thirteen original States of the Union are farther from San Francisco than is Honolulu. "One can sail fifteen hundred miles west from Honolulu, three times the distance between Buffalo and Chicago, and by thence following a great circle, sail due north and arrive at United States territory in Alaska." In all that distance there is no land, only a vast ocean teeming with commerce.

The Hawaiian Islands can no longer be called insignificant. Their wonderful productive qualities make them more desirable than the sealing fisheries or gold mines of Alaska. The Pacific Ocean is destined to some day float the com-

merce of the world. In 1852 William H. Seward in the United States senate said :

The Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands, and the vast region beyond will become the chief theatre in the world's great hereafter.

In the furtherance and protection of commerce, contiguous territory is less advantageous than land that is reasonably proximate, while yet on the oceans' highways. That Hawaii would constitute a most important American outpost in the growing commerce of the Pacific cannot be doubted on geographical considerations.

It is impossible to be long in Hawaii without realizing that the energy and propelling powers in that wonderful land are American. Wherever there is directing energy, or organizing power, or enterprise, or action, there one will find the American. Americanism predominates among the intelligent and ruling classes of the islands. This is shown in a hundred ways. The republic was declared on the fourth day of July in order that the day might be doubly endeared to the hearts of the American people. Almost as much interest is manifested there in the affairs of the United States as in the States themselves. The results of elections and the policy of administrations are watched with the keenest interest. Candidates for the chief executive are voted for in Honolulu on the same day that we hold our presidential elections, and on the 3d of last November, Mr. McKinley carried the city by a good round majority.

The American is chief in business and politics. He is in the church and school, the counting-room, on the railroad and steamer ; at the dry-dock and foundry ; at the lumber-yard, at the mill, and at the tow-boat. He is on the wharf when you land, on the street as you pass, at the hotel when you register. Nothing goes on successfully without him.

The educational system of the islands is wholly American. A glance at the schoolbooks adopted by the Board of Education shows none but American imprints. The American Book Company, Ginn & Co., D. C. Heath & Co., and other schoolbook publishing houses familiar in America, are just as familiar there, so that the Hawaiian youth is being brought up in the same line of thought as the American youth.

Ignorance of the islands leads most people to believe them to be insignificant dots in the Pacific Ocean, not worth making any great "fuss" over. But in a commercial point

of view they exceed many much larger countries. The inter-island commerce of Hawaii supports two large steamship companies with a fleet of fifteen or twenty steamships each, both doing a profitable business of over a million per year. The Wilder Steamship Company pays a dividend of twelve per cent per annum. There are three railroads on the islands in addition to the many plantation railroads, all doing a thriving business. But Hawaii's greatest wealth lies in her rich plantations of sugar, coffee, rice, and all the fruits of the tropics.

In the United States the opponents of annexation make the same argument that was used in opposition to the Louisiana Purchase. It was then thought that we should never have any use for the territory of Illinois and all that vast region west of the Mississippi. Such a purchase was said to be unconstitutional, needless, and expensive, though the land cost only two cents per acre. President Jefferson admitted that he stretched his authority "until it cracked," though he never doubted the wisdom of the act. President Grant saw fit to purchase Alaska for seven million, two hundred thousand dollars, on account of its timber and cod fisheries. Texas was annexed after she had gained her independence; and yet there are those who declare that Hawaii could not constitutionally be allied to the union.

To enumerate the relative values of Alaska and Hawaii would be tedious and unnecessary. Seven million, two hundred thousand was paid for the former, while the latter is offered as a gift.

In addition to being a coaling and supply station in time of peace or war, Hawaii, with cable connections and more available steamship lines, which annexation would insure, would become a delightful winter resort for Americans.

According to Professor Alexander, the eight inhabited islands comprise an area of about six thousand, seven hundred square miles, much of which is mountainous and unfitted for agriculture. Not over twenty-five per cent of the agricultural lands are in cultivation, and not more than one-tenth of the vast grazing territory is used. It is said that Hawaii can produce as fine wool as Australia, and its vast grazing lands would support millions of sheep. The inhabitants of Hawaii number only about one hundred

thousand,¹ while in agricultural pursuits alone the islands would easily support half a million. Consequently annexation would afford homes for from four to five hundred thousand Americans. If manufacturing interests should become developed, or the islands become famous as a health resort, they would easily support a million inhabitants. Except the wool industry and the products of some of the extreme Southern States, Hawaii does not come in competition with any of the agricultural interests of the United States. Its exports, in round numbers ten millions per annum, can be increased to fifty, or perhaps one hundred millions, for some of its most profitable industries are just in their infancy. According to the custom-house reports and the statement of Mr. Damon, Minister of Finance, the revenues last year were one million, seven hundred thousand dollars. A present of one million, seven hundred thousand dollars per annum is a gift not to be slighted even by this great nation, and we must not lose sight of the fact that this annual revenue may be increased from four to ten fold.

Some argue that we ought to accept the present in order to keep our rivals England and Japan from getting it. As a republic, with the most friendly feelings possible toward us, 76.23 per cent of all the imports into Hawaii are from the United States, while only 8.16 per cent come from Great Britain. But suppose Johnny Bull should get possession of Hawaii, who knows what legislation and inducements would be brought to bear to reverse matters. Our chief exports to the islands are coal, iron, machinery, corn, hay, wheat, oats, flour, cotton, woollen, and linen fabrics, lumber, and wood. Every miner, miller, merchant, farmer, and mechanic is interested in the subject of annexation. If a political union with the islands will increase their inhabitants from one hundred thousand to perhaps a million non-competitive consumers of American products, then this union is certainly desirable; while, on the other hand, if a political union with some other country would rob us of the business we already have, such a union should be thwarted if possible.

¹ The census of 1890 showed there were 89,990 inhabitants in Hawaii as follows: natives, 34,436; half-castes, 6,186; born in Hawaii of foreign parents, 7,496; Chinese, 18,301; Japanese, 12,360; Portuguese, 8,602; Americans, 1,928; British, 1,344; Germans, 1,034; Norwegians, 227; French, 70; Polynesians, 588; other foreigners, 419; total, 89,990. The increase in population in the last six years is supposed to be almost ten thousand, a large percentage of which is from immigrants from America. Another item should be borne in mind: of the 7,496 born in Hawaii of foreign parents, a large percentage are whites born of American parents, the descendants of early American missionaries.

The language of the country is English, and as a natural sequence the islands should belong to either England or America. Now, the great question is, to which nation shall they be allied. Though at present we have only 76.23 per cent of the trade, yet by a careful political alliance and wholesome laws it could be increased to 90 per cent; and the trade, with an increase of population to five times what it is at present, would not be inconsiderable.

If a political alliance with Hawaii can fulfil half the rosy promises of the annexationists, she would not only furnish homes for half-a-million of our people, but would annually consume from twenty-five to fifty millions of our products, would supply us with hundreds of thousands of tons of sugar, rice, and coffee, in addition to fine wool, silks, and countless numbers of tropical fruits and jellies, while the union would add to the revenues of this government from six to ten millions per annum. Hawaii's national debt is only about three millions, and her revenues are sufficient to liquidate that in two years.

An objection to annexation would be that the natives would make undesirable wards of the nation, and would have to be kept under as close surveillance as the North American Indians. This is a mistake, for the Hawaiian is wholly unlike the North American Indian. He is kind, gentle, peaceable, and not at all revengeful. His childlike good nature makes him beloved by all who know him. When educated to the point — and the Kanaka is easily taught — he would make an honorable and loyal American citizen.

The most serious objection to this proposed alliance is the Asiatics, who have always been repugnant to the American people. But the Orientals are no more citizens there than here. They make excellent plantation hands, are well paid, are furnished houses to live in, have medical attendance free for the term they are employed, and their expenses paid to return to their country. The people of Hawaii are dispensing with the contract-labor system as speedily as possible without injury to the plantations. Mr. W. J. Lowrie, manager of the Ewa plantation, opposes the system, and says:

We can well afford to give it up entirely in order to get annexation, and the benefits that would accrue from it.

Dr. C. T. Rodgers, secretary of the Hawaiian Labor Bureau, says in his last report:

As a great deal has been sought to be made out of our contract-labor system in the United States, it should be understood that even on the sugar plantations, for which the system was originally devised, and for which it is perhaps better adapted than to any other of our industries, less than one-half of the laborers are under contract, and the number and proportion of those not under contract is on the increase. The natural tendency of things is away from the contract system. The labor statistics presented at the meeting of the Planters' Labor and Supply Co. last month showed that the Japanese were the only class of plantation laborers among whom the contract hands were in the majority. In every other class and nationality of plantation laborers the free predominated over the contract labor, in some cases largely.

When the question of annexation comes before the President and senate of the United States, all the advantages and disadvantages of a political alliance will no doubt be taken into consideration, and a decision reached that will be profitable to both countries. To the patriotism, wisdom, and humanity of Mr. McKinley the subject will strongly appeal. On a careful investigation of the subject, he will learn that no people have been more maligned than the officials of the Hawaiian Republic. Being the descendants of God-fearing missionaries, they took a firm stand against opium smuggling, lotteries, Monte Carlos, and indecency of every character, and became the champions of virtue and honesty. From their little island homes, in their distress and dread, they turn their appealing eyes to America for protection. Shall their appeal be in vain?

WILLIAM MORRIS.

BY O. E. OLIN.

Far up he climbed upon the mount of light,
The sacred mount whose beauteous summit stands
Crowned with th' eternal bloom of all the years.
The laurel wreath was waving in glad hands;
But when his foot was on the topmost height,
He heard the cries of men borne up through tears,
And dropped the lute for shield and spear of knight.
Quick from its idle sheath the sword he drew,
And moving downward to the fields of woe,
He set the bugle to his lips, and blew
A mortal challenge to each brother's foe.
So when there came the boon of early rest,
'Twas written only, that he fell in fight.
O men, O loving Father, which was best?

THE EFFECTS OF NICOTINE.

BY JAY W. SEAVER, A. M., M. D.

The tobacco plant is well known by botanists as one of a large family, the Solanaceæ, and a peculiarity of them all is the production, in larger or smaller quantities, of some narcotic drug, nicotine being the principal one of the group. This drug is found in the plant to the extent of from three to nine per cent, the latter being an excessively large amount. The larger part of the product put upon the market contains from three to five per cent. The last census report shows that the export to foreign nations is about \$40,000,000 worth, and that we produce 500,000,000 pounds per year. It becomes as important a subject with us as that of bread and butter, for our community spends about as much for tobacco as for flour. But its greatest importance relates to the possible physical effects it may have, especially as used by the young people in the community. Somebody has said that in the combustion of tobacco in smoking the nicotine is entirely destroyed, broken up into oils and acids, and that the nicotine itself is not taken into the system. The combustion of tobacco, under ordinary conditions, does not destroy the drug. Kissling recovered 52 per cent of it from the smoke of a sample containing 3.75 per cent of nicotine, and from a lower sample 84 per cent.¹

I speak of nicotine as a drug because, if you take up any book on *materia medica*, you will find that tobacco is discussed in the same way as opium, quinine, or any of the drugs that are in common use by physicians, and that its physiological effects are stated there without prejudice. The amount of nicotine derived from a cigar in smoking is somewhere in the neighborhood of one per cent, if we presume that one-half is destroyed by the process of combustion and the other half drawn in with the smoke; and this is especially true in the use of a pipe, where the tobacco is completely burned out. As to absorption, it is a very volatile oil-like material, soluble in water, glycerine, oils, alcohol, etc., so that that part which touches upon the mucous sur-

¹ Dingler's Polytechnic Journal, ccliv, 234-246.

faces passes into solution and is pretty largely picked up. White¹ tells us that a dose of one-thirtieth of a grain will produce toxic symptoms in the body, so that we need absorb only a small proportion of the amount actually taken in during the process of smoking a cigar or a pipeful of tobacco to reach the limit of easy toleration by the system. Looking upon the matter from this standpoint, we can appreciate the fact that there is an immense amount of drug-taking in the community, and we might expect that there would be such physical effects as could be readily determined and stated.

All through the history of the use of tobacco, which goes back some 300 years, different writers have abused it and praised it, until one who might attempt to gain information would be at a loss to come to a definite conclusion as to its merits or demerits. Burton, in the "Anatomy of Melancholy," probably gives it its due when he says: "Tobacco, divine, rare, super-excellent tobacco! which goes far beyond all the panaceas, potable gold and philosophers' stones; is a sovereign remedy in all diseases; a good vomit I confess; a virtuous herb if it be well qualified, opportunely taken and medicinally used; but, as it is commonly abused by most men, which take it as tinkers do ale, 'tis a plague, a mischievous, a violent purge of goods, lands and health."

Now, this is one of the peculiar drugs — opium is another — which, while they are to a certain extent harmful, have certain influences that are favorable, consequently a balance must be drawn between the good and bad influences. I wish to be fair in this matter, and say that the use of tobacco does not pass as entirely an evil, because we have plenty of people who are willing to bear witness to the fact that they get a certain amount of nervous comfort from it. Let us look upon it as it influences the human body, especially in the period of growth.

It has been my privilege to spend the active part of my life in working with young men, and I naturally am interested in that particular animal. The boy is always inclined to follow out those instincts to which we refer when we say that "he apes his elders." That is, if there is any act which he is in the habit of seeing a grown person do, the boy (or girl) wishes to imitate it, be it good or bad; and I fancy

¹ *Materia Medica and Therapeutics*, 1896.

this is the reason why we find so many boys smoking, hoping thereby to gain a certain reputation for maturity among their mates. This desire to be mature is common to all of us. We did not lay aside the idea with our knickerbockers.

Among boys in secondary schools the tobacco habit has become very general. In these schools the boys are for the first time away from home, and they are allowed to mature somewhat too rapidly for their future keeping qualities. I have spoken to the principal of one of our largest preparatory schools within a year regarding the health of students who smoke, and, while he does not use tobacco himself, and says that "it is the bane of the school, and more boys break down in health and are sent home from its influence than from any other," yet there is no effort to control this use of the drug by the pupils. Unfortunately, in very many of these institutions there is an unpleasant condition of being dependent for financial income on the tuition of the students. In very few of these schools is there direct personal supervision of the health of the students, and the physical influences that have affected their growth or health are not recorded until the young men reach college, where it is possible, by comparing the measurements and tests of large numbers of young men, to determine in a fairly exact manner what influences have tended toward physical deterioration, and what have tended toward growth and improvement.

A tabulation of the records of the students who entered Yale in nine years, when all of the young men were examined and measured, shows that the smokers averaged fifteen months older than the non-smokers, but that their size—except in weight, which was one and four-tenths kilograms more—was inferior in height to the extent of seven millimeters, and in lung-capacity to the extent of eighty cubic centimeters. The observed rate of growth at this age would lead us to expect that the smokers, from their greater age, would surpass the others by one kilogram in weight, two millimeters in height, and one hundred cubic centimeters in lung-capacity.

The difference in age in the two groups points to an age limit to parental restraint, and raises the inquiry as to what might supplement this influence. The wide variation in lung-capacity demonstrates an influence on lung tissue that is also illustrated below.

The study of the physiological influence of drugs on the

muscular and nervous systems has led to certain valuable conclusions. Dr. Foster, in his "Physiology,"¹ speaks of the influence of nicotine on the nervous tissues, especially on the vagi, as paralyzing their activity, thus allowing the heart muscle to wear itself out. With this information we can easily understand how, in the beginning of the habit of smoking, the influence of nicotine causes so much disturbance to the circulation, for the vagus is the great controlling nerve of the heart, and that organ first gives obvious response to the poison. The influence of nicotine may be counteracted by the administration of powerful heart stimulants, like strychnine, caffeine, alcohol, etc. The whole nervous system is affected to some extent by even moderate doses of nicotine. This may be seen by its effect upon the pupil of the eye, where there is temporary dilatation followed by prolonged contraction of the pupil, which behaves very much as it would under the local influence of pilocarpine or under the systemic influence of full doses of morphine. Where there is prolonged use of the drug the bad effects are disclosed in the optic disk, which is the end of the optic nerve, readily seen in an examination of the fundus of the eye, and which is the only large nerve that is laid bare to ocular observation. There appears to be less irritation of the brain structure and the efferent (motor) nerves than of the afferent (sensory) nerves, but the power of fine coördination is decidedly lowered by the drug. The muscle cells are also apparently only slightly affected by it, but, the nerve supply to the muscles being affected, the practical motor ability is greatly impaired. This has been thoroughly demonstrated by experiments carried out by Dr. W. P. Lombard,² of the University of Michigan, who has shown that the administration of even moderate amounts of tobacco in the form of smoke lowers the working power of the human muscle by a high percentage, and there seemed to be no compensation for lowered temporary ability in increased duration of it. His experiments were made with Mosso's ergograph, and his results may be crudely summarized as follows: In from five to ten minutes after beginning to smoke an ordinary cigar muscular power began to diminish, and in an hour, when the cigar was burnt, it had fallen to about 25 per cent of its initial value. The total work of the time of depression, compared with a similar normal period, was as 24.2 to 44.8.

¹ Edition 1888.² Journal of Physiology, vol. xiii, p. 1 et seq.

So far as the alimentary tract is concerned, there is a decided stimulation of the flow of peptic fluids. For this reason tobacco has been recommended as a sort of gastric stimulant after eating, and it undoubtedly acts in this particular way. If this be true, however, the ordinary use of the drug must be extremely destructive to the digestive process. We have all chewed gum before dinner until, when we came to eat and tried to chew dry food, there was no saliva to mix with it, and we ate with discomfort. In this case exactly the same thing has happened to the salivary glands that would happen to the peptic glands if one were to smoke before meals during the period of rest for the stomach, for the gastric glands would be depleted, the fluids poured forth into the stomach under the stimulation, not being retained in that organ by food to be digested, would pass on into the intestinal tract, and when food was finally taken the peptic cells would be unable to pour forth adequate solvents for the proteid mass, and digestion would be delayed until such solvents could be formed by cellular metabolism. Meanwhile the food would be retained in the stomach in a warm and moist condition, favorable for the development of decomposition germs, which must always be present in the food we eat. The result of the decomposition process is the production of acids that are extremely irritating and cause the discomforts that are so familiar to the dyspeptic. Not only has the food been manufactured into chemicals hostile to the organism, but, so far as future nutrition is concerned, it is actually lost, for the physiological cost of reducing these decomposition products to available forms for absorption and use is more than the available heat that can finally be produced in their oxidation.

Regarding glandular activity, it may be said that nicotine stimulates secretion in general, as is illustrated by the influence upon the mucous glands of the mouth and general alimentary tract. This over-stimulation of the mucous area would naturally lead to the development of catarrhal affections, and it would seem that this drug was contra-indicated in all forms of tendency to catarrhal diseases. This must mean, if the popular estimate of the condition of the New England nose is correct, that few Yankees, at least, should use tobacco.

Now I ought to speak of one quality of tobacco smoke that seems to be sanitary to a certain extent, and that is, that it

has a considerable antiseptic value. If a person is so slovenly that he does not care for his teeth as he ought, it may be a preservative of them; and in certain catarrhal conditions one could almost be pardoned for the offensive fumigation on this same ground. I speak of this because I wish to give whatever credit is due, and this seems a fair statement of the result of experiments in the matter.¹

What is known of the influence of nicotine upon the blood may be briefly summarized. Some physiologists have claimed that the blood corpuscles seemed to assume a notched appearance; but this is believed now to have been due to the handling of the corpuscles while on the microscopic slide, and the influence of nicotine upon the blood corpuscles is believed to-day to be comparatively slight, although the spectrum of the blood is altered, showing that they are affected in some way. It is true that anæmia is a constant accompaniment of chronic nicotine poisoning, but this is due to the disastrous results of the poison upon the digestive system, which does not prepare abundant nutriment for the blood current, and the anæmia should therefore be referred to starvation rather than to corpuscular degeneration.

Another proof of the physical deterioration produced by chronic nicotine poisoning is found in a report by R. L. McDonnell, regarding the family life of cigar-makers in New York City.² He reports that in 337 families there was an average of but 1.63 children to a family. The conclusions to be drawn from this need not be pointed out.

The effect of nicotine on growth is very measurable, and the following figures are presented as a fairly satisfactory demonstration of the extent of the interference with growth that may be expected in boys from 16 to 25 years of age, when they are believed to have reached full maturity.

For purposes of comparison the men composing a class in Yale have been divided into three groups. The first is made up of those who do not use tobacco in any form; the second consists of those who have used it regularly for at least a year of the college course; the third group includes the irregular users. A compilation of the anthropometric data on this basis shows that during the period of undergraduate life, which is essentially 3½ years, the first group grows in weight 10.4 per cent more than the second, and 6.6 per cent

¹ Thesis, Yale Med. 1891, P. S. Robinson.

² Wood's Medical Reference Handbook, vol. v, 283.

more than the third. In height the first group grows 24 per cent more than the second, and 11 per cent more than the third; in girth of chest the first group grows 26.7 per cent more than the second, and 22 more than the third; in capacity of lungs the first group gains 77 per cent more than the second, and 49.5 per cent more than the third.

These results are essentially the same as those obtained by Dr. E. Hitchcock, of Amherst College, who observed a similar group of young men in a manner entirely independent. He says: "In separating the smokers from the non-smokers, it appears that in the item of weight the non-smokers have increased 24 per cent more than the smokers; in growth in height they have surpassed them 37 per cent, and in chest girth, 42 per cent. And in lung capacity there is a difference of 8.36 cubic inches [this is about 75 per cent] in favor of the non-smokers, which is three per cent of the total average lung capacity of the class."

The widely differing growth in capacity of lungs points to the influence of tobacco on respiration. Inspiration is essentially a muscular act and as such would be seriously impeded by nicotine. But even farther than this must act the irritating substances of a smoke which readily causes inflammation and soreness of any mucous membrane. Now, to fully expand the lungs under such conditions is uncomfortable if not impossible, and respiration degenerates into an incomplete act.

I do not know how we can compare the work of the users of tobacco with that of the non-users in mental lines as we can in physical lines. I can tell you absolutely whether a man has gained a pound in weight during the year, but I cannot tell you by any such definite means the mental progress that has gone on in that time. We must always be exceedingly careful in handling statistics of the mental process. Out of our highest scholarship men only a very small percentage (about five) use tobacco, while of the men who do not get appointments over 60 per cent are tobacco-users. But this does not mean that mental decrepitude follows the use of tobacco, for we may read the results in another way, viz.: the kind of mind that permits its possessor to become addicted to a habit that is primarily offensive and deteriorating is the kind of mind that will be graded low on general intellectual tests.

If the whole period of physical growth be divided into seven or eight year periods, according to the physiological phases of our development, we should have the third period, devoted to the rounding-out processes, begin at about the

time when the most strenuous mental application is begun, and when the opportunities for outdoor recreation are decidedly curtailed. It is at this period that the tobacco habit usually is begun, if it is begun at all. This is the period of the development of high muscular coördination, and it is well to note that in mental processes it is the period of the development of the logical faculties. Whether we believe, with some psychologists, that there is a direct relation between muscular ability and mental power, or not, we must believe that any curtailment of the activity of the great blood-containing and heat-producing tissue (the muscles) must react unfavorably upon the nerve structure, which depends so largely upon outside sources for its material for work, if not for its method of work. Furthermore, the young animal seems to be especially susceptible to this poison, but the system can adjust itself so as to counteract the ordinary influence of it and go on with comparatively little interference. As a machine that is obstructed to a certain extent, can nevertheless apply a part of its energy to the sweeping away of the obstruction, so the organic machine can divert a certain amount of its energy to the elimination of this poisonous element, but only the residuum is available for normal processes of growth and functional activity.

Whenever it is desired to secure the highest possible working ability by the organism, as in athletic contests, where the maximum of effort is demanded, all motor-depressant influences are removed as far as possible, tobacco being one of the first substances forbidden. As a large part of the functional activity during this rounding-out period pertains to growth, would it not seem logical to remove from the system all motor depressants, in order that this line of activity may find its highest resultant in increased size and improved activity? This position has been taken by the directors of government schools, not only in this country, but in Europe, where the highest efficiency of the pupils is made the object of the schools, and where efficiently trained inspection, freed from personal appeals and special considerations, leaves the directors at liberty to manage the pupils upon the most approved scientific principles. It is satisfactory to note also that many private schools have taken this advanced position within the last ten years. May we not believe that, with a higher grade of intelligence among the patrons of schools, the same higher standard will be demanded soon in all similar institutions?

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

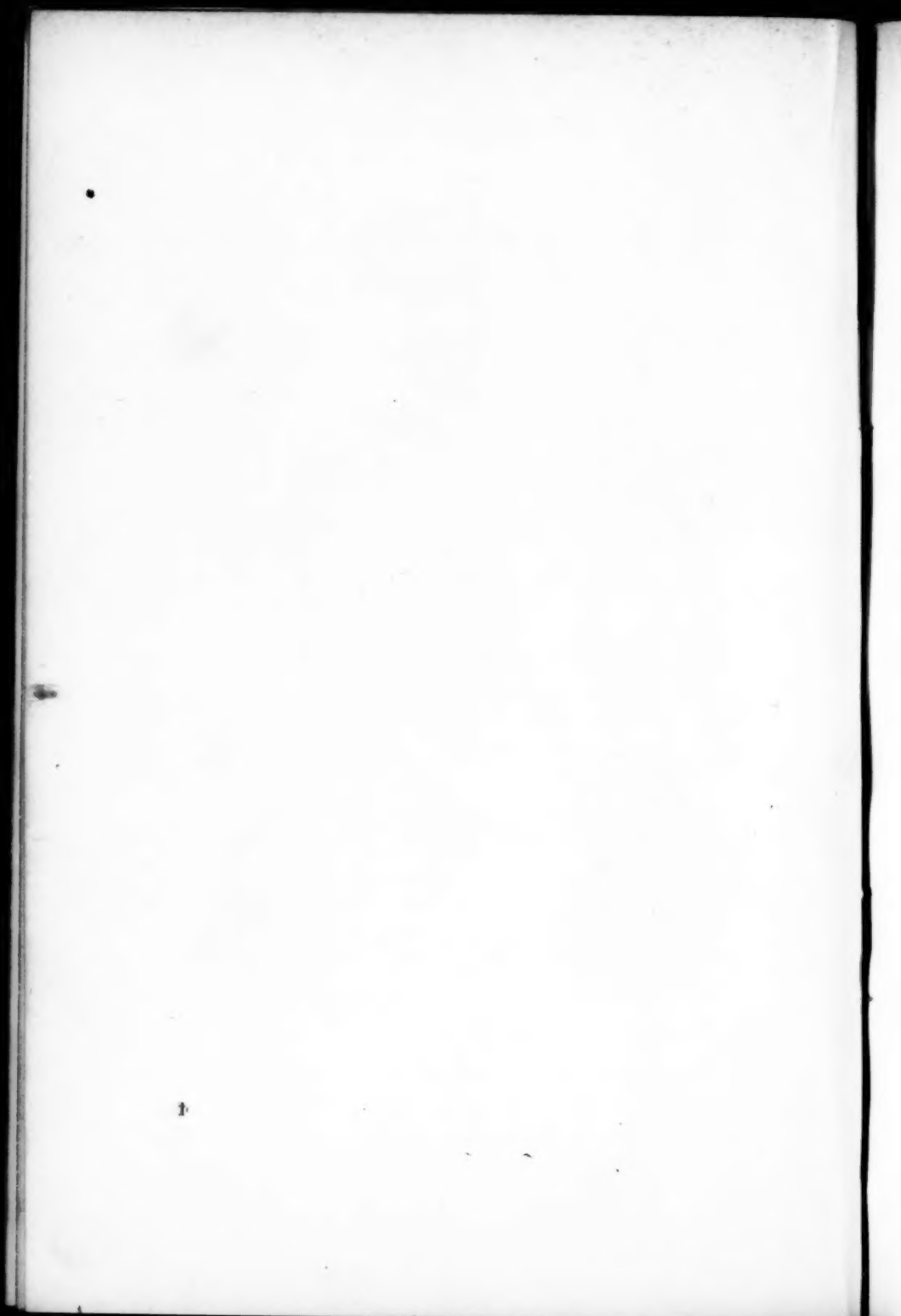
The last decade marks an era of rapid change in general knowledge concerning our social and economic conditions. One striking indication of this change is the modified attitude of the public mind toward all humanitarian efforts of women. In such efforts on the part of men, women have always had a distinctive place; and often a disproportionate share in the execution of plans has counterbalanced the lack of any share whatever in their inception. The women auxiliaries, whose chief function was to apply all feminine forces and devices to the replenishment of depleted treasuries, have been so helpful a factor in philanthropic and missionary work as to foster the impression that the collector's function was the greatest of all for women, since thereby they supplied what is recognized as the greatest need in all work, for whatever helpful cause.

To-day we think of her as a collector of facts, an analyst of theories, a creator of plans, a co-worker in their execution, possessed of sympathies essential to the diagnosis of human needs, of insight that sends the plummet of investigation straight to underlying causes, an outlook that searches even to the horizon for sources of supply.

From the low estimate of the earlier time to this, which ranks her in service beside her brother man, the journey has been long and hard, and much of the way women have felt forced to walk alone, which loneliness, as unnecessary as it was unfortunate, no longer exists. From their first efforts to help men in their beneficent projects, women were like those who finding a slow old boat making its way through a canal, were ready to supply the means to push or pull it forward. When their eyes were opened they began to see new needs and to make new projects of their own, and in their eagerness they not only built new boats, but here and there attempted to dig new canals running parallel with the old, passing through the same region, yet separate and distinct. Now, after more or less lonely years of pushing and pulling, both men and women have discovered



1. MRS. MARY LOWE DICKINSON, President of the National Council of Women of the United States.
2. MRS. LOUISE BARNUM ROBBINS, Corresponding Secretary.
3. HANNAH J. BAILEY, Treasurer.
4. REV. ANNA H. SHAW, Vice-President.
5. HELEN F. BRISTOL, Second Recording Secretary.
6. EMELINE B. CHENEY, First Recording Secretary.



that united crafts can be propelled by united forces, and that one channel is better than two for boats that go one way freighted with the same supply for the selfsame hunger and need.

For a time yet we shall go on inducing women to help in the organized work of men, and men to aid in the organized work of women, because each needs the other for the completion of much that is begun. But they read not aright the signs of the times nor keep abreast of the age's progress who are not looking for a day when organizations of men and organizations of women will be working together not for the benefit of one or the other separately, but in full recognition that separation is impossible, and working in full accord in thought and hope and toil for the ultimate good of all.

And in those modern societies, whether of men or women, which are of broadest conception and highest purpose and noblest type, one finds always an embodiment of principles as applicable to both as to one, and of equal value to human beings without regard to differences of sex or race or creed.

The National Council of Women of the United States aims at a united womankind as a means, in full recognition of the fact that the solidarity of womankind is the surest and straightest road to the solidarity of humankind, — a consummation devoutly to be desired.

In this National Council of Women, as in the organizations that preceded it, we have only another illustration of the outreach of human hearts toward each other and toward humanity, stimulated by the almost universal desire to better the conditions of human life for the suffering children of men.

This desire had been hidden like an underground stream from the day when Miriam first gathered women together to dance to the sound of the timbrel and to "sing to the Lord a new song." Here and there down through the centuries it sprang to the light in revelations like the life of Deborah, who not only sang to the Lord, but led the hosts to battle and sat in the judgment seat; or like Sappho, who sang such songs as stirred to valor the sluggish pulses of the warriors of Greece.

Further on this stream of love and longing for humanity sprang in many a silent soul that dwelt upon the heights, and found its way by one channel or another to a point union with other streams whose spring and source was Love. Then came the first organized movements of women. Then

began to flow currents of mercy, of religion, of education, of the varied forms of philanthropy, which, in the great idea of the National Council of Women, converged and flowed for a little time together in one harmonious tide of blessing and comfort for the race. They met not in a sea in which each stream was swallowed up and lost, but in a stream whose waters mingled and, dividing, went on again, each making a wider, deeper channel, each spreading more broadly its beneficence to the land through which it flowed, because into the life of each had entered something of the power and grace and force and beauty of the whole; each bearing a broader burden of blessing, because of the mingling of the waters, and each drop tinctured with the life of every other drop.

In other words, so met the various societies, in each of which the universal desire to help had found its peculiar mode of expression. The union of all meant no diminution of the power or the freedom of any one, but, on the contrary, an augmentation of the force of each by the addition of an impetus from the united forces of all.

We have heard in time past a great deal of what is called the *council idea*. Yet many a woman, even after nearly a decade of progress, is asking what it means. Again and again comes the question: Is it not simply the suffrage society under another guise? And while we answer unhesitatingly, No, that this society stands like any and every other in its representation, we should yet fail to be just if we made not frankest and most grateful acknowledgment everywhere of what the Council owes to the suffrage society. Let us turn back the pages a moment and read the story of the Council's birth.

We all recall the Bible record of the forty years during which a once enslaved nation wandered in a wilderness seeking for a promised land; and we all recall, too, the fact that, centuries after, a desire for a larger life and a truer freedom began to burn in the hearts of women like Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony, and kept on glowing until its warmth permeated many hearts questioning already if there was nothing better than the fleshpots of Egypt and the life of a captive amid the glories of Pharaoh's court. When the followers of Moses went out they left the plagues behind. When the followers of these early leaders went, the plagues went also. The banners above them bore no such word as "love."

They went the wilderness ways with no "godspeed" following after. Unlike the children of Israel, they got very little manna, and they never had wealth enough, even if they had desired to worship one, to fashion a golden calf.

And yet at the end of forty years they had made progress, and here and there a prophetess among them had the open vision of their promised land. And though their way had lain by a wilderness of wrongs, by highways and byways beset with hindrances, through thorns and briars of opposition, through deserts of prejudice and by dark paths where, instead of the songs of the night birds, they heard the squalls of the jackals of contempt, — though before them no red waves parted, and behind them went down neither chariots nor horsemen, — yet in the face of every obstacle the little band moved on. And in their wake *sometimes* a wrong was righted, *sometimes* a new and better law took the place of the old; sometimes women came to where they owned their wages and their children, and sometimes they even dared to dream of a day when they should own themselves.

And as the march went on, and new scattering recruits joined them, here and there the wail of weakness changed to a song of hope; now and then on some height, as one State or another came into line, flashed out the beacon light of victory. And by and by they came to a birthday of jubilee. And to that day they brought the love of freedom and of truth, and a hope for humanity out of which that inspiration, which has been called the *council idea*, was born. For from the height which they had gained, and where they paused to keep their jubilee, they could see coming from the shores of the East and from the mountains of the West, down from the Northlands and up from the South, army after army of women, each marching under its own banner. Some were hastening eagerly forward, some creeping slowly and silently upward, out of the dark of the morning twilight, some filling the shadows with the music of their march, but all with their faces set toward the morning, searching the horizon with eager eyes for the light of a new and radiant day, the way to which these pioneers, who had trod the wilderness for forty years, had shown.

And so it was that this one organization, the National Woman's Suffrage Association, including in its great central idea of freedom for body, mind, and soul all the other ideas that were blazoned on the banners of the converging armies

of women, called a halt after its forty years' march, and waited for the forces to come in.

And when they came to keep that jubilee in that first Council in Washington in 1888, they represented fifty-three national societies, each one of which represented in itself some one great thought or hope or inspiration for the race. Fifty-three national societies made utterance in over one hundred voices, and through these voices the womanhood of the world expressed its highest thought and hope for the world's education, its philanthropy, its temperance, its industries, its professions, its legal conditions, its political conditions, its moral education, and, last but not least, for the organization of all and the union of all, as the truest method for strengthening and developing every one.

If it was not an entrance into the promised land after the forty years of wilderness, if it was not a gathering of the hosts of the *free*, it was a gathering of those who longed for freedom for the race from the intangible and intolerable bondage of ignorance, of poverty, of intemperance, of idleness, of degradation, and from every form and phase of misery and sin.

Then all around that central society these many camp fires blazed. The multitude was like one army. Yet no two societies wielded the same weapons, chose the same methods of warfare, marched to the same music; but by whatever devious ways they travelled, they journeyed toward the same far country, and over them all was "the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night."

After such a coming together as that first National Council, it would have been strange if they could each have gone their way regardless of the rest. To recognize that, while "the ways they are many, the end is one" was the natural outcome and result of such conference and contact. There could be no basis of union without knowledge, and there could be no knowledge without contact.

Of contact like this there could be but one result. They saw that this centre was a common centre; that their eyes were on the same goal; that at their inmost hearts throbbed the same purpose. And when they clasped hands and made of themselves a national council, this heart-beat found utterance in this preamble to their constitution:

We, women of the United States, sincerely believing that the best good of our homes and nation will be conserved by greater unity of thought—

There you have it, the keynote of all this pulsing womanly purpose : first, "the best good of our homes ;" second, "the best good of the nation ;" two chords that run from heart to heart, unsevered by differences of race, religion, or condition. It was the needs of our homes, the needs of the nation, that brought them to feel the need of unity of thought. I have often wondered why they placed that first when it is the last thing to come. Unity of sympathy ; that is easily aroused. Unity of purpose ; that, too, may be expected when the best good of the home and the nation is at stake ; but unity of thought, that is a result rather than a forerunner of the other two.

"We believe," so they added, "that an organized movement will best conserve" — what? Again the "highest good of the family," and as an outgrowth of that, "the highest good of the state." And, therefore, "for the best good of the home and of the nation, for the highest good of the family and of the state," they tried to band themselves together in a federation of — not lookers-on, not dreamers, not followers merely of some leader who demands, as too many leaders do, nothing except that they shall be followed — but a federation of "*workers*," "committed to the overthrow of all forms of ignorance and injustice."

Are they not needed for this, every corps of the great army of organized womanhood? If they move on, each doing all its best, will it not take them all? Will it not need the societies for the protection of infancy, even while the laws of heredity are bearing upon the little hidden life? the societies that train childhood and protect it from the evil that lies in wait for it beside our cradles, and even at the thresholds of our homes? the societies that cultivate and train the religious sentiments and sympathies? the societies that would solve the labor problems and the other economic questions by which the misery of life may be reduced and its comfort and well-being increased? the educational societies that train to the highest uses the hand and the eye and the brain and the silent, sentient soul? Should any organization of national value be left out of a federation like this?

This declaration of principles summoned the womanhood of the world to the *overthrow* — not to the toleration, not to the quiet submission, not to the feeble effort, not even to indifferent thinking, not to dreaming, and above all things, not to the simple talking, but to the *overthrow* — of every

form of ignorance and injustice, and furthermore, "to the application of the Golden Rule to society, custom, and law."

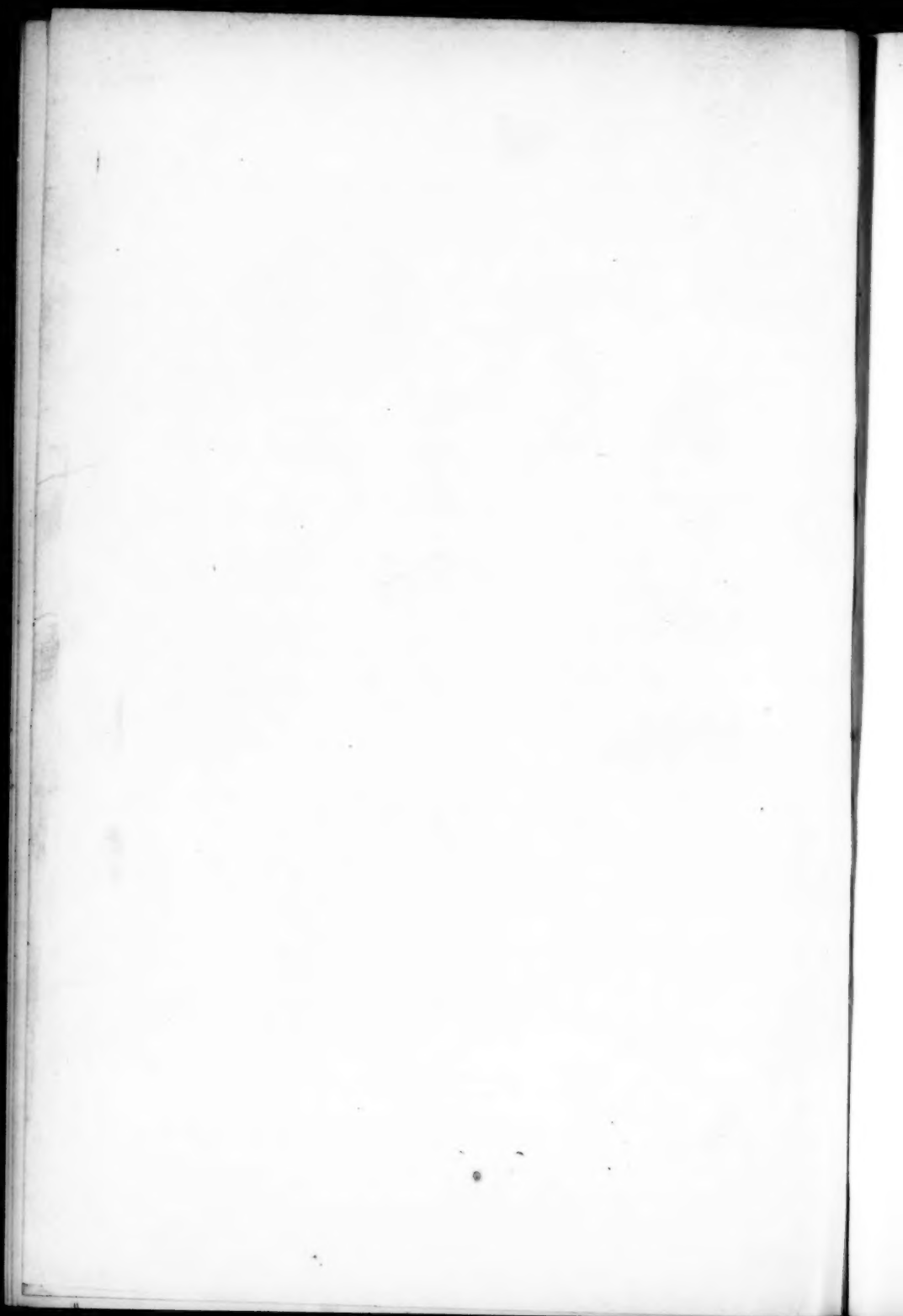
Think for a moment what society would become if the Golden Rule were once for all applied. Think what changes it would bring to custom and to law. Here was a platform as broad as the sky. What woman could not approve it? What society, existing for whatever cause, in any part of our country, could not find points of sympathy with it? If this ideal can be made a reality, then the nobler the society the more eagerly and sincerely would it welcome a fellowship like this; for, in one form or another, all our organized work, under whatever name, means this same thing—the best good of the home and the nation, the family and the state; the overthrow of ignorance and injustice; the application of the Golden Rule.

If this first principle is reiterated and emphasized, it is because it is believed to be the ground on which the womanhood of the world will ultimately meet. That it has not yet met there means one of two things: either this common basis is not yet understood, or the work at its present stage of growth obscures the ideal. But we must not forget that every grand movement has to struggle through its era of difficulties. But a plan inherently noble in purpose and spirit may be retarded by obstacles which yet cannot prevent its ultimate development. If a work is needed in God's world, and if it is essentially good, it has its place then in the divine economy, and those who serve it need only to strengthen it along all lines, building on firm foundations, striving to keep it worthy, and trusting God to keep it strong.

Already twenty national societies, one after another, have come into its fellowship. There is neither need nor space to outline their scope or to dwell upon the familiar labors which are nobly performed by each in its own special field. They stand, as you well know, like so many links in a great chain, each link perfect and complete in its own circle, unhindered in its methods of work, uninfluenced, except as sympathy and interest may influence, by any other organization or by its affiliation with the Council. Each organization, as it comes in to give its strength to the Council, lengthens and strengthens the chain which shall draw the world away from ignorance and injustice and help to conserve the highest good of the family and the state; and each receives the advantage of the transmission of the force of the whole



1. SUSAN B. ANTHONY, President National American Woman Suffrage Association.
2. MRS. I. C. MANCHESTER, President National Association of Loyal Women of American Liberty.
3. MRS. ANNA M. HAMILTON, President Wimodaughsis.
4. NETTA G. McLAUGHLIN, President National Association of Women Stenographers.
5. REV. AMANDA DEYO, President Universal Peace Union.
6. MRS. AGNES HITT, President Woman's Relief Corps.
7. MRS. ZINA D. H. YOUNG, President National Woman's Relief Society.
8. MRS. J. ELLEN FOSTER, President Woman's Republican Association of the United States.



chain to its particular link, the advantage of common purpose, of mutual interest, of the deepening of insight, of the knowledge of what each organization is to itself, and of what it may be to its affiliated organizations, of what it may be to the world.

The conditions of union are simple, as all great things are simple. When a work grows until in its scope and character and influence the nation has a right to claim it as a bit of its pulsing, throbbing life, its myriad hands should grasp the other hands that are outstretched from other national societies, and the union of the highest forces of all should transmit those forces, with multiplied power, to each.

Such forces have found their expression already in the triennial sessions of 1891 and 1895, when the nine organizations and one hundred speakers had increased to seventeen organizations and two hundred speakers. They found their expression also in the Congress of Representative Women during the great Chicago Exposition, when there gathered together delegates from twelve nations, to say nothing of the multitudes from our own country, who presented during 108 sessions no less than 150 topics, touching every interest that bears upon the welfare of humanity, covering topics ranging through every field of human progress.

With unabated interest and zeal followed the great triennial gathering of 1895, with its 27 sessions, its 106 addresses, its numerous discussions showing an earnest and thoughtful and scholarly spirit of investigation, its openness to truth, its charity and tolerance and harmony, its agreements and its disagreements, and its serene agreeing to disagree.

In October following the triennial meeting, came a week of conferences at Atlanta; in November of the same year the pioneer reunion in New York (a full record of which appeared in an article in *THE ARENA* of February, 1896), celebrating the eightieth birthday of Mrs. Stanton; and recently an encouraging series of public meetings in connection with the annual executive session in Boston.

Since the majority of our readers are already familiar with our subject, a statement of statistics and facts seems superfluous, but for the possible stranger to our work we submit the following brief outline gathered largely from the literature of the Council:

Ordinary organizations of women are composed of individual members. The National Council of Women of the

United States, whose existence dates back to the spring of 1888, is unique in that its membership consists of national societies. This body comprises national, state, and local councils, each including societies in different lines of work. Its national organizations have an aggregate membership of about seven hundred thousand women.

One of its underlying sentiments is that opening utterance of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton at that meeting at which the Council was born: "A difference of opinion on one question should not prevent our working unitedly for those on which we agree."

An outgrowth of the National Council of Women of the United States is the International Council, a union of the national councils of different countries, of which Her Excellency, the Countess of Aberdeen, is President. And if the National Council of the United States had done nothing else, the fact that as an outgrowth of its work have come the present councils in England, Germany (where over thirty national societies are united in the council), France, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, New Zealand, New South Wales, and Canada, its service has justified its right to be.

The National Council of Women holds a triennial session and an annual executive session. The International Council holds its sessions once in five years.

Among the lines of work undertaken by the Council under the auspices of its standing committees have been marked, first, the effort to secure the appointment of women on all State commissions working to change existing divorce and marriage laws.

They have also sought to arouse public sentiment in favor of greater attention being paid to health, freedom, and beauty in the dress of women.

Also, through its Committee on Education in Citizenship, to introduce patriotic teaching into the public schools; and it has endeavored to secure equal educational advantages for men and women, equal opportunities of industrial training for men and boys, admission of women to equality of men in the Church work of different denominations, and the demand for an equal standard of personal purity for men and women.

A Standing Committee on Household Economics was added at the last triennial, with Mrs. Helen Campbell as chairman.

Perhaps no better idea of the aims and plans of the Council

could be gained than by recurring to the resolutions adopted at its last triennial, in 1895. Especially significant among these were: the resolution in regard to capital and labor, urging that coöperation instead of competition be adopted as the standard to which industrial relations shall be brought, and that to this end boards of conciliation and arbitration be established; the resolutions urging the extension of practical religion into every phase of life—in the home, society, and nation—and protesting against all religious persecution and intolerance; and the suggestion that a peace commission, composed of men and women, shall be appointed to confer with the governments of other nations upon the subject of establishing an international court of arbitration.

As has been previously stated, the Council does not exist in the interest of any one propaganda, and each organization, no matter how large or small its individual membership, has two votes and two only in its executive board. It is therefore impossible for the Council to be committed to the tenets of any one society. It has no power over the organizations which constitute it beyond that of suggestion and sympathy.

And, furthermore, that national societies may be most broadly developed, most profoundly efficient, there should grow up also the State council and the local council.

Local councils are formed, in accordance with the council idea, not of those engaged in the same lines of work, but of societies representing different fields of activity. That is, a local council is composed of local organizations, each of which has its independent and different object, and thus becomes a clearing-house for all the organized activity of the locality. As a result of local-council work, cities have established free kindergartens, secured police matrons, placed women on the school boards, gained helpful access to boards of health and boards of public works, bringing the opinions of women to bear effectually upon these bodies, directing thus far their efforts chiefly to the improvement of public morals, to city sanitation, and to the increase of the educational facilities of their respective communities, organizing industrial schools and schools for training girls for service. In Canada the local-council work has made rapid advance.

Any local council of women, organized under a constitution harmonious with that of the National Council, may become a member of the national society by its own vote and the triennial payment of \$24 into the treasury of the

National Council not later than three months prior to its triennial meeting. This fee may be paid at the option of local councils in annual instalments of \$8.

The advantages that the Council gives to its constituents are indicated in the following summary of its objects, viz.: to make better known the magnitude and variety of woman's work; to avoid the multiplication of organizations of similar object; to bring together women of all lines of work; to give the united influence of all these women to such general kinds of work as can be heartily agreed upon by all.

Organizations of national character or scope may be admitted to the Council by application three months before any triennial, through the corresponding secretary.

As the National Council of Women is composed not of individuals, but of societies, provision has been made for "Patrons of the Council," these forming a bond between the organization and individuals. Any person whose name is acceptable to the executive committee can by the payment of one hundred dollars into the treasury, become a life patron. A patron may attend all meetings of the Council, public and executive, may propose questions, may join all discussions; a patron may serve on committees, and is entitled to receive all printed reports of proceedings of the Council. The names of the patrons appear on all printed documents of the Council, immediately after those of the officers.

Among those already patrons of the Council are men and women representing the professions, education, philanthropy, women's clubs, science, art, etc.

The Canadian Council has made an effort to change the law concerning the commitment to jail of the insane and imbecile, and the women are at work disseminating knowledge of the preventable causes of the increase of insanity. They have undertaken to bring before the boards of health the importance of the proper care of the teeth and eyes of children in the public schools, and are urging provision for free dentistry for the poor. They are also investigating the effect of the importation of pauper children on the social condition of the country. They work together to promote the establishment of public baths, and have taken active and to a considerable extent effective steps to suppress pernicious literature and to prevent its importation, especially from the United States.

I should do the Council injustice if I failed to mention that

on every side its outlook becomes more hopeful daily. Its organizations are becoming less ready to ask, What good does union with the Council do to us? and more ready to ask, What good can we do or be to all these united organizations that are joined to us by the bond of mutual service?

It is encouraging to note that there is increase in public interest in and sympathy for the Council, and greater growth in those foundation necessities that make a sure and strong life in the future a certainty instead of a mere wavering hope. In all its efforts toward substantial and permanent usefulness it welcomes most gratefully any suggestions from those wiser in experience and any indications of sympathy with its purpose or coöperation in its plans.

It is and must continue to be a student. One marked feature of its short life has been its effort to substitute actual knowledge based on the unalterable logic of facts, for opinions based upon sentiments and fancies and emotions. It is not only an organization for counsel, but a Council of organizations, each organization being absolutely unmodified in its ideas, objects, and methods of work by its affiliation, but each developing and formulating its own plans and processes and influence, and bringing its results as an object-lesson to be laid before every one of the other organizations which compose the Council.

Thus each can bring, in condensed form, its absolute best, to stand side by side with the absolute best of societies representing other lines of work; can take its opportunity for learning and for teaching, for comparison of value of service to humanity, which is, after all, the real test of the value of any separate work or of all work united.

As a broadening and elevating influence the council idea of union on all lines of agreement, and of absolute freedom on all points of disagreement, of interchange and mutual helpfulness with a view to mutual growth and wider usefulness, has already proven one of women's best educators. Through it many have learned to know that a difference of opinion is not a cardinal sin; that breadth of outlook depends upon one's point of view; that every step upward naturally widens one's horizon and broadens one's vision; that no one individual, no one society can make of itself the centre of the universe around which all helpful activities must revolve; that an all-round development never comes by looking at one side only.

There is not an organization in this Council that will not testify to the helpfulness to its own work that comes from the knowledge and appreciation of the work which is not its own. To a development and extension of that knowledge, to the stimulation of the spirit of unity, to the constant discovery of points of sympathy, to the constant diminution of points of difference, to the absolute consecration of the individuals composing the organizations to the very highest helpfulness that each soul may be able to obtain, and so to the multiplication of consecrated forces and the action of consecrated societies, we shall owe it that the individual is ennobled, that the home is purified, that wrongs against human beings are abolished, that the rights of human beings are established, and that the nations are redeemed from shame.

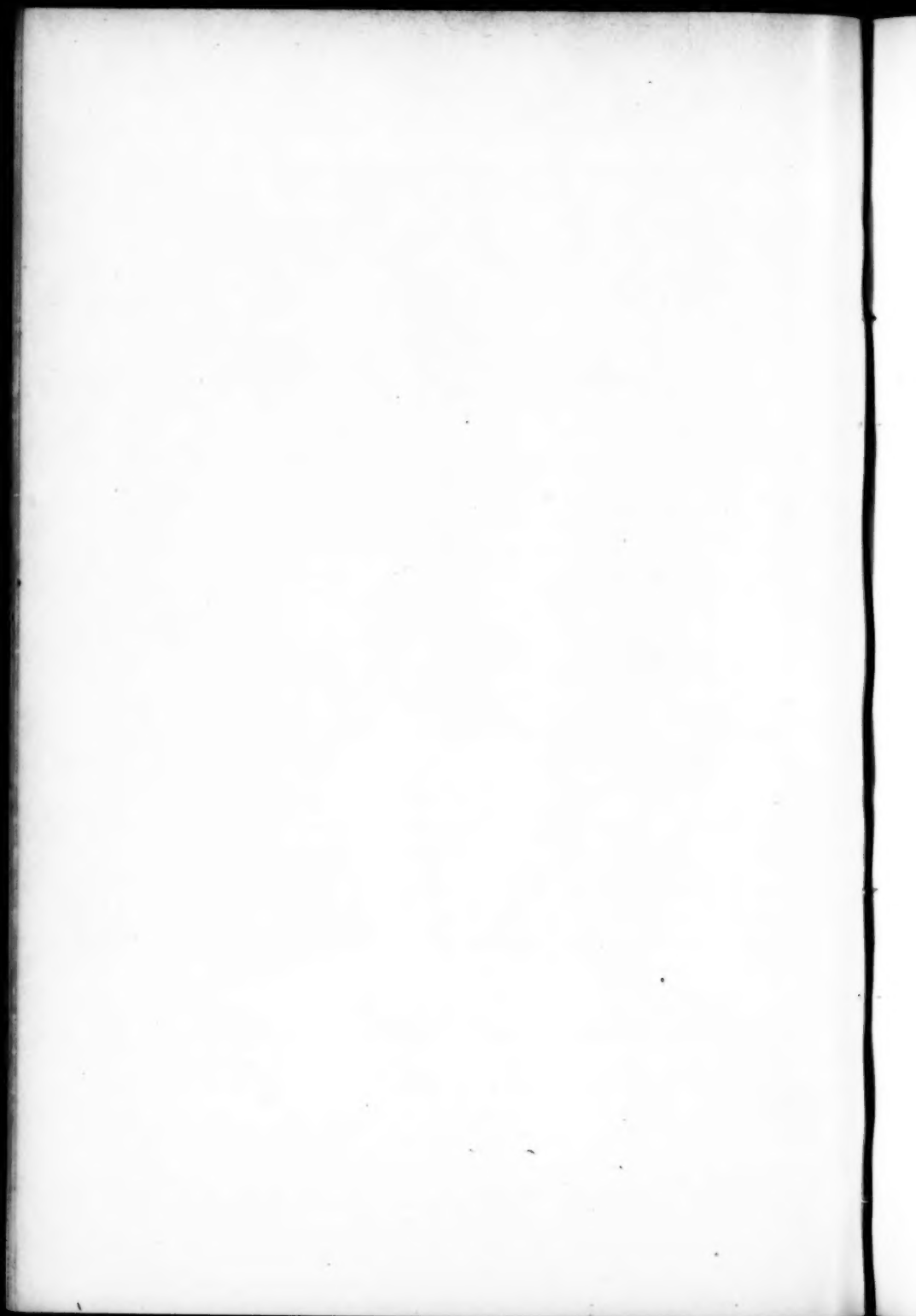
Admitting then that knowledge is the first essential to progress, admitting that our differences can be minimized only by recognition thereof, and our points of agreement emphasized only by our familiarity therewith, it remains for us to see whether, in this plan of a national council of women, if rightly and wisely developed, we have secured the best method discovered up to the present time of finding common ground for knowledge, for unity, for sympathy, for united work in all those lines where union is required. If we have, then surely to the development of this idea should cheerfully be given our most careful study, our wisest thought, our heartiest sympathy, and our most practical coöperation. But if in this we have *not found* the light, but are only *groping* toward the light, then even in the dark we move more cheerily if not more safely for taking hold of hands. If, like the blind leading the blind, we fall into the ditch, then the ditch is a less lonesome place than if we fall alone; and even in the ditch one may be keener than another to feel a way out and to reach a hand to lift his neighbor up; and together thereafter both go on more carefully for the mutual fall and the mutual comfort of the helping hand.

The motto of the Council is "Lead, kindly Light," and surely we are not going to be able to live that motto, seeing to it that the light in us be not darkness, but a kindly ray to cheer those who are still further in the shadows, so long as we will not lift up our eyes to see that God's pillar of fire is leading every other army as surely and as swiftly, as safely and as kindly, as He leads our own.



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2. KATE WALLER BARRETT, President of the Florence Crittenton Missions.
3. CAROLINE EARLE WHITE, Representative of the American Anti-Vivisection Society.
4. MARY A. DAVIS, President of the National Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society.
5. ELIZABETH B. GRANNIS, President of the National Christian League for the Promotion of Social Purity.
6. M. R. M. WALLACE, President of the Illinois Industrial School for Girls.
7. MRS. H. SOLOMON, President of the National Council of Jewish Women.
8. LILLIAN M. HOLLISTER, President of the Supreme Hive Ladies of the Maccabees.

The photograph of MRS. ELMINA S. TAYLOR, President of the Young Ladies' National Mutual Improvement Association, was not received in time for publication.



When eighteen centuries ago one sat over against the well of Samaria and said, "Woman, give me to drink," He embodied in His own person the thirst of humanity, and that cry, echoing down through the ages, is ringing in the ears of the women of to-day. And whether it is the cry for knowledge, or wisdom, or freedom, or for relief from any phase of mental or spiritual thirst, the efforts of women to meet it are only so many indications of the amelioration and betterment of human conditions. And all our societies, and all our federations, and all our councils are, in another sense, only so many efforts to make a chain long enough and strong enough to reach the bottom of the wells of God's salvation, and to supply the infinite hunger and thirst, lest when He calls on even the least of His little ones for the cup of cold water, we answer "I have nothing to draw with, and the well is deep."

Below will be found the names of officers, cabinet officers or heads of departments, presidents of organizations, and chairmen of standing committees. To the life and work of any one of them, with extracts from her addresses delivered at different times before the Council, might easily have been given the entire space allotted to this article. A full record of the personal work of these leaders would be the best statement possible of what the Council has striven to do in the past and the best prophecy one could give of further endeavor and success.

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For further information apply to Mrs. Louise Barnum Robbins, Corresponding Secretary, 25 Broad Street, Adrian, Mich.

A COURT OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

A SYMPOSIUM.

I.

BY HENRY O. MARCY, A. M., M. D., LL. D.

I have read with something of care Mr. Choate's article¹ with this title. At first it seemed a satire; but in serious criticism it is safe to conclude that, however able the writer may be in the discussion of legal subjects, he certainly fails to grasp the fundamental principles of ethics in the practice of medicine.

It is fair for each profession to concede to the other in the character of its members, equality of honorable purpose and faithful discharge of professional duties to their respective clientele. Neither profession will be free from dishonorable members, and each will continue to have a percentage of incompetent and ignorant adherents who would fain foist their services upon the body politic. The present tendency in both professions is toward a long, liberalizing general education, *e. g.*, university training before commencing the study of either law or medicine. Students in the professions must give evidence of the possession of a good moral character. The public is further guaranteed in this direction in most States by a special legal supervision before admission to the higher functions of their professions, to wit, admission to the bar in law, and on the part of the physician the possession of a certificate given by a Board, appointed by the legislature to the effect that the holder of said certificate is duly competent to practise medicine.

The lawyer may be disbarred, and the physician may be subject to punishment by fine or imprisonment, with the revocation of his license to practise medicine. To this extent the public is protected, and justly so. The oath of Hippocrates, as administered to the physician upon entrance into his profession, is still treasured as embodying

¹ In ARENA, January, 1897, pp. 211-214.

the correct spirit which all who practise medicine should possess. Not long since I was present when it was administered to the graduates of one of our prominent universities. I incorporate it here in all the quaintness of its early translation, in the belief that it will interest the dispassionate student.

I swear by Apollo, the physician, and Esculapius, and Health, and All-Heal, and all the gods and goddesses, that, according to my ability and judgment, I will keep this oath and this stipulation — to reckon on him who taught me this Art equally dear to me as my parents, to share my substance with him and relieve his necessities if required; to look upon his offspring in the same footing as my own brothers, and to teach them this Art, if they shall wish to learn it, without fee or stipulation; and that by precept, lecture, and every other mode of instruction I will impart a knowledge of the Art to my own sons and those of my teachers, and to disciples bound by a stipulation and oath according to the law of medicine, but to none others. I will follow that system of regimen which, according to my ability and judgment, I consider for the benefit of my patients, and abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous. I will give no deadly medicine to any one if asked, nor suggest any such counsel; and, in like manner, I will not give to a woman a pessary to produce abortion. With purity and with holiness I will pass my life and practice my Art. I will not cut persons laboring under the stone, but will leave this to be done by men who are practitioners of this work. Into whatever houses I enter I will go into them for the benefit of the sick, and will abstain from every voluntary act of mischief and corruption; and, further, from the seduction of females or males, of freemen and slaves. Whatever, in connexion with my professional practice, or not in connexion with it, I see or hear in the life of men which ought not to be spoken of abroad I will not divulge, as reckoning that all such should be kept secret. While I continue to keep this oath unviolated, may it be granted to me to enjoy life and the practice of the Art respected by all men in all times! But, should I trespass and violate this oath, may the reverse be my lot!

Nothing is more dangerous than a half-truth. In contrasting the two professions Mr. Choate says: "As a rule no other doctor is allowed to see the patient or know anything about his condition or treatment." Let me refer him to the Code of Ethics of the American Medical Association, the representative organization of the profession in America, and which through the State societies is considered the direct exponent of the entire profession, now numbering over one hundred thousand members.

ARTICLE VI. — Consultations should be promoted in difficult or protracted cases, as they give rise to confidence, energy, and more enlarged views of practice.

While this policy is encouraged by the profession for the good of its own members, and is in such general practice that many leading physicians and surgeons depend almost entirely

upon their practice as consultants, it would be hard to persuade the average American citizen to believe that he is not at entire liberty to select his medical adviser as he chooses, and to add to the number of the same as his need or inclination may direct. What truth is there then in Mr. Choate's statement, "Whether that end be the grave or a prolonged life of misery, not a breath of adverse criticism is tolerated, no opportunity for intelligent criticism of a physician's or surgeon's work is furnished"?

After reviewing the general practice of medicine and admitting that it could not be done in any public manner similar to a court at law, he asks, "Why should not all hospital work or at least all clinics be conducted in a manner similar to a trial of a lawsuit?" He then advises the establishment of the office of a clinical judge. The learned gentleman should know that is precisely what is now done. Each case at the clinic is recorded, the judge administers his advice, and the remedy is furnished in accordance with the verdict. If for any reason the conditions warrant, the patient is admitted into the hospital, which in figurative language might be called the Court of Appeals. There the case is tried in open session before other judges. The record is permanently preserved and is ever open to inspection. When, for any reason, a patient thinks himself aggrieved because of careless or incompetent attendance, he has his remedy in the courts of justice, where the case is taken into consideration by the exponents of the statutes, duly enacted for that purpose.

In the question of so-called expert testimony given by physicians before the courts, almost the only point of tangent where the physician and the attorney professionally meet for possible mutual criticism, much might be said in the advocacy of better methods for the attainment of the ends of justice. Here, the attorney seeks to win by the accomplishment of his arts as an extractor of opinion. The medical witness looks upon the exponent of the law as an inquisitor, seeking only professional ends. As a rule he is comparatively inexperienced with the forms of court interrogatory and makes a bad witness. For the reason that he has been summoned by one side or the other of the case in question, he is naturally looked upon as a partisan, and too often considered as a biased witness. Medical experts at law should be in some way summoned by the officers of the court and selected only

because of special qualification to sit upon the issues of the case in question. His position should be properly defined as that of a judge upon the medical or surgical subjects submitted to his consideration. In this way the medical expert would render a service in the cause of justice, and his opinion be accepted as of much greater worth and value than at present.

Both the legal and medical professions recognize the urgent necessity for the introduction of some such radical change in medical expert testimony before the courts. It appeals to all as a simple measure of justice, and would have long since been adopted but for two reasons: the desire on the part of the attorney to secure evidence which can be made to appear favorable to the side which he represents; and the desire on the part of a physician who is weak enough to be cajoled by flattery or other inducement into a position which he is not competent to fill.

If the present discussion can bring about a modification of the laws regulating the selection of medical experts before the courts, it will be considered of practical value by the leaders in both our great professions.

BOSTON, MASS.

II.

BY HON. ELROY M. AVERY, PH. D., LL. D.

Mr. Choate's idea of a court of medicine and surgery aroused my interest before I got beyond the caption of his article, for I am still suffering from a careless diagnosis, and Choate is a good name with which to conjure. That I was little likely to be prejudiced against the plan, i. e., could not be in contempt of the court proposed, is fairly well indicated by the fact that several years ago I introduced, in the Ohio senate, a bill for a state board of medical examiners, a bill that aroused bitter antagonisms, and paved the way for the present diluted statute upon the subject. My first reading of Mr. Choate's article awakened a somewhat pleasant emotion; I had read it as most persons read the morning paper. But when I re-read it carefully and thoughtfully, I was first impressed with the idea that the writer did not really understand the kind of man that the average reputable physician is, and had, therefore, treated him unfairly. My final con-

viction was that the proposed "Court of Medicine and Surgery" is impracticable and undesirable. As set forth in the article under consideration, its features are confessedly vague; were they less vague they might be more acceptable — and they might be more objectionable.

The difference "between the practice of law and that of medicine and surgery is very marked," as Mr. Choate says in his second paragraph, but the algebraic sign of that difference is not what I understand the author to imply. The physician is not the irresponsible, happy-go-lucky individual therein portrayed. That he may be held to a rigid accountability, and often is so held, is a fact familiar to every lawyer, for every lawyer has pocketed a fat fee in some malpractice case, or has prayed (unconsciously perhaps, and perhaps informally) for an opportunity to do so. There surely is malpractice in the law as well as in medicine, but when redress is sought, the suffering patient has a great advantage over the unfortunate client. Even if a lawyer should be made defendant, he would be judged by one skilled in the law (presumably at least), but the physician-defendant is not judged by one skilled in medicine; he is denied a trial by his peers. The more one thinks of it, the more one is likely to see that the irresponsibility does not lie in the thicker stratum just where Mr. Choate seems to insinuate that it does.

It is true that in a lawsuit the lawyer writes out and files his diagnosis, but it is also true that if the physician should take the time similarly to dig down from the dusty top to the mouldy bottom of a professional library, hunting for precedents and decisions, the patient would, in many cases, die for want of treatment. Analogy is an interesting companion but an unsafe guide. The analogies between the games of war and chess have been often pointed out, but when the time-factor is introduced, the differences develop. Nor is poetry necessarily conclusive in argument. I like it, but I do not tie to it in the practical affairs of life.

Suppose that we admit all that Mr. Choate alleges about the privacy and exclusiveness of medical practice. I suppose an admission, because I cannot conscientiously make one, knowing as I do that reputable physicians welcome consultations, that consulting physicians often disagree, and that many important cases are discussed, and treatment is freely criticised, in medical societies and elsewhere. But suppose

that all that is said about it is true, cannot the doctors fairly set up the claim that without any "court" they come out right as often as their lawyer brethren do with a court? Whence the pungency of the jibe, "Law vs. Justice," and the trenchant wit of the definition, that a court of justice is a legally established device for finding out which litigant has the better lawyer? The physician is not so selfish and narrow as Mr. Choate paints him; but if he has to come into "court," as Mr. Choate proposes, and gets a decision from the "court" and gives his treatment in accord therewith, it would be cold comfort for the bereaved widow and sorrowing orphans to be told a few months after the funeral that the decision of the "court" had been reversed. The frequency of cases successfully appealed on error testifies with such conclusive force against the infallibility of earthly judicial decrees, that there was little need for the cumulative testimony contained in the Chicago platform.

Such a "court" is not necessary in order that the public may have "some means whereby the physician of real merit as well as the quack and pretender may be known." There is no confusion in the matter among intelligent persons, and as for the ignorant, they will continue to employ ignorance — quack and shyster, equally and alike. If the diagnosis on file in the "court" is to be a public record, patients will be subjected to a parade of their cases that would be intolerable to the average American. Think of your mother, wife, or sister, and let your imagination roam unchecked for a single moment. I do not forget the admission that "the general practice of medicine could not be done in any public manner." But if the protection of the "court" is necessary or good in hospitals and at clinics, where the highest grade of professional skill is brought into action, it is more necessary or better in private practice, where the unskilled pretender is chiefly found. The number of state officials required would be very great, or the work of the hospitals would be seriously delayed. It is doubtful if many clinical judges could be found with the supereminent abilities that would be required for a class of men who are to sit in judgment on the work of eminent specialists in the many different lines that constitute modern medicine and surgery. Even a Cæsar or an Angelo might hesitate to try to cover so great a field of preëminence; both are dead, and, so far as this issue is concerned, *sine prole*.

The outline of the proposed bill is very vague, but it occurs to me that it will tax the ingenuity of legislators to devise the necessary safeguards against abuse of power and other frailties of human nature. It is not enough that the state physician and clinical judge be competent and honest. The heretic-hunters and witch-hangers of early New England were able and conscientious men, but all the more dangerous on that account; and I fear that I should not wholly enjoy the intimate personal acquaintance of my equally distinguished and bigoted ancestor, Thomas Dudley, the second governor of Massachusetts Bay.

It seems to me that every good thing that the proposed "court" has to offer can be supplied by a state board of medical examiners, clothed with adequate powers to prevent the practice of medicine and surgery except by those who have given satisfactory evidence of proper qualifications. The composition of such a board, and the rules prescribed for its action, could be such as to prevent any injustice to the individual, whether he advertises or not, or to any school or pathy, and yet enable it to protect the community from the ignorant quack and empiric. I am told that in New York and in several European states this method is in successful operation, and that the examinations are so searching that it is common for medical students to pass their university "exams" and then put in a year or two of further study before venturing to take the state test of their qualifications. Need we go beyond this? In most cases, I think not. For instance, a patient has a diseased eye; the diagnosis discloses a cataract; there is no question as to the proper treatment, and no "court" is needed, but it does make all the difference in the world whether the operator is competent to provide that treatment. This requirement of certified ability ought to run through the whole gamut of medical and surgical cases. One man may be able safely and successfully to treat diphtheria and scarlet fever, and another to operate in like manner for cataract, while neither is qualified to operate for laparotomy, to open the skull, or to perform any other major capital operation for which special preparation should be required. If Minnesota cannot be satisfied with this, and feels that she must have a "Court of Medicine and Surgery," let her provide it. I think that Ohio will look on with patience and with a teachable spirit.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

III.

BY EDWARD M. GROUT.

For who would bear . . . the law's delay,

When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?—*Shakspeare.*

Given sufficient time and patience, and the law will undoubtedly sift every dispute into truth — barring always the admixture of technicalities which rival counsel and puzzled judges will inevitably introduce. But time — that is the element which rules. It is the value of that which makes compromise of more service in litigations than are actual trials and appeals; and, as against any reasonably fair compromise, not one dispute in ten is worth the time which litigation will consume to reach the exact truth of the matter. It is for this reason that wise litigants avoid, and wise lawyers seek to enable unwise litigants to escape, the hazards and delays involved in a judicial determination of rights, the *dernier ressort* when all other efforts fail.

This being true of claims for damages and debt, could it be less true of fevers and fractures? Damages do not grow less in time, at least until after final judgment, and debts do not decrease with the running of interest at six per cent per annum, but how would it be with the ills of bone and flesh? The high temperature needs instant relief, the broken bone immediate setting. Is it not now hard enough, even for the hospital patient, to get one doctor in an emergency, without waiting for a possibly belated state physician and an ease-loving medical judge, who, when found, must, in ninety-nine cases out of an hundred, hold a useless court of medicine and surgery, while the patient wails and waits for the determination which any fairly competent doctor would have reached at the outset? Take the word of one who sees altogether too much of such things in courts of law, and let us have no more of courts than we must.

We have already medical schools and hospitals, medical societies and stringent legal requirements, all to enforce a high standard of efficiency in the profession. One need not, if he will do otherwise, have an ignoramus or a blunderer, a quack or a pretender. Good doctors there are a-plenty. And they are ready enough, in doubtful or difficult cases, to call into consultation other and more famous, even if not abler, physicians. That answers every useful purpose which

can be claimed for a court of medicine and surgery. In the ordinary disputes of men one good lawyer of common sense can often reach an adjustment, and even in some difficult and more extraordinary disputes two lawyers of that uncommon quality can frequently make peace with satisfaction and honor, and can generally do it more quickly, more cheaply, and better than can judge and jury, with a round of appellate courts to make successive guesses at the truth which underlies the technicalities and sophistries of litigation.

Yet the doctor or the surgeon is even now practising in a true and in the best court of medicine or surgery. The field of nature, large or small according to the patient's years, his excesses, or his original equipment, is the forum. The patient is the client. The disease is the opponent. If the enemy be threatening, additional counsel in the person of another doctor is called into consultation. If the physician or the surgeon be incompetent or negligent, the law affords precisely the same remedy against him as against a lawyer. If he be skilful and successful, then, like the lawyer, his practice and emoluments grow. This is the common-law court of medicine and surgery, already here, and grown, as have our courts of law, by natural processes. Leave it undisturbed. Put hospitals and medical colleges under state regulation and license. That should be. The clinical demonstrations and the medical lectures afford the inevitable and necessary impact and friction of mind upon mind. An extraordinary or even a merely interesting hospital operation attracts visiting physicians and surgeons. The medical journals and societies constantly discuss rare experiences and improved medicines and appliances. These present methods give to the profession and to students all that the proposed courts could furnish. But for the patient, hospital or private, better not tempt him to listen to such disputes as medical experts give us in our courts of law, else may he be led, in very desperation, to "make his own quietus with a bare bodkin," as a simpler, quicker, and less painful and expensive method of reaching the same result.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

IV.

BY THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN.

The question presented gains its great importance from the fact that it is the latter part of human life which is, or

ought to be, the most precious and valuable. The wilful neglect of the value of lives which have passed the long and expensive training of youth and the experiences of middle life, is one of the greatest wastes and defects of our so-called civilization. Human life is the most sacred and valuable thing known, and it is the source of all value; for without it what value would there be to anything?

This indifference to the preservation of life we have doubtless largely inherited from ignorance of what life really is, and from the old theological fatalism which resulted from that ignorance. When we were taught to believe that life was a mysterious something "breathed" into, or in some way imparted to, or placed in our bodies, by some God, who could and would by some dispensation mysterious to us take it away—all the bereaved said, "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away, Blessed be the name of the Lord!" It is time that this barbarous fatalism of ignorance should be replaced by the prevision and the consequent *prevention* of science. The *process* of life, the most precious thing on earth, should no longer be left to the helpless cries of superstition or the ignorance of quacks and charlatans. The public has the supreme interest in knowing that this, its most precious treasure, is most sacredly guarded.

After a loss of life the law indeed provides the coroner to inquire whether the loss was the result of crime, but the more important question is, How can the law provide against the chances of the premature loss of life itself by disease?

May not this most desirable result be attained by extending the functions of our boards of health over the treatment of diseases? At present they are principally occupied with hygienic prevention and the record of births, marriages, and deaths. Nothing is done by them or the public to prevent diseases from resulting in death. Yet the interest of society is as much involved in that as it is in the prevention of the disease itself by quarantine and the most expensive and scientific methods possible. The boards of health are certainly the most nearly allied to the performance of this new public function. The organizations of the several schools of medicine would not be available; they would not be able to agree, and they would be the very parties whose conduct and efficiency would often be in question. There could, therefore, be no "Court of Medicine" in any ordinary sense of the term. But through its boards of health in

county, city, state, and nation, the public could bring to bear the highest scientific knowledge and skill to prevent the fatal termination of diseases. And has not the time come for that to be done?

Those skilled in the operations of these boards could certainly suggest the best means for them to secure this result, but common sense can intimate some measures which might be practicable. For instance: Why may not each health board have also its division or section of therapeutics, with its dispensary, and its male and female physician for the free treatment or inspection of the treatment of all serious diseases? There would then also result a record of the advice, opinion, and treatment of all serious cases of disease within the allotted district.

In all our larger cities the dispensary system, limited to providing medicines, is found to be a public necessity and is largely increasing; but why should not the best medical skill be provided to go with the medicines? What public benefaction could exceed this in its saving of life and health? Suppose every private physician, nurse, or other person knowing of it, should be obliged to report at once (instead of waiting till death) every case of serious disease in the district to this therapeutic section for its inspection. Would not the public then have some security not only against contagion, but against the loss of life from neglect and ignorance?

The record of the cases, to which both the public and private attending physician should contribute, would soon become an invaluable storehouse of medical experience. The health-giving light of publicity would soon show by the facts who were the pretenders only to knowledge and skill, and which of the conflicting schools of medicine was most worthy of public confidence. By this means the patient might have the right to have a consultation with any member of any or of no school, he being always free to accept only the treatment he might prefer. The section should always have an experienced woman, as well as a man, physician, to be called upon especially in cases incident to her sex, no man to interfere in obstetrical cases unless a surgeon or extra aid is needed.

The consequent necessary contact of the schools of medicine would soon do away with the exclusiveness which is now the opprobrium of the profession. The Homeopath and the Eclectic, having obtained a public and legal recogni-

tion, should have their value practically tested by experience, as reliable and public as possible, under an impartial public supervision. And even the various forms of mental- and faith-cure practice might obtain a recognition, by science and the public, of the immense curative influences of the reaction of the nervous system under hypnotic and other psychological influences as various as the vagaries of the wildest imagination. As Herbert Spencer has pointed out in the last volume of his "Sociology," because the physician has been differentiated out of the rain-maker, medicine-man, and priest, and their spook theory of the mind and soul of man, he should under the light of science have only a surer control of the nervous and mental processes and affections by which all physical changes in the body are powerfully influenced if not entirely controlled. Certainly the "re-integrated" physician will not long merit the reproach of Comte, that the modern doctor is merely a veterinary surgeon practising on mankind simply as animals.

By the means proposed the law and the public would compel the coöperation of medical methods and skill now kept apart to the injury of all. For no one could refuse a "consultation" and his advice, when required, without dropping from the profession.

Certainly abundant objections can be made to this as to every beneficent innovation: It would be expensive, says one. Yet if it saves human life ought we to count the cost? Ought not every person to have the best medicines and medical skill at call? Besides, what could more effectively save the people from extortion and expensive quackery—expensive in every sense of the word? It would destroy private practice, says another. No; the public physician would attend generally upon notice of the disease from the private practitioner already in charge of the case, or he would call one in, with the consent of the patient, for mutual aid and protection.

Thus, with new industrial conditions providing for all the material necessities of life, supplemented by the best scientific hygiene and therapeutics, why may not the average man reach his hundredth year? Why not have in the latter half of life some compensation for the long preparation and expense which have made its higher uses and fruition possible?

NEW YORK, N. Y.

V.

BY LANDON CARTER GRAY, M. D.

If I correctly understand Mr. Choate's proposition, it is that the methods of medical practitioners will be improved by adopting those of lawyers who try their cases in courts. In support of this idea various proverbs are recalled, certain satirical lines are quoted, and it is stated that different schools of medicine succeed equally well, although proceeding upon diametrically opposite theories, as well as that the quack and the pretentious ignoramus are now on a level with the conscientious and scientific practitioner. Proverbs are not facts, but at the best are only partial statements of conditions that may have obtained at the period of the world when the aphorism was coined, whilst poetical sayings would not be admitted as evidence even in the courts that Mr. Choate lauds. Medical men might well wish that a doctor could bury his mistakes and thus dispose of patients who cannot be cured, or that the world would proclaim the real technical successes that they frequently have in merely keeping a patient alive or even improving his condition, instead of being blamed for not having effected a cure, or having the credit go to some flamboyant pretender who works upon the patient's emotions. Then, too, everyone who has ever been seriously ill knows perfectly well that two physicians have time and again saved a life by their joint wisdom, instead of having "wafted it more swiftly to the Stygian shores."

Nor am I aware, although I have endeavored to keep myself acquainted with the literature of my profession for a quarter of a century, that there is anywhere to be found what our legal friend would call a "scintilla" of proof to demonstrate that "opposite schools of medicine have succeeded equally well, although proceeding upon diametrically opposite lines." Indeed, I may go further, and challenge Mr. Choate to produce any such testimony. In what part of the country, I am curious to be informed, are the quack and the pretentious ignoramus on a level with the conscientious and scientific practitioner? It all depends, it seems to me, upon what is meant by being "on the same level." If the making of an equal amount of money puts men there, then this statement is an accurate one in some instances, but by no means as a rule, for I know of no quack or pretentious ignoramus in the United States who has as large an income

as the foremost of the conscientious and scientific practitioners, nor has my experience ever led me to believe that the average income of quacks and pretentious ignoramuses is equal to the average income of conscientious and scientific practitioners. But if being "on a level" means obtaining an equal respect in the minds of men, certainly the conscientious and scientific practitioner in the lowliest hamlet in the land towers head and shoulders above the quack and the pretentious ignoramus. Money is not the only standard, thank God, else we should have Spencer's great works condemned for Du Maurier's "Trilby," Shakspeare's genius outshone by the "Old Homestead," and Grant's mind deemed inferior to Jay Gould's.

I am therefore somewhat at a loss to understand from Mr. Choate why he thinks a change should be made in the methods now obtaining among medical men. His description of an average trial in court as being "an intellectual battle between opposing counsel, conducted with weapons consisting of the keenest wit, the most biting sarcasm, and the soundest logic," has a tendency to provoke a smile in anyone who has seen a few of the mundane conflicts of that kind; and certainly no very reassuring unanimity of opinion among the highest legal authorities was evidenced by the Supreme Court in the recent income tax case, or in the electoral commission in the Garfield-Tilden presidential issue, or in the rule adopted by the New York Court of Appeals that the votes of the judges upon decisions should not be published. Mr. Choate has not therefore, I fear, given adequate reasons for his assumption that legal methods would improve the practice of medicine. Law is the application of custom and usages so far as these have been determined by certain dogmatic authorities. It is not a panacea, however. There are many matters which are much better determined in less cumbrous ways, such as the regulation of a business establishment, the management of a household, the direction of an army, questions of taste, of art, and, I am inclined to think, of science. What would be thought, for instance, of the common sense of a plan that would permit the legislature of Mr. Choate's State, Minnesota, or of the writer's, New York, to set the standard for music, morals, painting, sculpture, or literature? Imagine the average State senator or assemblyman, even with the aid of the bosses, sitting in solemn conclave upon such subjects!

The limitations of law are made even more evident if we try to foresee the practical outcome of Mr. Choate's plan. First, the position of clinical judge must be created. Who is to select this gentleman? Either the governor of the State, the mayor of the city, the people at large, or the physicians of the hospital. Selection by either of the first three methods would be politics, and that has never shown itself capable of making the best choice, especially of medical men, for it is a notorious fact that in no State in this country are the public medical officers the highest types of their profession. The choice by the physicians of a hospital would probably result, in the majority of instances, in obtaining a competent man; but Mr. Choate evidently does not understand that there would have to be several clinical judges, because a surgeon could not pass upon medical questions, nor a medical man upon surgical ones, whilst a specialist would be needed in diseases of the skin, of women, of the nervous system, as well as in pathology and bacteriology.

Suppose, however, that all these clinical judges were elected, the trial of each case before them would need at least an hour, and that is about the usual time given by a visiting physician to a ward of patients, so that the trials necessitated by the whole ward would take a week or two, and would be totally impracticable. No physician of any standing would think for a moment of having his time consumed in this manner. In other words, Mr. Choate's tacit assumption seems to be that a judge is necessarily as wise as things really are, and that all the phenomena of the universe would be improved if they could be regulated by judges. As a matter of fact, a great many men believe that many matters in this world regulate themselves much better than judges could regulate them, because the veneration for the judge which becomes an unconscious part of the lawyer's mind is not shared by the rest of the community, although they may pay them all respect as the representatives of the authority which all good citizens should uphold. When I hear of a method of heating my house that is much superior to any other in use, I immediately go and examine the matter thoroughly, and if I satisfy myself that the claims of the new makers are genuine, I order the heating apparatus to be put in. Should I gain anything by going before a judge and submitting to his judgment? In the same way, when a sick person comes under my care, I

assume that I know what is best to be done, because of certain facilities that I am vain enough to think I may have acquired by my reading and observation. Do I gain anything by submitting the matter to a judge? No advance in scientific matters can ever be made in this way. Judges and courts of law are essentially conservative, even to timidity, while science is innately bold and progressive. Law is a matter of precedent; science is a matter of pure reason, founded upon observation, and unchecked by precedent. The right of men to *act* toward other men can only be determined by law; but the right of men to *think* as they choose, in morals, taste, art, literature, and science, cannot be regulated by law, unless they infringe upon the rights of other men; and when they do, the great courts of the land, rendered authoritative by the majesty of the state, ripe with the experience of thousands of years of human gropings, are the proper tribunals to take cognizance of the matter, and not an obscure clinical judge who would probably know little law and less medicine.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

VI.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARENA:

I herewith enclose what seem to me wise and just criticisms of my manuscript, given from a friendly standpoint.

Dr. Dunsmoor is probably the most popular and most widely known general practitioner in the state of Minnesota.

A. B. CHOATE.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Dec. 7, 1896.

MR. A. B. CHOATE.

Dear Sir: There can be no valid objection to the general idea and purpose of your manuscript entitled "A Court of Medicine and Surgery," for every competent practitioner welcomes intelligent and just criticism of his work.

However, a public clinic, as now conducted, constitutes a court where the young, energetic medical students, fresh from the colleges, give as critical and technical criticism as it would be easy to secure in any manner, and which makes "playing to the galleries" to any great extent both dangerous and futile. The difficulty would be to work out the details of your plan in such a manner as to avoid defeating its general purpose. If this can be done, and the decision of the clinic judge stand the same as a decision in any other court of law, and not involve legal embroil, a more

effective court might be established than the present clinic, and decisions upon the merits of a physician's or a surgeon's work would be more likely to be correct than the bungling work frequently done by courts of law. I would suggest:

First. The secrecy and confidential relation necessarily existing between the patient and physician must remain absolutely inviolate, as the possibility of publicity of name or of the patient's disability, or that he may be required to appear as witness, would be certain to bar patients from either hospital or clinic which permitted such action.

Second. No politics should be allowed in the selection of the clinical judges and state physicians, and to insure this I would suggest the nomination of several candidates by the members of the medical profession, from which nominees the Governor should appoint the officers.

Third. One danger of your plan would be, that incompetent practitioners, through fear of public criticism, would keep their cases out of the hospital, where a minute and technical record is made of every case, and trained assistants are employed, and the result might be that more unskilful work, with greater secrecy, would be done than at present, thus increasing instead of decreasing the evils aimed at. It is not the public operation which needs the court; it is the operation done in private, where it would seem certain that all law pertaining to medicine and surgery to-day would render impossible the surveillance suggested in your paper.

T. A. DUNSMOOR.

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 5, 1896.

MR. A. B. CHOATE.

Dear Sir: I have studied your article carefully and am perfectly willing that you should use my name as one who indorses the idea. In the way of criticism or rather suggestion I have this to offer:

First. Instead of having the legislation directed toward clinics, I would suggest that it be brought to bear upon every operation followed by death or permanent disability, because the clinical teachers are usually men of good repute in the profession, and, doing their work publicly as they do, are bound, in their own interests, to exercise the utmost care; and because, on the other hand, the work of incompetent men is usually done with as much privacy as possible.

Second. There should be legislation to prevent the man just out of college from undertaking major operations, or

those which endanger the patient's life, until after he has had ample experience in less dangerous operations.

Third. The combined wisdom of the medical and legal professions should decide how these judges and other officials are to be appointed or elected. As a rule the most competent men in the medical profession do not seek political preferment, and should these positions be filled by politicians or by incompetents, the law would defeat the very end in view.

JAMES E. MOORE, M. D.¹

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARENA :

The paper by Mr. Choate, entitled "A Court of Medicine and Surgery," was prepared at my suggestion, as a result of an informal discussion with him of the matters therein referred to. It is easy to see practical difficulties in the way of establishing anything so unique and original as the paper proposes, but such difficulties can, I believe, be overcome by the honest and hearty coöperation of the members of the legal and medical professions.

In common with my brethren in the medical profession, I have long felt the need of a more competent court to pass upon the work of the physician or surgeon than now exists. Much of the secrecy of the practice of medicine and surgery is perhaps due to the fear of being mulct in damages through the instrumentality of a court of law, which, however competent to pass upon the ordinary transactions of the business world, are not so constituted as to be able to deal intelligently with the questions which would come before the court proposed by Mr. Choate, and I therefore heartily indorse the general plan and purpose of the paper.

I would suggest, however, that, in addition to the jurisdiction proposed for this court in the paper, it should also have original, exclusive jurisdiction of all malpractice cases. I am confident there is a serious need of just such a court as is proposed, and if those having time and genius to do so will properly work out the details which Mr. Choate so carefully avoided, I am sure much good to humanity, as well as to the profession of medicine and surgery, would result.

G. G. EITEL.²

¹ Dr. Moore is Fellow of the American Surgical Association and Professor of Surgery in the University of Minnesota. — EDITOR ARENA.

² Dr. Eitel is one of the most widely known and highly respected physicians of the state of Minnesota. — EDITOR ARENA.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

A PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE.

BY GENEVIEVE THORNDIKE CLARK.

Everything finite is the result of a broken law, else why is it that in the fullest realization of earthly happiness, there is ever something analogous to the acutest pain? But unless one be prepared to admit that pleasure and pain are not separable, and are simply factors in experience, the idea of an existence owing itself to broken law is at variance with the conception that life in the human state is desirable, though there may be those who are prepared to go further and admit that the breaking of a law may be justifiable, or at least relatively beneficial.

"Auntie," I said as a child to my mother's sister, "where was I before you knew me?"

"In heaven, darling," she said.

"And what did they send me away for? . . . And why, if grandpa went to heaven before I came down here, didn't I see him? . . . Auntie, perhaps I's grandpa hisself."

She reminded me that my grandfather was a very old man and that I was a little silly girl. Over this I pondered a moment, and then I said:

"God could let me play I's grandpa, couldn't He, auntie?"

But she told me He would not do such a thing; God was great and awful. He never permitted anyone to play in that way.

"Auntie, did you ever see God?"

"No, dear."

"Then how do you know 'bout all these things, auntie?"

"The Bible tells us, dear, and that is God's book."

"Does God have books? . . . He must be a funny God, auntie," after a pause.

But I was told to "Hush," and that I was "blaspheming," and that God would smite me in His wrath, or turn me into a pillar of salt, as He did Lot's wife — just because she turned around!

What a dreadful God! I could not love Him! But in

those days my thoughts turned continually to my grandfather. If God could do everything, He could let me be my grandfather when I got older, or He could turn me suddenly into someone else. And when I was sad, and those about me told me how "naughty" it was to ask questions about these things, I used to pray God to "turn me into a woman day after to-morrow," so that I wouldn't have to be "scolded any more." But God didn't do it; and yet my aunt had told me that God could do what He liked, and that He "answered prayer."

One day I took down the Bible and sat with it on my lap before the fireplace. It was God's book, and I wanted to see why. It looked exactly like other books; suddenly I wondered if it would burn. I tried it — and it burned. When I was punished for the act, not only was my faith disturbed, but also my sense of justice. It seemed to me that God might have saved that Bible from burning and myself from being punished, if He had wanted to. But He didn't answer any of my prayers. They told me it was because I was "so very naughty."

After a time I was forbidden to speak of my grandfather except as a white-robed angel, going about with a harp under his arm and snow-white wings folded back — rather a difficult picture to contrast with the one down in our parlor, of a hard, stern old man in regimentals. It would be impossible to convey an adequate idea of the fright with which I was inspired by the suggestion that this terrible-looking old warrior could be my guardian angel. Once when I was put to bed in the dark with the comforting assurance that I could not be alone, since God was with me, I sobbed out that it was the fear of God being under the bed which was chiefly possessing me. This not being considered that sort of fear which is the beginning of wisdom, I got little sympathy. And through such struggles I grew to girlhood.

They told me that the way to be happy was to accept conditions as I found them. But it was not easy to do this while I was possessed by the thought that it was quite possible to change the character of the conditions, if I only knew how to apply the effort, or until I was sufficiently satisfied that methods absolutely different may reach harmonious results. I was profoundly unhappy. No one pitied me. "She is a strange girl, with independent views," they said. "She doesn't remember that she is in a world with other

people, but she just makes everyone about her wonder what is the matter with all things in general. She would be happy enough if she would outgrow some of her moody thoughts." This reminded me of Tennyson :

Overlive it ; lower yet, be happy ; wherefore should I care ?

Having a strong will, I determined, finally, to make the most of present opportunities to temporal ends. My aim was happiness. But my thoughts would go back to whether religion was the connecting link between soul and sense, and blind faith the way to rivet that link. The situation resolved itself into a choice of taking the theological opiate or being at incessant war with the physical world, even the mental conditions about me.

"He that believeth shall be saved," said the minister from the pulpit, presumably quoting Christ ; "he that believeth not shall be damned." And I listened. No, I could not think Christ believed that one should be condemned for the agony of an honest doubt, nor could I believe that He ever spoke those fearful words. His mission was one of peace, His words were those of comfort. It was His disciples who spoke of damnation, and who, when young children were brought to Him, rebuked those who brought them. But when Jesus saw it, "He was much displeased and said unto them, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'" I could shut the book with a fervent "Thank God !" that these words, at least, had not been lost.

The spirit of Christ's teaching is miscarried to many a hungry soul, and, as in the religions of the East, the good in all is being obscured through priestcraft. It is science, the demonstrator of truth, which must unravel the problem, and give to human thought, not a body of laws set in type, subject to mistranslation and all sorts of misconstruction, but laws written in letters of electric fire.

At that time, however, it was useless to think. I was still under the dominion of the flesh ; I was still compelled to take up arms against, or accept quietly, an education which limitations made wholly false.

So I married, and, since my husband (whom I loved) regarded "advanced thought" as the peculiar property of men, or of women who must "think for a living," I took the easiest path — as most of us women do. I was quite young

and easily flattered ; perhaps, too, my very disappointment helped me — for pride's sake — to live the lie. I went piously to church, I bowed my head against the pew, and I rose, Sunday after Sunday, to join in the chorus of such hymns as this one by the saintly Dr. Watts :

Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,
And darts to inflict a thousand pains,
Dipped in the blood of damnèd souls.

There Satan, the first sinner, lies,
And roars, and bites his iron bands ;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crushed with the weight of both Your hands.

It had struck me in the days gone by, when I was a silly little girl, that it really was too bad that poor Satan couldn't rise if he wanted to, and make an effort to undo some of the ill he had done. There was also in those days something incongruous in the thought of God Almighty having nothing better to do than to use both His hands (for, of course, He could not have more than two, man being made after His image) in holding Satan down in hell, while Satan was supposed to be actively engaged elsewhere — on one occasion in particular, when he helped me to burn the Bible ; and in God sitting on a great white throne before pearly gates, figuring in a monstrous book, alternately on the debit and the credit side.

As a woman, however, I was more sensible ; then, of course, these things were simply and solely "mysteries," which I was compelled to believe, indeed, but not in the least expected to understand. They say it is sorrow that brings out the good. In my case, it was sorrow that forced me to think. I wanted — oh ! how I wanted — to believe. It was "pride of intellect," they said, that prevented belief. I could believe if I would put by analysis.

It had seemed that the gates of paradise opened to me with my husband's love, and that they swung back and left me on the other side when I learned his faithlessness. Is it well to keep these thoughts with me still — thoughts that have made my blood to boil and my flesh to creep, while the scales fell from my eyes, and my child was born in misery and I left a wreck — a cripple, aged before my time ? It was easy enough to think of a way out of this misery — this moral and physical degradation, this intellectual slavery ; but, I was a woman and divorce was hateful to me. There

was but one thing to thank God for, that to me, at least for the future, no more children could be born; the curse of bringing helpless infancy to bear the burden of its father's sins was made impossible in my case. But I thought of other wives and mothers, suffering in silence, helping this miserable world to be fuller of diseased humanity, — because women are afraid, or because their idea of the grandeur of self-sacrifice is but a relic of barbarism. How I hated the whole world, and how the whole world hated me! I was blamed, of course. No man could be expected to be faithful to such a disagreeable wife as I. Divorce meant disgrace, to myself, even to the poor little child whose life was a burden to it. So I bore my sorrow, and those who knew me best, sometimes spoke of me as a martyr.

Then, after years had gone by — years spent in wondering why I more than others, had no brightness — a famous surgeon came and talked with me. It was confidently believed by him that if I would submit to a surgical operation I might be able to walk again. There was danger, but there was also hope. I prepared to die; whatever the change, it could scarcely bring me more mental suffering (the physical seemed but a parody) than my loveless sojourn on earth.

* * * * *

Under the influence of anæsthetics, my soul wandered out of its physical tenement; I was outside of the limitations of earth, and reviewing the accumulated experiences of untold ages through which my immortal soul had passed. I saw then why it had not been a part of the plan that I should remember, in the flesh, what I had been through before, and I recognized that in the contemplation of my errors in other incarnations was all the hell any crime can merit — all the realization of lost opportunities that can stimulate the soul of the thoughtful to recover lost ground. The soul neither rests in the Devachan of the Buddhist nor suffers in the Purgatory of the Roman Catholic; it is thinking and moving forever. And I wandered on and on, endlessly, aimlessly; and it seemed that I passed and re-passed astral bodies, and though we tried we could not make each other understand. I was a new-comer, and, like a babe, had to learn my bearings in the state to which I had risen, or possibly to which I had returned. But how was it that I understood that I was not in accord with astral relativity, and strove to become so? How do we know many things on earth and strive for others which are without the pale of previous experience?

But suddenly I felt the Ego in a spark of the solar sun struggling with the cosmic forces for chemical affinity. I underwent the process and grew thence into a broader expression of the life-principle. In what, perhaps, would be a thousand years of the earth's time, I was a tree growing on Mars, in that time having changed from a spark to an expression of life. In vain I tried to make other expression; I felt the flutterings of my unevolved vital consciousness — then I was lost in an infinity of ages. And it seemed during that time that I had arrived through vital to conscious and then self-conscious force, but that I had fluctuated so equally between the good and the bad, that my place remained stationary in a spiritual sense; I went neither backward nor forward, but oscillated continually. I wanted no knowledge beyond that of those about me. Whatever physical tendencies I inherited in my human existences, I made use of to temporal ends. But it had happened in the course of time, that I went into a body which peculiarly unfitted me to continue this unchanged spiritual experience. That body was reduced to sad extremities, and in combating with misfortune which was only physical, I fell too far to regain the equilibrium which I had sustained so long. Though it was a retrograde movement, and though it sent me back into the body of an animal to there go through a much-needed school, it was soul-building, and so I could not but see. But I rebelled. I was a fierce beast of the forest, and all the evil of my soul was brought to bear on my surroundings. I roamed savagely about, destroying the weaker; sometimes even I preyed upon my kind. Then came another period. I was living in the astral body, wandering unclothed in the realms of air, unfit to become manifest in the higher state; grown out of the lower. I had to wait until the world into which I would enter could bear me. My Karma did not fit me to be born at once. I lived in numberless other worlds before I came back again to earth, living existences higher, and always falling back to the lower; having opportunities I would not improve and being sent back, by the workings of a perfectly just law, to suffer until I could live aright. And it seemed to me that in some of those existences I was permitted, through the possession of a sense never known to those of our Earth, to view the changes which were going forward on another planet.

I saw islands springing up in mid ocean, and the land of continents receding in the east and extending toward the west, as if forcing itself to cover watery wastes. And I saw man

cultivating land until it refused to yield, giving up, moving on, leaving the country desolate, which, years — hundreds of years — after, was discovered by other races as a fertile tract, an immense, extended, glorious continent. And where were the other races? A continent had split in two, and a great tract of ocean had flowed between them. From the one, man, in the process of ages, had retreated, leaving the other to inferior orders of creation. When I saw myself again, I was seated on a throne. I was a king, with all the unextinguished savageness of the animal, though through that ferocity were glimmerings of better things. I loved torture — especially torture for the sake of religious opinion, I was convinced that men ought to be able to think alike. I witnessed men and maidens struck down in the bloom of youth to satisfy my avarice or my revenge, but I wept over the burning of my capital, and for my Greek mistress I felt the awakening of something like love.

When Columbus “discovered” the other part of that divided continent, I was living in astral realms, but my existence was shorter than usual. Years on earth passed. A king on a throne was seeking an alliance with one who was to become my human mother. Their union would certainly result in the production of a body fitted for me to enter. I waited for the unfolding of that drama. I became a queen, succeeding my sister, who was a tyrant. She was a Roman Catholic, I a heretic, since I was the child of a union unhallowed by the Pope; and to become a Roman Catholic I must admit that I had no title to the throne.

No principle urged me to take so decided a stand against the Church; it was a purely physical matter. I was politic, but I was selfish, and more than aught else I rebelled against womanhood, and resolved to act as if I were a man. I had not yet learned that the end of existence is to rise above externals. I resolved to plan my life and my reign as best suited myself and my convenience, and determined that no soft spot in my heart should give a man a chance to share my power. I steeled my heart against better impulses, against softer, kinder desires — those things which life in the weak body of a woman is peculiarly adapted to secure to the evolving soul. The idea of motherhood was distasteful to me, and I shrank with horror from the thought of that possible hour which most women have to meet, when, with the dew of death upon my brow, I should give to earth another body to clothe another immortal soul. That was a

time in the soul's experience from which I shrank, both as a woman and as a queen, but especially as a woman; and in all the majesty of my intellect I persuaded myself that it was a superior sense which was assisting me. I had yet to learn that nothing in the whole divine plan is worthy to be despised, nothing small enough to be neglected. The very immensity of the soul's experiences excludes the hope that anything, however revolting to the sense possessed now, can be wasted by our desires or by our will.

I was a better queen than I had been king. I possessed infinite longings, I had infinite hopes for something better. But my trials were often too much for my spiritual strength, and gradually my struggles resolved themselves all into ambitions. I loved only for myself, but I suffered for it — suffered terribly even in the flesh, while I laughed, and while I seemed so strong. History has sometimes reviewed with terrible discernment the lesson of my deathbed as that queen, and it is the keynote to my whole life.

When I saw myself on earth again, I was a religious recluse, who believed that all things highest were attained by neglecting the duties of life and spending time in meditation and prayer. But owing to the examples of those about me, who were not what they seemed, my folly was of short duration. I left the cloister and worked boldly among my fellow-men. I learned the significance of those lines, "He who loseth his life shall find it." Yet, with all this, I was strangely intolerant. I saw the truth only from my own perspective. I held up the Church, with all its errors excused. In my heart I could not believe in the infallibility of any Chief Priest or Pope, but I thought that the schism in the Church was responsible for infidelity, and that anything to avert that was justifiable. So, though I went to a leper colony and gave my life to save those struggling souls, I had yet much to learn.

I came back for the last time, a woman who was called upon to suffer all that falls to the lot of womanhood, the "pangs of despised love, the law's delay," the agonies without the satisfactions of motherhood, physical and mental torture in the extreme! In that last life, it seemed, I had suffered infinitely more than in the whole sum of previous existences. Was it because my soul was more highly organized — that I was further on the road to absolute good?

At any rate, a great light, as of infinite satisfaction, came to me, and I knew that the cause of all my suffering had

been ignorance, but that just as surely was suffering to open the door to transcendent bliss. This was stealing over me now, this joy, coming slowly, stealthily carrying itself on a voluptuous whisper, as if moved by the breath of a rose-scented summer morning with sunrise on the hills; then an angelic presence surrounded me, and my eager feet were hastening on and on to happiness — which still seemed to me the end of all things. We are told that it is not in the power of man to conceive what "God hath prepared for them that love Him." Neither can I describe that journey into a joy which propelled me breathlessly into a constantly multiplied sense of its infinite omnipresence; and then it seemed that the angel would have held me back, but I cried:

"Oh, no, no! More, more! I want to see the excess — the culmination. I want the extreme of happiness."

Again the angel would have held me back.

"Take me to the end," was my vehement pleading, regardless of all the past I had reviewed, "take me to the end."

And the voice, sweet as an Eolian harp, answered:

"It is a circle, dear child. I speak in love — there is no end. The extreme of happiness is the beginning of pain." And there were as if tears in the voice and a prayerful supplication. But I would not listen.

"Do you want to go back to earth?" the unseen presence whispered.

The warning was in vain. I could not but press on, grasping the joy that was engulfing me — on, on to the infinite. I cared not for knowledge, I cared not for the lessons of my past. Still, still, to my soul, happiness was the end of all.

"The end of joy," the angel whispered, "is the beginning of pain, and you must go back. . . . I will keep your hand; be not afraid when the change comes. It is only that you are not ready to come."

Then, as in a heart-beat, though I comprehended nothing of what was said, I fell from downy pillows on to a highway strewn with thorns, and as I gave vent to a heartrending shriek of agony, the tearful face of my poor, deformed earthly child was bending over me.

"Thank God! thank God! thank God!" she sobbed. "The crisis is passed. . . . I have been with you all night. . . . God has been very merciful — you have been 'on the threshold' of death."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THOMAS LEWIS NUGENT, THE IDEAL REFORMER.¹

REVIEWED BY REV. JABEZ FOX.

Great in natural ability, highly cultivated and scholarly, up-to-date in political and general information, wise, conservative, with a large heart and a warm and constant sympathy for all the unfortunate and oppressed, Judge Nugent could not fail to be a leader of the farmers and laboring people of western Texas in their unequal struggle with the landgrabbers, usurers, and plutocrats. He saw and felt the injustice and hardships of the condition of the common people of the region in which he lived, as an upright, clear-seeing, and learned judicial officer could not but see; and it was inevitable that he should become the counsellor and advocate of these people, in their effort to ameliorate their condition. Naturally therefore he became their captain; a great captain, great in power, and greater in the unique excellence of his character and motives.

He could not be a member of the Farmers' Alliance, for a lawyer was ineligible, but he became the wise friend and adviser of that order. It followed that, when the people of that section of our country organized for defence against the trusts and monopolies which are oppressing them, he was their leader and candidate for governor. It was in his county, Erath, and with his advice, that the Populist Party began. Twice he led, as only such a man as he can lead devoted followers, in a great struggle for right and justice; and his personal character was a prominent factor in the rapid and solid growth of the Populist Party in Texas.

It is unusual for political opponents to speak in very high terms of praise of the character and aims of candidates for office. But in Judge Nugent there was that which disarmed even partisan hostility. All men spoke well of him. Hon. C. K. Bell, M. C. for the 8th district of Texas, says: "There were radical differences of opinion on political questions between Judge Nugent and myself"; notwithstanding which he writes:

As a practitioner he was always courteous and fair, and one of the most successful attorneys I ever met. . . . It was, however, as a trial judge that he laid the foundation for his enduring reputation. I am prepared to speak particularly on this point, for I practised continually before him during the ten years he was on the bench. . . . I do not hesitate to say that a more conscientious man never lived. . . . There was absolutely no prejudice in his composition. . . . He was an eminently learned lawyer, and excelled anyone I ever knew in his ability to express legal propositions clearly and satisfactorily in his charges to a jury. . . .

¹ "Life Work of Thomas L. Nugent," edited by Mrs. Catherine Nugent, Stephenville, Texas. Laird & Lee, Chicago.

In many instances the supreme and appellate courts of our state have commended in the highest terms, and in several instances they have ordered the reporter to report in full as correct models, the instructions given to juries by Judge Nugent. . . . The services rendered to his state by Judge Nugent, not only in the fair and just discrimination of the law while on the bench, but also in settling many complicated questions . . . cannot be overestimated.

The volumes of his memoirs contain many like testimonials to his preëminent ability and worth as a lawyer, a judge, and a man. But equally emphatic is the praise, by clergymen and Christian men and women, of his pure and lofty spiritual life and character. The Rev. Dr. Packard, of the M. E. Church of Missouri, who knew him well, writes :

A great intellect, a great conscience, a great heart, rooted and grounded in great thoughts, great motives, and great principles; grandeur and beneficence, majesty and sweetness, strength and purity, these are the elements of true greatness: and these were conspicuous in the life and character of Judge Nugent. . . . Some men are the slaves of the age in which they live; . . . but there are men whose lives are cornucopias of blessings to their age. Such a man was he. He seemed wholly redeemed from the slavery of selfishness, and raised to a divinely disinterested patriotism, philanthropy, and love. . . . He loved his fellow-men; and nothing dear to human interests was a matter of indifference to him. . . . He never asked "What is popular?" but always "What is right?" . . . It was his distinction that he united in himself excellences which at first seem mutually repellent. For example, he was a man of lion heart, victorious over fear, gathering strength and animation from danger, and bound the faster to duty by its hardships and privations; and at the same time he was a child in simplicity, sweetness, innocence, and benignity. His firmness had not the least alloy of roughness.

Judge Nugent's deeply religious nature, even in his boyhood, directed his mind toward the ministry of the Methodist Church, and his early education had direct reference to this. But in maturer years his judgment disinclined him to all ecclesiasticism. He felt the spirit of the present age, which sees and protests against a divorce of dogma and life. For the externals of a religion that is dead or moribund, he had no use. Empty shells did not attract or deceive him. He looked to deeds rather than to professions. He always remained a very religious man, and indeed grew more and more so with increase of years; but his love of freedom, and his devotion to the substance of a heavenly life, with small regard for the external conventions, which seemed to him often to obscure and hinder rather than to promote a genuine spirituality, kept him out of church organizations, although they did not prevent his actively working for what seemed to him a true Christianity. He accepted, with little reservation, or none, the theology contained in the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg; and his Christian life was most exemplary. Dr. Packard, without indorsing his peculiar doctrines, testifies to his true spirituality and Christian living, saying:

He had religious sensibility, but a sensibility which never rested until it had found its true perfection and manifestation in practice. He believed in God as revealed in Jesus Christ, the Divine Man; and he was not a man in whom such a belief could lie dormant. This faith wrought in him powerfully. He was not satisfied with a superficial religion, but was particularly interested in those instructions from the pulpit which enjoined a deep, living, all-pervading sense of God's presence and authority, and an intimate union of the mind with its Creator. He was calm, inquisitive, rational, and unaffected by bigotry or fanaticism. That great maxim of

Christianity, "No man liveth to himself," was engraven on his mind. Without profession or show of emotion, he felt the claim of everything human on his sympathy and service. His professional engagements did not absolve him to his own conscience from laboring in the cause of mankind, and his steady zeal redeemed from business, time for doing extensive good. . . . His greatness was unpretending. He had no thought of playing the hero. He was immeasurably above show and the arts by which inferior minds thrust themselves on notice. There was a union in his character of self-respect and modesty, which brought out both these qualities in strong relief. . . . He made no merit of the sufferings he had incurred by fidelity to principle. It was a part of his faith that the highest happiness is found in the love and lofty principle through which a man surrenders himself wholly to the cause of right and of man; and he proved its truth in his own experience.

As one who contributed largely, at the very beginning, to the movement which has culminated in the great uprising of the people against the tyranny of the money power, Judge Nugent and his labors should be held in great esteem by all who look for an amelioration of our present financial and economic evils.

AN AMERICAN IDYLL.¹

REVIEWED BY ELLEN A. RICHARDSON.

"An American Idyll," by the Countess di Brazzà, is a true story told in a most charming way. It gives graphically an easy understanding of a phase of human life, primitive and natural, such as can only be found on our continent among certain tribes of our North American Indians.

The story has for its hero a noted scientist, whose name is not given; he is called throughout the tale the white "Shaman," or Medicine Man. The heroine is an Indian maiden bearing the name of Ampharita (the silent one).

It is so rare to find a tale of Indian life which gives the pure, sweet, honor side of the Indian nature that this book of the Countess di Brazzà is more than a valuable contribution to our historical or folk-lore libraries; it is as well a *story* of healthy sentiment and a grand tribute to these children of nature.

The scene of the story is laid in Arizona and among the Sierra Madre mountains in northwestern Mexico. The Pima Baja tribes of whom the story treats belong to the best agricultural tribes of all the North American Indians: they are noted for their peaceable, industrious, hospitable ways. They are of a religious nature, and easily convertible to Christianity. Their own beliefs would make a valuable contribution to the study of comparative religions as carried on in the Monsalvat School at Greenacre, Elliot, Maine.

"The Scientist," who is the hero of the story, was on an exploring expedition into the southern portion of what we call the Great American Desert, not only to study the "topography of the country, the language, customs, and physiognomy of its human inhabitants, its meteorology and geology; but also to collect and classify, as far as possible, speci-

¹ "An American Idyll," by Countess di Brazzà (Cora Slocomb). Illustrated by the author. Pp. 244. Price, \$1.50. Published by the Arena Publishing Company, Boston.

mens of its flora and of the animals, reptiles, and insects of the highlands of the Sierra Madre, which are even less known to science than the scattered aborigines of the same desolate region."

There are descriptions of the adobe, mesquite, and cactus wood houses, of the plants, flowers, insects, and reptiles of that region, all of which are made more interesting by the illustrations drawn by the Countess, who seems to be as facile with her pencil as with her pen.

Ampharita was one of the children of the Pima Bajas who ran hither and thither collecting specimens for the "Shaman." She was a keen observer and lover of nature, and her knowledge was quite as accurate as her master's. "Whether as guide leading him on arduous expeditions up the mountain side, or when seeking for unknown growths on the mezas or in the barrancas, he found her never at fault."

Nature had taught Ampharita the quality of her creatures, and she in turn taught much to the Scientist. As time went on he grew fond of his silent companion, and beguiled many a homesick hour while resting from his arduous studies, by describing to her his own home, and life in the cities of the civilized world. He told her about the schools and the amusements of the educated people, of music as it is known to the cultured; he described our museums, hospitals, and churches. Of the hospitals she would ask over and over again, "trying to grasp the stupendous suggestion contained in such an assertion as: We have especial homes for poor children who have lost their parents. Many of them wider and higher than this barranca, and filled with more babies than there are men and women and children in your whole tribe." The description of "the churches, though grand, left her somewhat cold, for she did not like the idea of a roof, the emblazoned walls, and stained glass windows, which she said must shut out the breath of God."

However, "the more Ampharita heard about the world as white women know it, the more her wonder grew, and at last gave birth to an intense yearning actually to behold some of the marvels with which she had become familiar by hearsay."

The master and assistant teach many lessons to each other, equally valuable to the reader of the book, who may well ask as she lays the book down, Is it better to be civilized or uncivilized?

We find ourselves drawn into the soliloquy of the Scientist, when he asks, "What is civilized learning? What is our philosophy? They are the servants of the love of the world. Our existence is an unknown mystery, insolvable by science. 'Thou hast hidden these things from the knowing and prudent, and revealed them unto babes.' Our many books crush the spirit. Eyes grow dull that see only printed words. Incessant analysis of matter atrophies the soul. Death is the most wonderful of all the changes in Evolution. Science stops at the grave as if the circle of life were completed, as if the component parts were dispersed and reabsorbed, as if a man's entity were gone."

The pleasing and skilful management of light and shade throughout the book, in the contrast of the kind of knowledge possessed by the hero and the heroine, and the test that is put to truth in their episode of

sentiment lead the reader to ask if the greater study, "Man, know thyself," is not the neglected science, which has turned our conditions topsy-turvy. "So many delving in Science know only the prejudices of the world, taking in one-sided views of events and human intercourse; what they call self-development is supreme selfishness. Things that are eternal do not figure in the calculations of such. Truth walks with us here, but we know it not. Are human sacrifices needful to wake the intellect and catch the vibrations of one's own soul?"

"An American Idyll" is a healthy book, calculated to inform and better the world. It is not only most entertainingly written, but it is truth, conveying simple and strong lessons of life in a style to be easily assimilated.

THE DUKE AND THE HUMANITARIAN.¹

REVIEWED BY ELLEN A. RICHARDSON.

We have here a story of life in America under the reign of capital, which the author claims is cursing our land.

A romance runs through the book, a story of love unrequited, and a story of so-called matrimony, where fortune is exchanged for title and for misery.

Both of these conditions might have their scenes laid in any other part of the world inhabited by human beings; but the tale is made truly American, and it reflects all too clearly our peculiar social conditions. These facts cannot fail to interest the reader.

The story of a great reformer is incorporated into the sentimental part of the book, and the stanch agitator completely overshadows the other characters, even in his grandly met death. "He never looked upon himself as a martyr; he considered his fate simply as the natural consequence of the stand he had taken. The time was not yet ripe for men like him."

The inconsistencies of our social conditions are brought out in strong relief throughout the book, but not more forcibly on any page than on that wherein the public press is made to exult over the execution of the man who stood for "just laws," for "bad government to be made good government," for methods which should "bring about the happiness and stability of humanity;" while in the "same paper of the same issue there were several columns devoted to a prize fight, in which a fighter of great popularity had the day before killed his opponent by a blow on the temple, although the attending physician announced publicly that the man died of heart failure immediately after the blow that had felled him."

The Humanitarian, the prize fighter, the millionaire, with a beautiful daughter for sale, and the adventurer, with his title to purchase fortune, are made the moving men in this chess game of life. Intensely interesting it is to watch the progress of the game, while all the incidentals — of the American politician talking tariff, the unweaving of the miseries of life

¹"The Duke and the Humanitarian." By Libbie Israel Hollinger. Beacon Series. Pp. 183. Price, paper, 25 cents. Arena Publishing Company.

through the touches with slum life, and the many natural elements of daily life on its several planes — touch deeply our sense of justice, on the one hand, and our sense of ludicrousness in the follies, on the other.

As we have already indicated, the glow of a burning zeal for humanity outshines the light and love of gold. Looked at from a literary point of view the story is but the eye of the needle that carries the threads of life's colors.

But no one will object to the accompaniment of romance, if we may thereby win attention to the problems of human life.

DEBORAH.¹

REVIEWED BY NEWELL DUNBAR.

At this stage in the game, with that ghost practically laid, a book on Mormon polygamy seems somewhat an anachronism. Yet in "Deborah" Mrs. Todd has written a story of which it may be said that it interests *now*, and that it will be read to the end by every one who once takes up the book.

Of course, the entire history and evolution, and at least the salient features of the doctrine and practices of Mormonism — in other words, the facts to present which the book was written — are very much in evidence, as its message is emphasized by every literary work. Indeed in this case, to speak plainly, they are made rather *obtrusively* prominent; the *ars celare artem* is somewhat noticeably wanting, and the framework of the structure is naively exposed. There is too pronounced a flavor of "giving a good deal of information." This mars the art of the story, while completing the picture of a state of society in regard to which the obvious question seems to be, Why should it be described at all? It is now happily extinct, and so does not require to be *attacked*; it was so recently in existence among us as to be still generally *known* about; and it lacks the glamour of antiquity, the charm, as well as the *excuse for presentation*, that comes from being constructed from the records of a long buried past.

The descriptive and the expository element, however, does not compose "Deborah." Accompanying this ingredient, more or less completely interwoven with and flowing into and constituting it (the trouble from an artistic point of view being, as has been already hinted at, that the two constituents are not skilfully enough welded together, the "joint" being too perceptible), is the love story of Deborah and Jedediah. This stalwart youth and stately maiden grow up side by side in Mormondom, are orphaned, wed, are separated by the cunning and subjected to the temptations of the wily elders, Deborah in her husband's absence being, as she herself expresses it, mightily "wrestled with," while Jedediah, sent on a mission to England, returns thence with a "plural" wife, who on comprehending the injury she has done to Deborah comes to a tragic end, whereupon Deborah and Jedediah are reunited, renounce Mormon-

¹ "Deborah, the Advanced Woman: A Novel," by Mary Ives Todd. Price, cloth, \$1.25; paper, 50 cents. Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

ism, and escape to Gentiledom. Being an "advanced woman" the heroine, of course, has done some thinking; she has "views" of her own, and does not believe in her sex being subordinate. In verbal engagement, as is to be expected, she is represented as putting to rout cleverly with her arguments and intuition the redoubtable and autocratic Brigham Young himself.

"Deborah" is worth reading. On the whole it is a strong, if not a thoroughly artistic story.

LIFE'S GATEWAYS.¹

REVIEWED BY MARGARET CONNOLLY.

I have just finished reading "Life's Gateways; or, How to Win Real Success," and feel that a new power has been given to me, a new incentive to success in life's struggle, a new weapon with which to fight for victory — and to win. Probably most of us, not allowing for differences of temperament, are apt to believe that a book will affect others as it has affected ourselves. I feel, however, that this essentially is a work which will not only strongly appeal to all who read it, but which must inevitably leave its impress upon their lives, the inner as well as the outer — if the one does not include the other, for the outer life is but the expression of the inner or soul life.

The book is composed of a number of essays which appeared from time to time in the *Toledo Blade*, with which journal the author has been prominently associated for many years. In her preface Miss Bouton says:

These talks contain nothing new. They only repeat again and again truths which are as old as humanity itself — truths which, recognized and acted upon, would bring the highest success possible to human attainment. If they seem strange to any, it is because in the rush after material prosperity everything has been brought down to a purely physical basis, whereas it is the spiritual which, through the mental, is at the root of all that is, has been, or ever will be upon any plane.

This is true, but much, everything, depends on the way in which a truth is presented to us. Miss Bouton presents these old truths in such an attractive, simple, and yet dignified manner that they have all the charm of newness, while every page is pervaded by a broadness of vision, a sincerity and nobility of purpose, which carry conviction to the mind of the reader and enthuse him with the spirit of the author.

The book includes twenty-four chapters or essays, each being complete in itself and containing a practical, helpful lesson, each drawing the mind upward, nourishing it with high and spiritual thoughts, while at the same time giving such strong, sound, common-sense suggestions and advice that the most material and worldly-wise must admit that the writer is eminently practical as well as altruistic.

The following headings of chapters will, perhaps, help to give some idea of the nature of the book: "Law is Universal," "The Rule of

¹ "Life's Gateways; or, How to Win Real Success," by Emily S. Bouton. Pp. 187. Price, cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents. Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

Life," "To Gain Life's Prizes," "True Liberty, Which is Self-Mastery," "Self-Dependence," "The Value of Concentration," "A Purpose in Drudgery," "What is Success?" "Potent Elements of Success," "Do Not Look Backward," "Help Yourself," "Change Means Growth," etc.

In the first chapter, "Law is Universal," the writer emphasizes the fact that "law is operative everywhere." "It is," she says, "just as potent upon the mental plane as upon the physical, although we have not yet learned to trace the effects so clearly when it is broken upon the former." If we, individually, recognized and acted up to this truth and also realized the great underlying principle of the oneness, the unity, of all life, Miss Bouton asserts that—and we must all agree with her—"the present condition of unrest and discontent would pass away." "It is not strange," she continues, "that there is discontent, for greed and lawless competition, the handmaidens of selfishness, are uppermost, and their clamorings are fast silencing the voice of brotherhood."

All through the work, underlying its strong, practical, helpful thoughts, runs the spiritual undercurrent, the great truth that the first element to enduring and real success, which is not to be measured by a calculation in dollars and cents, is to recognize the spiritual in life—that all else is subordinate to this. The author insists that if this fact is once recognized, each individual believing in himself and the divinity within him, success in life must come as the result of law. Her own words are: "Believe in yourself, not with a selfish egotism that decries all around you, but with such reverence for the 'god that is within you' as to render failure impossible." Without this belief in one's self, in one's own powers, which is something entirely apart from self-conceit or egotism, it is impossible for the individual to attain to the highest or best that he is capable of, for he is forever beset with fears and held back by a timidity which palsies all his efforts. This is strongly emphasized in the chapter on "Self-Dependence," toward the close of which Miss Bouton says: "Courage is what is needed, that kind of courage which the knowledge of power gives to the individual man or woman. And everyone has this power, only that he does not recognize it. He does not know that there is within him that which makes him the king over circumstances and environment, if only he seizes the chance for its exercise."

The author dwells upon the necessity of concentration, perseverance, having a distinct aim in life and holding to it, not allowing one's self to be swerved to the right or to the left, faithfulness in little things, living in the present and making the most of every hour, self-control, self-dependence; in a word, all that goes to the making of a fully rounded character. Strong, uplifting, noble in purpose, and from a purely literary point of view admirable in every respect, "Life's Gateways" may be read with profit and pleasure by the old as well as the young.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Hon. Wm. T. Harris, Ph. D., LL. D.

HARRIS, William Torrey, educator and U. S. Commissioner of Education, was born at North Killingly, Conn., Sept. 10, 1835. His early education was received in the common schools and sundry academies, among them Phillips Andover Academy, and for two years and a half he was a member of Yale College in the class of 1858, but left before graduating. In 1869, however, the institution bestowed upon him the degree of A. M., and in 1895 the degree of LL. D. He also received the degree of LL. D. from the University of the State of Missouri in 1870, from the University of Pennsylvania in 1894, and the Princeton University in 1896. In 1893 Brown University conferred on him the degree of Ph. D. In 1857 he removed from Connecticut to St. Louis, where for twenty-three years he was teacher, principal, assistant superintendent, and superintendent of public schools, holding the last named office from 1867 to 1880, during which period the number of pupils in the public schools rose from 17,000 to 55,000. He published thirteen volumes of reports, those contributed to the educational exhibit of the United States at the Paris exposition of 1878 attracting such attention that he was tendered the honorary title of "Officier de l'Académie" (signifying officer of the educational system of France), while the reports themselves were placed in the pedagogical library of the Ministry of Public Instruction, then organizing in the Palais Bourbon. In 1880 he also received the title of "Officier de l'Instruction Publique" from the French government. Resigning the posi-

tion of superintendent of public schools in St. Louis in 1880 on account of failing health, Dr. Harris was presented with a gold medal, costing \$500, and a purse of \$1,000 by the citizens in grateful recognition of his "faithful and distinguished service."

He then visited Europe, representing the U. S. Bureau of Education at the international congress of educators held at Brussels in the same year. Returning to America, he settled at Concord, Mass., where he took a prominent place as member of the school of philosophy. In 1889 he again represented the U. S. Bureau of Education at the Paris exposition, and on Sept. 12th of the same year, he was appointed U. S. Commissioner of Education, and he removed to Washington, D. C.

In 1866 he founded the Philosophic Society of St. Louis; in 1875 was president of the National Educational Association; and for fifteen years he has been an officer of the American Social Science Association, for which he has written many papers. The *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, founded by him in St. Louis in 1867, was the first attempt of its kind in the United States. He has continued to edit and publish it without interruption, and twenty-two volumes have appeared to date. He was also assistant editor of "Johnson's Cyclopædia," contributing forty articles to the departments of philosophy and psychology. In coöperation with A. J. Rickoff and Mark Bailey he prepared the Appleton school readers, and with Duane Doty, of Detroit, Mich., drew up for the Educational Bureau the first formulated

"Statement of the Theory of American Education," indorsed by educators throughout the country. In 1893 he was editor of Appleton's "International Education Series." From his many contributions to the foremost magazines an "Introduction to the Study of Philosophy" has been compiled, and he is looked upon as the most deeply versed and eminent expounder of German thought in America. He has recently published "Hegel's Logic: A book on the Genesis of the Categories of the Mind," and a commentary on "The Spiritual Sense of Dante's Divina Commedia," both of which rank in the highest order of philosophic productions, and indeed may be said to mark an era in the history of mental development in the United States.

A Court of Medicine and Surgery.

If those of us who are the beneficiaries or the victims of both classes of practitioners may venture a word in this discussion, as to the advisability of establishing a Medical Court without danger of being "carved up" or "sent up," perhaps a word from another layman's point of view will be timely. There is as much professional etiquette in the legal as in the medical profession. The majority of us, however, get along comfortably from the cradle to the grave without coming in contact with the terrors of a court of law, whereas we are all introduced to both our cradles and our graves by members of the only profession which is not subject to open statement of its cases in a manner to have its theories tested and its judgments reversed before it is everlastingly too late. For this reason a proposition to establish a "Court of Medicine and Surgery" touches more of us vitally than at first appears on the face of the matter. The widespread in-

terest shown in the proposition to establish such a court of medicine indicates that the laity appreciate both the advantages and the difficulties involved in such an effort. The opinions of the five distinguished physicians, the two able lawyers, and the equally able layman who have contributed to the Symposium in the present number will be read with keen interest.

National Council of Women of the United States.

It would be a pleasure to give a personal sketch of the president of each of the organizations composing this Council, and it would be of very general public interest to show all that has been accomplished by their individual efforts and by the labors of their organizations, but the amount of material which such a record would make would fill an entire copy of THE ARENA. It has therefore been found necessary to give simply the following brief mention of each organization and the work for which it stands, and, wherever possible, the number of women which it represents. The portrait of each president has been given in connection with the able article by Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, President of the National Council, on the general scope and aim of the Council, which necessarily excludes all personal matter, but emphasizes the fact that these eighteen presidents represent over seven hundred thousand women in this country in organizations, all of which have been established to do good work in their special fields. This fact gives to Mrs. Dickinson's article unusual interest to all the women of the country, and certainly to all men who cannot afford to be ignorant of the existence of such a Council, and of the value of its work.

The head of a similar organization in

Canada is Lady Isabel Aberdeen, wife of the present Governor-General.

Following are brief descriptions of the clubs and other associations which have embraced the "council idea":

NATIONAL AMERICAN WOMAN SUFFAGE ASSOCIATION.

Miss Susan B. Anthony, President.

Its special work is the endeavor to bring the great American principle of self-government into universal practice. During its forty years of effort, full equality of rights and privileges has been accorded in Wyoming and Colorado, partial equality in Kansas, and fragmentary concessions to the principle have been made in twenty other States. As an educational factor the Association has done a great work.

NATIONAL W. C. T. U.

Miss Frances E. Willard, President.

Its object is the establishment in principle and practice of total abstinence for the individual and total prohibition for the nation. In some forty lines of work it carries out its "do-everything policy," seeking to thwart the will of the liquor power wherever intrenched.

NATIONAL FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Mrs. Mary A. Davis, President.

This society is the child of the oldest national woman's missionary society in the United States. As its name indicates, it is engaged in missionary work, both home and foreign.

ILLINOIS INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Mrs. M. R. M. Wallace, President.

This school receives girls from every State and tries to find homes for them, giving them, meanwhile, industrial training. The school is represented by *The Record and Appeal*, an enterprising monthly paper.

NATIONAL WOMAN'S RELIEF SOCIETY.

Mrs. Zina D. H. Young, President.

This organization aims to give temporal and spiritual relief.

WIMODAUGHSIS.

Mrs. Anna M. Hamilton, President.

A portion of its work for young women is along lines similar to the intellectual work for young men, of the Young Men's Christian Associations. It also serves as a bureau of information on a multitude of subjects, for both visitors to the capital and residents.

NATIONAL CHRISTIAN LEAGUE FOR THE PROMOTION OF SOCIAL PURITY.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Grannis, President.

The League attempts to work in every line of purity. It is in no sense devoted to rescue work among the fallen, but labors specially for prevention. It works through public meetings, legislatures, committees, etc.

UNIVERSAL PEACE UNION.

Rev. Amanda Deyo, Representative.

Its platform is: To remove causes and abolish customs of war; to live the conditions and declare the principles of peace. It regards the peace question as eminently a woman's question, and hence it advocates equal rights for women. It recommends arbitration in place of settlement by war, and deprecates "boys' brigades" and military instruction in schools.

WOMAN'S REPUBLICAN ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, President.

Its special work is education in the principles of government. In the intervals of campaigns it holds classes, meetings, etc. Its active work in campaigns is conducted along the lines of meetings and personal conversation, especially among ignorant voters.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF LOYAL WOMEN OF AMERICAN LIBERTY.

Mrs. I. C. Manchester, President.

Its cardinal principle is the separation of church and state in all matters pertaining to education and taxation. It claims that "No appropriation of money from national, state, county, town, or municipal treasuries" should be made for sectarian or denominational purposes, and works for the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution to that end.

WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS AUXILIARY TO THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mrs. Agnes Hitt, President.

Its special object is to aid and assist the Grand Army of the Republic. This it does through Memorial Day and by caring for veterans of the war and their families and for army nurses. It works largely through the schools by seeking to inculcate in children patriotism and love of country and flag. It maintains a "National Home," in Ohio, for veterans and their families otherwise uncared for. There are thirty-five departments and fifty-four detached corps, with a membership of 140,135.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN STENOGRAPHERS.

Miss Netta G. McLaughlin, President.

Formed during the World's Fair, and especially for that time. It has since enlarged its field, and is an organization which has found or made for itself and its members a wide sphere of usefulness.

AMERICAN ANTI-VIVISECTION SOCIETY.

Mrs. Caroline Earle White, Representative.

Its name explains its purpose. It endeavors to arouse public sentiment

in the direction of kindness to the brute creation, and to crystallize that sentiment into law.

FLORENCE CRITTENTON MISSIONS.

Mrs. Kate Waller Barrett, Representative.

Engaged entirely in rescue work for women. Its work comprises forty homes in as many different large cities and about twenty states.

SUPREME HIVE LADIES OF THE MACCABEES.

Mrs. L. M. Hollister, President.

A mutual benefit society for women, along financial lines.

YOUNG LADIES' NATIONAL MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION.

Mrs. Elmina S. Taylor, President.

Has 400 branches scattered throughout Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Mexico, Canada, Hawaii, and New Zealand, with a total membership of nearly 15,000. They own about 7,000 volumes in their libraries, and publish a monthly magazine called *The Young Woman's Journal*.

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF JEWISH WOMEN.

Mrs. H. Solomon, President.

This organization had its rise in the Jewish Women's Religious Congress, which was a branch of the Parliament of Religions in Chicago in 1893. Its motto is "Faith and Humanity," and it embodies the old Jewish saying: "If I am not for myself, who will be for me, but if I am for myself alone, what am I?" That is, self-development first, then service to others. Organized sections exist in fifty-five cities, with a total membership of 4,000.